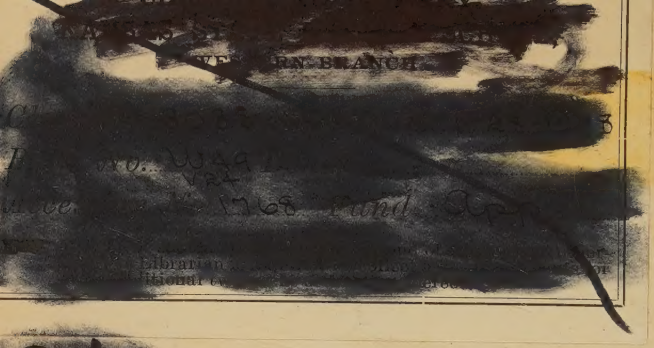
WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 24



WITHDRAWN

WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS

No. 24.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

MIRIAM NELKE.

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No. 24.

A LIE FOR A LIFE.

GEORGE HENRY GALPIN.

[From "Threads from the Woof," by permission of the author.]

"TO the church, Pasquale."

The words came impatiently from the lips of a woman reclining upon the gay cushions of a gondola in fair old Venice.

"The Cathedral, Pasquale! Hurry—we shall be late!"

Obediently, the man sent the boat gliding swiftly toward the church.

It was the day of the first communion, and many of the onlookers could point proudly to a little white-robed "bambina" in veil and cotton gloves, marching solemnly toward the church.

The procession of communicants had just arrived, and the gondola of Madame was not allowed to approach until after the children had passed, which they soon did, and entered the church,—the crowd bowing their heads and becoming instantly quiet and most devout. Soon the organ began to chant, which was taken quickly up by those in the church. Gradually, the crowd in the vestibules and the corridors joined in, then the mass of beggars and hangers-on assembled on the outside added their voices to the grand anthem, until the whole multitude was singing, as if with one voice:

"Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem effecit,

Fitque sanguis Christi merum
Et si sensus defecit:
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit."

The interior presented a sight more beautiful than any work of a master. The bowed heads of the dark-robed multitude, the glittering brasses and fringes, the tall, black columns, the small, white figures before the altar steps, the richly robed priests and bishops, all formed parts of this beautiful picture, while over the bowed heads and spotless robes of the little band of communicants fell, in a glorious shower, the tinted beams of light from the colored windows.

The archbishop passed slowly along the line of bowed faces.

The subdued light from the swinging lamps and the intoxicating aroma arising from the hundred censers lent an indescribable atmosphere to it all, the charm of which was felt by everyone and even had the power to soften the hard lines about Madame's mouth, as she stood erect and scornful in the shadow of a pillar.

Some distance from the children and half concealed by a brazier of candles, stood a silent figure clad in the garments of a priest. The face and the attitude denoted the student, the eyes alone excepted. Deep set, full of a fiery pathos, they seemed to kindle and flame with each thought of the owner, as well as with each move of one of the childish figures kneeling at the altar steps—save when he met the child's eyes and answered the look in them by one so gentle and compassionate that one knew—aye, saw—the tears that dimmed them.

As the services ended and the crowd filed slowly out, he bowed his head in prayer until the organ ceased. With a sigh, sad as the lines about the mouth through which it came, he rose and turned, to behold standing before him,—Madame, a mocking smile upon her lips, a sneer upon her fair face.

"*Mon Dieu!* Celeste! What means it? Ah! Could you not spare me even this day? our day—not yours?"

The woman laughed.

"Come, come, monsieur, this is no time or place for scenes. I would have a word with you. Take me to some quiet corner of your old rookey here, where there is a seat. And mind it's a cool corner, for the sun is broiling hot."

Without a word, his gray face in its pallor, the priest led the way to a small garden overlooking a side canal, and placed a chair beside a table in the shadow of the wall.

"Now, what is it?" he asked, as he nervously drew his handkerchief across his lips, the cambric alone preventing his nails from cutting into the palms, under the pressure brought to bear upon them. "I—I will listen, but be short. In mercy, be short!"

"Ah! Still as theatrical as ever, I see. You should join me, Henri, and come to Paris. I'll introduce you to my own manager. What a bill it would be. 'Mons. Henri Roubaud and Mlle. Celeste,'" and the woman laughed merrily in appreciation of her words.

The face of the man grew stern, his eyes flashed, as he turned without a word and placed his hand on her arm, pointing with the other to a window just above, the room of the superior.

"Oh! I see, you do not wish to be seen here *en tete-e-tete* with a woman, eh? Oh, you good men! What would your holy brethren say if they knew that there in the church your—"

"Silence!"

"Bah! you are insufferable. But you always were. Come, let go my arm, I want to talk business. I am going away."

"Ah."

"Oh, you like that, don't you? Well, so do I. I am going to America,—the music-halls, you know. It seems a good chance, and,—well, I am tired of Paris.

The priest began to pace rapidly back and forth. He stopped at length before the chair of the woman.

"Celeste, what do you want with me?"

"So! I thought your curiosity would get the better of you. Well, monsieur, I want my child."

"What? You want—My God! You can not mean it. You want that child, that baby?"

"Well, really! Although you are her uncle and guardian, yet I am not sure you have the right to question me, her mother. Besides, I am of age now; please don't forget that."

"Her mother! Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it! Yes, you are her mother—you!"

"Come, Henri, don't get personal. It's bad taste. Don't do it."

"What do you want with the child?"

"There you go again. Oh, well, I suppose I may as well tell you now as later on. I want her—to—well, to take with me."

"Celeste!"

The lips of the man grew white and rigid; his hands clenched themselves fiercely in the effort for self-control.

"Yes," indifferently, "I think she has a good voice, if I remember rightly, and I am quite sure I can make her a success on the stage. Besides, I want her. Do you understand?"

With a stifled groan the man turned and staggered, rather than walked, to a stone settle placed some way down the walk and facing the sea, its high back toward the woman by the wall.

"Oh, Father in heaven, help me!" he groaned, as he sank heavily down upon the seat. "I can not give her up! I can not!" and a sob burst from the drawn lips.

At the sound, a tiny white figure stirred and sat up at the other end of the seat.

"Julie! You here! 'Sh! Be silent! No, not a word! Nay, do not move. I do not want you to be seen. This high old seat quite hides you. So! Be still,—as still as if you were dead! Dead! Why not?"

He moved close up to the child.

"Julie! Listen to me. Do not move from here until you hear me call you. Promise me, child, promise."

"Yes, padre," came the awestruck whisper of the child. "Is it a new game?"

"Yes, child, yes! A new game truly for a priest to lie," he added to himself.

"Will you call soon, padre?"

"Yes, soon. Only lie still! Remember, still!" and, raising his finger to his lips, he rose and went back to where Mlle. Celeste gazed meditatively at the windows of the church. As he approached she turned.

"Well, have you gotten over your sulks?"

"Celeste——"

"Well?"

"I—I can not give you Julie.

"Eh? Can not? Will not, you mean! Come, a truce to this. I——"

"Listen," he interrupted, sharply. "I can not because—because—she is—dead."

In a second the woman was on her feet, her hands moving aimlessly about for something to sustain her. For a moment she faced the priest, then, with a shrug of her shoulders, she turned and began nervously plucking a huge red poppy growing by the wall.

"I am in no mood for practical jokes, Henri. Stop it. You are dealing with no fool."

No answer. In surprise Celeste turned toward him.

"Why—why—you're crying! My God—is it true, then—Henri! Tell me. Was it the truth you uttered just now when you said—you said—oh, my God, I can not believe it—I can not, I can not."

"I said that she was dead."

"Dead!"

The grief in the voice would have softened any other man, perhaps, but the stern face of the priest showed no relenting, even though the eyes were moist and the lips trembling.

"Dead—Julie dead—oh, Father in heaven, have mercy—" and, covering her face, the woman sobbed piteously.

Gradually she became calmer and at length raised her head with a gesture of determination mingled with a touch of impatience.

"When did she die? You may as well tell me all."

"Some months ago."

"Why was I not informed? 'Tis you I can thank for this,—you, with your long face and your black robe. Bah! The sight of you sickens me. So Julie is dead? Well, perhaps 'tis better so. Where did you bury her? Come, man, answer me!"

"At Murano."

"Oh, well. I might have known when I allowed her to come here that you would kill her. Curse you! Yes, kill her, you——"

"Celeste, be silent!"

The man spoke harshly. The tears no longer dimmed the eyes. It was a face full of vengeance and wrath, instead of grief and forbearance,—no pity, no sympathy. The eyes were blazing, the lips set.

"Allowed her to come here, you say. Woman, when you broke my brother's heart and left him, what did you do with the child? You deserted her in the streets of Paris, where she would have perished had a brother monk not found her. False

wife, false mother! Go, and never let me see your face again! You can do no good here!"

A laugh, hard and bitter, answered the outburst.

"Yes, I will go!"

The woman paused and seemed thoughtful for a moment.

"You have been good to her I have no doubt," she said. "How much am I indebted to you, my good man?"

"Spare me your insults. Go! Go!"

With a toss of her head and a flounce of her silk skirts, the woman rose, and, after giving the priest a sweeping courtesy, walked slowly toward the door. A laugh, as false as it was studied, issued from her lips, as she cast a glance back at the bowed head. Suddenly she turned full round, and, with the look and air of a Paris grisette, blew a kiss from her gloved fingers, then went on through the deserted church toward the steps where waited her gondolier.

As the rustle of the silk died away, the man ran to the door, and bolted it, leaning upon the huge handle, panting heavily. Then he raised his head and called, "Julie! Julie!"

From behind the carved back of the settle the child ran out in high glee, crying:

"Such a pretty game, padre; only I had to keep still so long, and I wanted to speak to that pretty lady."

"Next time it will not be so long, *ma chere,*" said the priest, as he folded her closely in his trembling arms. "Come," and, hand in hand, they crossed the grass plots toward the house.

As they were about to enter the low, vine-hung door, a gondola glided into view just at the end of the garden. Its occupant, a woman, started up.

"Pasquale! who is that child with the padre?"

"That?" replied the man; "oh, a daughter of one of the sextons, or a protégé, perhaps. Several were confirmed to-day."

The woman sank back.

"Oh," she muttered, "I thought—I thought—Bah! Celeste, you are a fool. Home, Pasquale."

SLEEP, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep;
The little stars are the lambs, I guess;
And the gentle moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

AN UNEXPECTED DENOUEMENT.

JEROME K. JEROME.

TALKING of river-locks reminds me of an accident George and I very nearly had one summer's morning at Hampton Court.

It was a glorious day, and the lock was crowded, and, as is a common practice up the river, a speculative photographer was taking a picture of us all as we lay upon the rising waters.

I did not catch what was going on at first, and was, therefore, extremely surprised at noticing George hurriedly smooth out his trousers, ruffle up his hair, and stick his cap on in a rakish manner at the back of his head, and then, assuming an expression of mingled affability and sadness, sit down in a graceful attitude and try to hide his feet.

My first idea was that he had suddenly caught sight of some girl he knew, and I looked about to see who it was. Everybody in the lock seemed to have been suddenly struck wooden. They were all standing or sitting about in the most quaint and curious attitudes I have ever seen off of a Japanese fan. All the girls were smiling. Oh, they did look so sweet! And all the fellows were frowning, and looking stern and noble.

Then, at last, the truth flashed across me, and I wondered if I should be in time. Ours was the first boat, and it would be unkind of me to spoil the man's picture, I thought. So I faced around quickly, and took up a position in the prow, where I leaned with careless grace upon the hitcher, in an attitude suggestive of agility and strength. I arranged my hair, with a curl over the forehead, and threw an air of tender wistfulness into my expression, mingled with a touch of cynicism, which, I am told, suits me.

As we stood waiting for the eventful moment, I heard someone behind me call out: "Hi, look at your nose!"

I could not turn round to see what was the matter, and whose nose it was that was to be looked at. I stole a side glance at George's nose. It was all right,—at all events, there was nothing wrong with it that could be altered. I squinted down at my own, and that seemed all that could be expected also.

"Look at your nose, you idiot!" came the same voice again, louder.

Then another voice cried: "Push your nose out, can't you, you—you two with the dog!"

Neither George nor I dared to turn around. The man's hand was on the cap, and the picture might be taken any moment. Was it us they were calling to? What was the matter with our noses? Why were they to be pushed out?

But now the whole lock started yelling, and a stentorian voice from the back shouted: "Look at your boat, sir,—you in the red and black caps. It's your two corpses that will get taken in that photo, if you ain't quick."

We looked then and saw that the nose of our boat had got fixed under the woodwork of the lock, while the incoming water was rising all around it and tilting it up. In another moment we should be over. Quick as thought, we each seized an oar, and a vigorous blow against the side of the lock with the butt-ends released the boat, and sent us sprawling on our backs.

We did not come out well in that photograph, George and I. Of course, as was to be expected, our luck ordained it that the man should set his wretched machine in motion at the precise moment that we were lying on our backs with a wild expression of "Where am I? and what is it?" on our faces, and our four feet waving madly in the air.

Our feet were undoubtedly the leading article in that photograph. Indeed, very little else was to be seen. They filled up the foreground entirely. Behind them, you caught glimpses of the other boats and bits of the surrounding scenery; everything and everybody else in the lock looked so utterly insignificant and paltry compared with our feet that all the other people felt quite ashamed of themselves and refused to subscribe to the picture.

The owner of one steam launch, who had bespoke six copies, rescinded the order on seeing the negative. He said he would take them if anybody could show him his launch, but nobody could. It was somewhere behind George's right foot.

There was a good deal of unpleasantness over the business. The photographer thought we ought to take a dozen copies each, seeing that the photo was about nine-tenths us; but we

declined. We said we had no objection to being photo'd full-length, but we preferred being taken the right way up.

THAT BOY JOHN.

FANNIE M. P. DEAS.

EF I could only get him! Are you sure you haven't met him?
It's nigh upon twelve hours sence he's gone.
You bet that when I reach him a lesson I will teach him,
That boy John!

A lesson I will teach him, and a sermon I will preach him,
That he'll carry in his mind from this time on.
You hardly will believe that he ran off without leave,
That knave John!

He ran off without leave, with intention to deceive,
An' his ma is there at home a-takin' on.
His hide is pretty thick, but I guess this hick'ry stick
Will fetch John.

I guess this hick'ry stick will fetch him mighty quick—
What's that? You wish I wouldn't lay it on?
Well, I'm bound to wish you joy, for it's plain you've got no boy
Like my John.

It's plain you've got no boy that will pester an' annoy
His folks the livelong day, from early dawn,—
A shiftless, saucy scamp, jest as lazy as a tramp,
Like that John.

Jest as lazy as a tramp, of the reg'lar gipsy stamp;
Won't cut a stick of wood, nor mow the lawn,
Must shoot or fish all day, or else be off to play—
That's my John.

I'm pledged to stop his play an' to show him that my way
Shall be his—or bid him else begone for good.

I'd stand his loss, for he's nothin' but a cross,
Is my John.

He's nothin' but a cross, an' it's only pitch an' toss
How soon old Nick will get him for his own.
He's aiming to, that's flat! Why, ain't that thing a hat?
Looks like John's!

Yes, sir, it is a hat, an' a ragged one at that,
A-layin' near the water on that stone!
A fish-pole, too—I'm bound he's hidin' somewheres round—
Here you, John!

He's hidin' somewheres round. Hark! wasn't that a sound
Among them bushes? Let's creep softly on.
Why, where's the little chap? A-takin' of a nap?
Wake up, John!

He's takin' of a nap. What! met with some mishap?
Not he. I ain't afeared. Why, he'll be gone
'Way off sometimes at night alone. Oh, he's all right.
Halloo! John!

I'll wager he's all right. Say, what's that gleamin' white
Yonder—across the stream—see, farther on,
Among them reeds? A face? To sleep in such a place!
No! 'Tain't John.

Asleep in this cold place—oh, stranger, touch his face!
Oh, my heart's joy, a-layin' here alone,
Cast up like some poor weed that the river doesn't need,—
My boy John!

Cast up like some poor weed, while his father's secret need
Will be the voice and happy smile that's gone,
And to think he'll never know that I always loved him so,
My dead John!

A COMPLAINT.

TUDOR JENKS.

I THINK it really mean—don't you?—
To leave us nothing at all to do,
In a world all made to order so
A modern boy has no earthly show!
Columbus sailed across the sea,
Which might have been done by you or me,
And now they call him great and wise,
They praise his genius and enterprise,
Although when he found our native land
He took it for India's coral strand.

There's Newton, too, saw an apple fall
Down from a branch, and that was all;
Yet they talk of his great imagination
And say he discovered gravitation.
Goodness me! Why, I could have told
Him all about it. At ten years old
I knew why things fell, and I studied the rule
For "falling bodies" in grammar-school.
There's noble George, who wouldn't lie—
Perhaps he couldn't. He didn't try.
But if I should cut down a cherry-tree,
My father would only laugh at me.

Benjamin Franklin—what did *he* do?
Flew a big kite,—on Sunday, too,
Standing out in a heavy shower,
Getting soaked for half an hour,
Fishing for lightning with a string
To see if he couldn't bottle the thing.
Suppose I should fly my kite in the rain?
People would say I wasn't sane.
Why should there such a difference be
Between Ben Franklin, Esq., and me?

I can see steam move a kettle-lid

Quite as well as James Watt did,
And I can explain about engines, too—
Bigger and better than Watt ever knew;
But somehow he took all the praise
And I am neglected nowadays.
Then there's Napoleon First of France—
Suppose that we had had his chance,
No doubt we'd have been emperors, too;
But we'd have conquered at Waterloo.
I wouldn't have had old Grouchy make
Such a stupid and grave mistake;
I should have sent him the proper way,
To arrive in time and save the day!

Still what makes me feel the worst
Is Adam's renown for being first.
That was easy enough, you know;
It was just a thing that happened so;
And my sister says: "If it had been me
I wouldn't have touched the apple-tree."
That's so. If she sees a snake to-day
She gives a scream and she scoots away.

To write such things as Shakespeare's plays
Was not so hard in Queen Bess's days;
But now, when everything has been done,
I can not think of a single one
To bring a boy to wealth and fame.
It's a regular, downright, burning shame!

P. S.—When it's fine I shall play baseball;
For you know it never would do at all
To forget about "Jack," who becomes, they say,
A very dull boy, without plenty of play.
But, wait! When a rainy Saturday comes,
As soon I've finished Monday's sums,
I'm going to build a great flying-machine
That will make T. Edison look pea-green!

WHY LIAB AND I PARTED

N. S. EMERSON.

YES, Liab brought home from the lawyers that paper for me to sign,
Saying what was his should be his, and what was mine should be mine;
For Liab and I had quarreled so many times, you see,
That at last we agreed together we couldn't never agree.
So I read the paper over, each separate paragraph,
And found that of all our property he'd gin me the better half;
For he gave me the house and homestead and kept the Holy-rock hill,
He gave me the colt, Saladin, and kept the lame horse, Bill;
He gave me the brindled heifer—we'd lost the line-back cow;
He gave me the sheep and the two white shoats, and kept the lean old sow.
I was mad because he favored me, and made it show so plain,
And I s'pose if he hadn't done so much I should 'a' been mad again;
But, looking along the paper, the next thing that I read
Was, "Lay us under the maples together, when we're dead."
Then I knew the one choice left me was a flood of tears or tongue,
So I told him I wouldn't sign the thing to save him from being hung;
In his mean old farm or live stock I scorned any part or share;
I was going home to my mother's, and 'twas none of his business,—there!
Then straight in my face looked Liab, till I turned my head away.
He walked out through the kitchen, without a word to say.
I heard his steps fall heavy, but I didn't see him go.
The maples were blushing scarlet, that he planted so long ago,
And under them played our Bessie, child of our happy years.
I heard her calling "Papa!" and then came a flood of tears.
But before I could reach the doorway, *click!* went the garden gate,
And to all my sorry feelings it seemed to say: "Too late."

Then Bessie came in from playing, a tear on each round red cheek,
And asked, "Where's papa going? He kissed me, but didn't speak."
Up in my arms I caught her, and murmured and sobbed her name,
Bemoaning that ever my darling was born to such woe and shame.
But Liab was gone! The sunshine lay golden along the lane.
I strained my eyes with watching, but he did not turn back again.
The hours crept by slow-footed. At last came Saturday night.
I tidied up the kitchen, and set the house to right,
And cuddled little Bessie until she fell asleep,
Then laid her on her pillow, and kissed her eyelids sweet.
Oh, how I *did* miss Liab. I'd given half my life
To hear his kind voice saying: "Where are you, Betsey, wife?"
And I thought of how I'd fretted and aggravated him;
It made my heart too heavy, and my eyes with tears grow dim.
But there was the prayer-meeting gathered that night by Deacon West.
First I thought I wouldn't go, and then concluded 'twas best,
For the neighbors knowed we'd parted, and as Liab allus said,
They'd lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing ahead.
That night they turned up their noses, with a smile that was mostly a sneer,
And asked: "Where's Mr. Pratt, pray? Why isn't he with you here?"
I was mad as a pestered hornet, though I tried to be proud and cool;
I hated them for hypocrites, and called myself a fool.
But when I could bear it no longer, and deacon was praying still,
I slipped out and hurried homeward along by the Holyrock hill.
Silent I entered the kitchen, and silently crossed the floor,
But my heart stood still a minute as I opened the bedroom door,
For there was my dear old Liab, a-kneeling by Bessie's bed,
And a few tears shone on the pillow, that Bessie never shed.

One look, and the very next moment I kneeled beside him there,
And more tears fell on the pillow and some on my darling's hair.

Next morning we burned the paper we both had forgotten to sign;
I didn't ask his forgiveness, and he didn't beg for mine.
But we both pretty much concluded, without any words to tell,
That what was mine was his'n, and his'n was mine as well.

THE BABY'S NAME.

"MORDAUNT," she called him. In a novel book
His mother found the name she give to him;
I didn't like it, fer I'd kinder took
A sort of notion favor'ble to "Jim."
But when she looked up at me from the bed,
Half dead but happy, an' she said: "I want
That you shall name him after all," I said:
"Why, blame it all, of course it is Mordaunt."

She knew the way I felt about such names
An' that this was a sacrifice, fer she
Had often heard me say that honest "James"
Had just about the proper ring fer me;
But though 'twas disapp'intment, still I thought
She was the one that had the right to choose,
An' I—there wasn't any question—ought
To reconcile my wishes to her views.
He was so delicate—so teeny small,
But smarter than the cracker of a whip.
I don't believe he ever cried at all;
Sometimes he'd pucker up his little lip
An' look at you until you was ashamed
Of all the sins you knew he knew you'd done.
I often thought he grieved because we'd named
By such a name a helpless little one.

'An' thinkin' that, when we two was alone,
I called him by the name I liked so well;
His mother would 'a' grieved if she'd 'a' known,
But neither Jim nor me would ever tell.
We never told. He'd laugh an' crow to hear
Me whisperin' so happ'ly to him;
"Yer name's Mordaunt, old boy, when mother's near;
But when there's only me about, it's Jim."

We never told our little secret, an'
We never will—we never, never will.
Somewhere off yonder, in a flow'ry land,
A little baby's toddlin', toddlin' still,
A-seekin' in the sunshine all alone
The God that give an' then that sent fer him.
Mordaunt's the name carved on the little stone,
But in my heart the name is always Jim.

OUT OF HER RECKONING.

"HOW many in your family?" the census-taker said.
"Hoo mony?" Mrs. Rafferty she shook her tousled head.
"Well, shure, I think there is elivin. Jist let me count," said she.
"There's Mike, my mon, that's did, an' me an' Patsy,—that makes three—
The triplets four an' Mary five, Tim six, an' Bridget sivin;
The blessed twins is eight. Thot's all." "But that is not eleven."
"Now wait a bit. There's me,—thot's wan—an' little Patsy, two;
The triplets three an' Bridget four, an' Timmy there by you
Is five, an' poor did Mike is six, an' me darlin' little twins
Is sivin, an' Katy eight. Oh, dear! Now if I jist begins
Wid Mike that's did—hivin rest his sowl!—I'm sure to git thim right,
For 'dade there's 'livin; leastways there was when they went to bed lasht night.

"Poor Mike is wan, the twins is two, Timmie an' Patsy four,
An' Mary five an' Mike—oh, no; I counted him before—
An' Mary five, an' Bridget six—ah, now I've got thim straight—
An' Katy sivin, the triplets eight—sure, the triplets they make eight—
An' Katy sivin, the triplets eight. Where have the ithers gone?
By all the saints in hivin, I know I've counted ivery wan.

"Now whisht an' shtop yer shpakin'. I'll count them jist wance more.
There's me an' Tim an' Patsy an' Katy—thot is four;
The triplets and the twins is six, an' Bridget—now just wait—
An' Bridget sivin, an' poor did Mike—yis, poor did Mike makes eight.
Yes, thot is right," said Mrs. R. and rubbed her tousled pate,
"I t'ought there was elivin, but I see there is but eight."

'CEPTIN' IKE.

WILLIAM DEVERE.

THAR wuz Si, thar wuz Hi, thar wuz Alec an' Dan,
Martha, Samanthy, Matilda, an' Fan,
Eliza, Mirandy, an' Flora, an' Belle,
An' they all got along most uncommonly well,
'Ceptin' Ike.

Somehow or other Ike never could work,
Didn't cotton to nothin' exceptin' to shirk.
All of Sprague's's boys an' his girls had some spunk,
An' he bragged that none of 'em no one could skunk,
'Ceptin' Ike.

Thar wuz Si could split rails, an' Dan he could mow,
Thar wuz Alec could harvest, an' Hi he could hoe;
Martha, Matildy an' Fan could spin yarn,
An' everyone on 'em could work on the farm,
'Ceptin' Ike.

So old Sprague allowed how as Ike wuz no good,
He wouldn't fetch water, he couldn't split wood;
He'd hide in the barn an' be readin' a book—
You could find all the others whenever you'd look,
'Ceptin' Ike.

Mother Sprague she would scold, an' old Sprague he would cuss,
An' swear Ike must work, or must go and do wuss,
For he warn't goin' to harbor a book-readin' drone,
An' they all had to work to help keep up the home,
'Ceptin' Ike.

So Ike packed his budget, an' bid 'em good-bye!
An' he started fer town with a tear in his eye—
An' old Sprague allowed of the city he'd tire;
An' all of the gals an' boys sot round the fire,
'Ceptin' Ike.

Well, 'twas more'n five years after Ike had lit out,
No one had e'er hearn of what he wuz about.
Some 'lowed he wuz dead, some believed him in jail;
An' no one once doubted in all things he'd fail,
'Ceptin' Ike.

The gals they all married, the boys settled down,
Some on 'em kept farmin', an' some moved to town;
Old Sprague an' his wife they wuz left all alone;
Each one of their children had moved to their home,
'Ceptin' Ike.

One day Sprague was readin' about a big ball
To welcome a senator at the town-hall;
His name it wuz Sprague—S-P-R-A-G-U-E;
An' he thought of all men of that name that could be
'Ceptin' Ike.

But he made up his mind if it cost him a leg
That he'd see that great man that the papers called Sprague.
So he harnessed old Bess, into town he wuz whirled,
A-thinkin' of all of the Spragues in the world—
'Ceptin' Ike.

An' when he walked into the door of the hall,
An' saw all the big-bugs dressed up for the ball,
He crowded along this great statesman to see,
An' then Sprague nigh fainted, fur who should it be,
'Ceptin' Ike?

"My boy! my poor Ike!" old Sprague hollered out loud.
The senator elbowed his way through the crowd,
An' he hugged the ole man just the minit he spoke,
An' all the fine folks thought the thing was a joke,
'Ceptin' Ike.

That night Ike tole his ole mother an' dad
Of all of the ups an' the downs he had had.
How he'd work and buy books, how he'd study and read,
An' no one once thought he would ever succeed,
'Ceptin' Ike.

Ike's got just as fur as he ever kin climb,
He sits up in the senate an' draws his per diem;
All the rest of Sprague's boys an' his gals jog along,
But none of 'em's mentioned, in story or song,
'Ceptin' Ike.

AFORE YO' DADDY COMES.

LALIA MITCHELL.

COME hea an' put dis apron on
An' let me fix yo' hai';
Yo's lookin' laik a gipsy chile,
John Henry, I declai'.
Jes' see de syrup on yo' mouf,
From eatin' sugah plums,
Now wash yo' face an' git it clean
Afore yo' daddy comes.

Whatebba makes yo' act so bad
Is mo' dan I can see.

Doan' use dat napkin fo' a towel!
John Henry, come to me.
I 'clar' I's got to git a rope
An' tie yo' by de thumbs,
Or else yo'll be all dirt ag'in,
Afore yo' daddy comes.

Dar now, yo' am a han'som' chile.
Jes' stay indoors an' play.
I's boun' to lick yo' aftah all—
John Henry, mind, I say!
An' hea's de pan an' rollin'-pin—
Dar ain't no better drums.
Now laugh, my bressed nigga' boy,
Fo' hea' yo' daddy comes.

AN APPARITION.

THE burglar entered. He carefully reconnoitred, then rose and walked lightly but boldly to the bed. The gas was burning dimly, revealing in the lace-draped couch a four-year-old child. Her fleecy curls were tossed round her flushed face, and the restless movements, the frown of pain on the white forehead, showed plainly that she was not sleeping the sleep of perfect health.

"Kid looks bad," commented Brickey, looking down a moment on the pretty picture. "Nurse skipped to make a night of it and locked the kid in to get along all by herself alone. Blamed, if she ain't put the child to bed with that cold, shiny necklace a-chokin' her. She shan't be choked,—no, she shan't!"

Stooping, the benevolent visitor loosened the slender coral chain deftly from the dimpled neck.

"Brickey-brac! brickey-brac!" he muttered, disparagingly. "Too much! Piles of money spent on trash that ain't worth carryin' off, an' the town full of sufferin' burglars. It's a shame—Hello!"

He turned round quickly at a queer sound from the bed, and put his hand on the ugly looking weapon at his side.

The strange, choking sound had come from her. The dimpled arms were tossed over her head, and the face drawn and crimson in an effort to breathe. One brassy cough told the story.

"The deuce! The young one's got the croup! She'll choke in a jiffy! I'd like to have that nurse by the back of the neck just a minute,—goin', off an' leavin' that sick kid with a burglar. Burglars ain't no trained nurses."

The child seemed to breathe easier just then.

"That's the ticket! Mabbe she'll pull through. But it's gettin' early. What's this?"

A fine old oil-painting hung at the opposite end of the room. It was a very precise, very stiff, very aristocratic old lady in a coal-scuttle bonnet, and everything about her suggestive of rigid respectability. On the corner of the picture-frame hung that same bonnet, yellow with age.

"Family relic," said Brickey, giving way to his humor and, detaching the bonnet from its peg, he put it on his own head. "If the boys could see me now!"

Another brassy, ringing cough from the bed drew Brickey's attention from millinery.

"Something ought to be done," Brickey muttered, anxiously. "Somebody ought to be called. The kid's chokin' to death!"

It is probable that the child would have perished, "unaided by the physicians," but for a sudden idea that visited Brickey's fertile brain just then and which caused him to double up with laughter.

Across the bed was a dainty coverlet of fairy white lace. With the bonnet still on his head, Brickey draped this round his greasy clothes, from neck to heels.

Passing softly into the passage, he looked round a minute, then tried a door on the opposite side.

"Locked tight and right acrost from the darlint! This is the parent's room, I'll bet," was Brickey's reflection, as his skeleton key opened the lock.

The dim light from a dying fire revealed on the bed a middle-aged woman with much the same severely respectable features as the picture in the child's room. A gentle snore arose from her thin and correct nose, as the ghostly figure glided across the room. Brickey took a brief look at the dressing-table,

made a mysterious pass over a heavy jewel-case; then turned toward the bed.

But let Mrs. Hopkins tell the rest, just as she has told it scores of times since to wondering friends:

"I was awakened by the distinct impression of a cold hand in contact with my brow. I started and opened my eyes. Before me, distinctly visible in the evanescent light of the expiring embers, stood my deceased mother, Belvidere Prosperina Dowdall, in her habit as she lived,—the same bonnet, even, in which her picture was taken over fifty years ago" — here the bonnet was invariably produced, handed round and viewed with awe. "A misty aureole seemed to surround her form. I sprang upright! She seemed to recede. I was speechless! She looked down at me sadly, warningly, and waved her hand. 'Go to your child!' she said. 'Go to your child!' Then she seemed to fade away through the open door, which I positively recalled having locked when I retired. I seemed impelled to follow. I was irresistibly drawn toward my daughter's room. There I found the reason of this extraordinary manifestation. The nurse had surreptitiously slipped away, to spend the night in the servants' hall. My child was writhing in the convulsions of croup. It was only by the most strenuous exertions that we saved her life. Just think: But for my dearest mother's timely appearance she would have died."

A PERFECT DAY.

CLYDE FITCH.

[From "The Smart Set," by permission of Herbert S. Stone & Co., publishers.]

A Monologue for a Lady.

A CHARMING, delightful day! Marie brought me my coffee at nine, as usual, with a perfect mail. No nasty business letters from America, but only most desirable invitations, notes full of gossip, and regrets from the Thompsons for the expensive dinner I felt obliged to give them at Armenonville, so I won't have to give it. One's old friends in America are really rather a bother, coming to Paris in the

very middle of the season. If they came only in midsummer, when everyone is away, one would be very glad to do what one could, if one were in the city. Of course, as far as the Thompsons themselves are concerned, I love them.

My coffee never tasted so deliciously, and Marie said I looked unusually well after my night's rest. To be sure, Marie says that every morning; but, never mind, it is always pleasant to hear the first thing one wakes up, and I only wish I didn't have a sneaking fear that the new Empire pink bed-hangings help a good deal. Marie sprayed the room with my new perfume (a secret—no one else has it), laved my face in rose-water, and then I had a wee little nap by way of a starter for the day. After my bath I answered my mail; and then, Marie having manicured my nails, my toilet was made. I wore, to go out, my striking blue costume, with the hat and sunshade to match, which always necessitates the greatest care with the complexion. I use an entirely different powder with this dress, and one has to be most careful about one's cheeks. But Marie is invaluable, so far as the complexion is concerned, and I went out quite satisfied. First, to the hairdresser's to have my hair re-dyed, as I was going to the races in the afternoon, and the light there is very trying. Unless your hair has been dyed very lately it is quite useless to go. My hair was never done so well. I am trying it a very little darker, and I am almost sure I like it better. Then I went into some shops. I think it is always a good thing to have one's carriage seen waiting outside the smart shops often. I priced a great many things, and had several—which I of course have no idea whatever of buying—sent home on approval. To the dressmaker's, to try on my new dress. It was finished, but didn't suit me. I am having entire new sleeves and all the trimming changed. I persuaded them it was their fault. I had really thought I should like it that way until I saw it completed. Then to breakfast with the Countess of Rheims,—a charming déjeuner. All the women were very desirable to know and very chicly dressed, but not one looking so young for their age, I am sure, as I. In fact, several made that remark to me. I know they say just the opposite behind my back, but it is pleasant to hear nice things under any circumstances. I think it is all one should ask of people, that they should be nice to our faces.

I left déjeuner first, because that makes a good impression, as if you are crowded with engagements, and flatters your hostess, who is naturally pleased to catch a much-sought-after guest. I really drove home to rest a little before the races. I find taking off *everything* and indulging in complete relaxation, if only for ten minutes, is wonderfully refreshing, and saves lots of *lines!* While I was resting, my masseur came and gave me face massage. There is nothing like it for a wrinkle-destroyer, and the man is rather a nice person and amuses me. I got him two clients at the luncheon to-day. As the other women said, one is only too willing to pay extra to get a man who is good-looking.

The races were very exciting. It was a lovely day, our coach had a fine position, and our party was much stared at. I had the most conspicuous seat, and did my best to become it. It isn't for me to say to myself if I succeeded or not, but I owe it to my dressmaker to make the statement that no one else had on a better gown. I wish that statement was the only thing I owed him. I won forty louis; I don't know how. I am absolutely ignorant about horses. I only go because it seems to be the thing to do now. But I thought one of the jockeys looked rather fetching, and so I put my money on him, and he happened to win.

We all went for tea to Mrs. Alberti's, where one of the most expensive singers sang; but I didn't hear her, because if you go into the music-room you have to sit down in rows, and you don't see any of the people.

I was obliged to hurry away, as my appointment with Jacques to-day was for 6:30, and I wanted to stop at an imitation jeweler's in the Rue de la Paix, where, I had heard, were some wonderful paste necklaces. They are quite extraordinary. I ordered one, and shall never tell a soul it's not real.

I was late home, but Jacques, the dear boy, was waiting, and seemed to me sweeter than ever this afternoon. I gave him the cuff-links I have had made for him, with his initials in rubies, and it was too delightful to see his pleasure. I took him out to dine. I think I will marry him. I know he is much younger than I, and all that, but he's so sweet, and, after all, I have enough money for two.

TWO.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

TO one he brought the rarest flowers
That gold could buy,
And gave them with the courteous smile
That masked a sigh.
Upon the other he bestowed,
With scarce a look,
A few wild violets gathered by
A wayside brook.

When from the skies that golden day
Went out the sun,
Of all the flowers the first received
Remained not one.
Some lured her swains, some gaily graced
The fawn she petted,
Some decked her starlings' cage; all died,
Not once regretted.

The other, shyly, from the world
Turned her apart,
And hid her wayside violets
Upon her heart,
And he who gave to each that day
Such different share,
By one was scorned; the other breathed
His name in prayer.

Years afterward, a woman died—
A lonely creature,
Whose sorrows were not written out
On form or feature.
But they who shrouded her do say,
Dead in her breast,
Close, close unto her cold, dumb heart,
Were violets pressed.

A COURTIN' CALL.

Him.

HE dressed hisself from top ter toe
Ter give the lates' fashion,
He give his boots a extra glow,
His dickey glistened like the snow,
He slicked his hair exactly so,
An' all ter indicate " his passion."
He tied his hull three ties afore
He kep' the one on that he wore.

Her.

All afternoon she laid abed
Ter make her features brighter,
She tried on ev'ry gown she hed,
She rasped her nails until they bled,
A dozen times she frizzed her head,
An' put on stuff to make her whiter,
An' fussed till she'd 'a' cried, she said,
But that 'ld make her eyes so red.

Them.

They sot together in the dark,
'Ithout a light excep' their spark,
An' neither could have told or guessed
What way the other un was dressed.

THE CLEMENCY OF SALAH-UD-DEEN.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

PRAISE him Al-Barr, whose goodness is so great;
Who is so loving and compassionate!
Hast seen
The record written of Salah-ud-Deen,
The sultan? How he met upon a day,
In his own city, on the public way,

A woman whom they led to die. The veil
Was stripped from off her weeping face, and pale
Her shamed cheeks were and wild her dark, fixed eye,
And her lips drawn with terror at the cry
Of the harsh people, and the rugged stones
Borne in their hands to break her, flesh and bones;
For the law stood that sinners such as she
Perish by stoning and this doom must be.
So went the wan adultress to her death;
High noon it was, and the hot Khamseen's breath
Blew from the desert sands, and parched the tongue.
The crows gasped, and the kine went up and down
With lolling tongues; the camels moaned; a crowd
Pressed with their pitchers, wrangling high and loud
About the tank; and one dog, by a well,
Nigh dead with thirst, lay where he yelped and fell,
Glaring upon the water out of reach,
And praying succor in a silent speech,
So piteous were its eyes; which when she saw,
This woman from her foot her shoe did draw,
Albeit death-sorrowful, and looping up
The long silk of her girdle, made a cup
Of the heel's hollow, and thus let it sink
Until it touched the cool black water's brink;
So filled th' embroidered shoe and gave a draught
To the spent beast, which whined and fawned and quaffed
Her kind gift to the dregs; next licked her hand,
With such glad looks that all might understand
He held his life from her; then, at her feet
He followed close, all down the cruel street,—
Her one friend in that city.

But the king,
Riding within his litter, marked this thing
And how the woman, on her way to die,
Had such compassion for the misery
Of that parched hound. "Take off her chain and place
The veil once more above the sinner's face,
And lead her to her house in peace," he said.
"The law is that the people stone thee dead
For that which thou hast wrought; but there is come,
Fawning around thy feet, a witness dumb

Not heard upon thy trial. This brute beast
Testifies for thee, sister, whose weak breast
Death could not make ungentle. I hold rule
In Allah's stead, who is 'the Merciful,'
And hope for mercy; therefore, go thou free—
I dare not show less pity unto thee!"

A VETERAN.

MINNA IRVING.

HE stood before the village store,
Unkempt and weary-eyed.
His shabby harness here and there
With bits of rope was tied.
His knees were stiff, his coat was long,—
A sorry sight indeed,
The butt of many an idler's jest—
The farmer's old gray steed.

Across the hot and dusty square
And up the narrow street,
Arose a burst of rolling drums
And bugles loud and sweet.
He turned his head and pricked his ears
And shook his tangled mane,
As memory with its magic swelled
His withered veins again.

With every well-remembered note
A vision on him grew,
Of trumpets with their crimson cords
And lines of men in blue.
He seemed to see from far and near
The marching squadrons come,
And flung his broken harness off
To curvet to the drum.

For oft upon a battle-field
He heard the bugles blow,

"Attention" in the dreary dawn,
And "Charge" upon the foe.
The soldier-heart was in him yet,
Though he was blind and lame,
And many a whip had left its scar
Upon his gallant frame.

So, every hand to every cap
Went up in grave salute
As all the veterans passed him by
With flag and fife and lute;
And some were seen to drop a tear—
Those bearded men in blue—
A tribute to the old gray horse
Who was a veteran, too.

THE BULL.

MARGARET JOHNSON.

"HUZZA!" From box and balcony
Rang out the loud exultant cry;
"Huzza! the matador!"

From floor to roof a glittering maze
Of gorgeous robes and faces fair,
With lustrous laces gleaming rare,
And veils of fluttering gossamer,
And fans that set the air astir,
And flowers that bloom and gems that blaze,
Filled all the ampitheatre.

Below them in the sunlight space
Beneath the tranquil April skies,
Two combatants stood face to face,—
A milk-white bull with fiery eyes,
Huge, frantic, mad with rage and pain,
His great head bowed to charge the foe;
And, poising with a cool disdain
His weapon for the fatal blow,

A youth decked out in gorgeous wise.

A murmurous hush, a breathless pause—
The ladies lean far out to see.
A flash of scarlet drapery—
A plunge—a bellowing roar—a cloud
Of flying dust! Then burst the applause,
With cheer on cheer of wild delight
That rolled the echoing circle round;
And while, low-fallen upon the ground,
His victim struggled hard with death,
The hero of the noble fight,
Rained on with flowers from fingers white
Mid ringing bravas, smiled and bowed.

A child sobbed softly in the crowd.
"Alas, poor bull!" below her breath
She wept. "Alas, poor pretty bull!"
With sad eyes, grieved and pitiful,
And down beside him in the sand,
One blossom, wet with tearful dew,
One little crimson rose, she threw,
And hid her sweet eyes with her hand.

And still all tongues the victor sang,
"Huzza!" the thundering plaudits rang,
"Huzza! the matador!"

CONFESSION.

DEAR Pussy, I love you and I's your true friend,
'Cause I saved you a whippin' to-day
When cook missed her custard and everyone said
It was Puss that had stealed it away;
You know you are naughty sometimes, Pussy dear,
And, in course, you got blamed and all that,
And cook took a stick, and she 'clared she would beat
The thief out that mizzable cat!
But I didn't feel comf'able down in my heart,

So I saved you the whippin', you see,
'Cause I went to mamma, and telled her
I 'spect she'd better tell cook to whip me,
'Cause the custard was stealed by a bad little girl,
Who felt dreffely sorrow with shame,
And it wouldn't be fair to whip Pussy, in course,
When that bad little girl was to blame.
"Was it my little girlie?" my dear mamma said.
I felt dreffely scared but I nodded my head,
And then mamma laughed. "Go find nurse, for I guess
There's some custard to wash off a little girl's dress."
Well, then 'course they knew it was I and not you
Who stealed all the custard and then ran away;
But it's best to be true in the things that we do,
And—that's how I saved you a spankin' to-day.

HE HELD HER HANDS.

I HOLD her hands. The lamp's soft ray
Lingers in iridescent play
Among her tresses' golden strands;
Unheeded run the hour-glass sands
With which old Time seeks to dismay.
I hold her hands.

Her gaze is pensive—far away,
In silence there content to stay,
Like one who waits but for commands.
I hold her hands.

This is the picture that expands,
And memory-sprites lift up their wands.
If I let go—the truth to say—
On the piano she will play
Those tunes she learned from the brass bands.
I hold her hands.

A CHRISTMAS LETTER.

JAMES COURTNEY CHALLISS.

DEAREST PHYLLIS,—Pray remember, when you're making up the list
Of your presents for December (unless I am to be missed),
That I've slippers, picture-brackets, smoking-sets of various types,
Half-a-dozen smoking-jackets, thirty-seven meerschaum pipes!
Twenty patent "kid glove menders," collar boxes by the score,
Of embroidered silk suspenders, forty-'leven pairs or more;
That each year since I was twenty I've received a paper-weight;
Have pen-wipers, inkstands plenty, paper-cutters—twenty-eight;
That I've Browning and Longfellow by the hundreds—every kind,
Shakespeare—black and blue and yellow, Milton till I'm nearly blind!

So there's just one present only that I'm wanting, in this year
Of my bachelorship so lonely—that's *yourself,* my Phyllis dear.

A CASE OF SPOONS AND BROTHER TOM.

"IT'S my brother again," said the girl with the ostrich boa, as she sank into a chair, "but I'll get even with him, if it takes me the rest of my natural life to do it!"

The girl in the pink waist yawned.

"How often must I tell you never to ask him for money unless at least one of the other girls is present?" she asked.

"It isn't money this time. It is spoons. I——"

"You never let Marie help him to select your birthday present, I hope. She is a nice, sweet girl as long as there is not a man within sight, but I wouldn't trust her to—to help a widower select a tombstone for his wife's grave."

"Of course you wouldn't; neither should I. She would persuade him that a modest one would be a greater evidence of his grief, and——"

"Yes, and then——"

"Make him take her out to luncheon and order an elaborate menu on the pretense that his health required it. Yes, I know all that. But to do her justice, Marie had nothing at all to do with this."

"Don't be too sure of that, my dear, until——"

"Alas! I am. It would be easier to punish her than Tom. Still, if I know myself, I'll find a way to do it."

"Without flattery, my dear, I feel sure that you will."

"Thank you. I knew your sympathy would do me good, and that is why I came over to tell you about it. You know yesterday was my birthday, don't you?"

"Yes, and I must say that I think it actually extravagant to have a birthday at this season of the year. You might just as well buy a tin cup, hire a dog and set up in the professional line at once."

"Not my own fault, dear. I'd gladly skip a year or two if I could. In fact, I——"

"You surely never were foolish enough to let a man guess at your age! If I couldn't find any other way to let him know the date of my birthday, I'd go without a present until I had grandchildren to give me one!"

"Don't get excited over nothing. Of course, I did no such thing—you might give me credit for a little sense. No; it was this way: Every year since I was born Aunt Effie has given me a perfectly lovely silver spoon. I must say, though, I think they would be lovelier if she had not had the date of its presentation engraved on each one!"

"Oh, well, a woman who has married a widower with children older than herself can afford even to tell the truth about her own age."

"She might do that every day if she'd let mine alone."

"But what has Tom to do with it?"

"Wait until I come to that part. Well, Mr. Smilers dropped in during the day to fetch me some roses and chat a bit. By the way, I've never introduced him to you, have I?"

"Of course not, dear; he must be very eligible, else you'd have done it long ago."

"He is. Well, I got out my spoons to show him, that is—well, nearly all of them. He was admiring them and counting them with his eyes when Tom came in, as he always does—just when he isn't wanted!"

"What was Mr. Smilers saying when he came in, that's what I want to know?"

"He was quoting a lot of poetry about 'Sweet and twenty;' that's what he was doing. I tried in vain to conceal the spoons—Mr. Smilers would keep admiring them and saying how nice it was that my aunt sent me one on each of my birthdays."

"Why didn't you tell Tom that there was a letter for him in his room?"

"Because he'd have sent me to get it for him—he never takes a hint—and I shouldn't have dared to refuse, because Mr. Smilers says that a good sister makes a good wife!"

"Humph! couldn't you——"

"No, I couldn't. Suddenly Tom pounced on those spoons and began to count them audibly!"

"Why didn't you tread on his foot?"

"Because they were both on my lovely floor cushions, which he makes use of whenever anybody is there, before whom I dare not scold him. No; I got up and asked Mr. Smilers to come look at my lovely new fern in the next room."

"And Tom followed you, of course?"

"No; he did worse. He called out in a loud, firm voice: 'Hello, sis, where are the rest of your spoons?'"

"Good gracious! And you?"

"I said, 'They are all there. Isn't this a lovely fern, Mr. Smilers?'"

"And did he——"

"Take the hint? No, he didn't; he—he said, 'No, they're not. There are only twenty—a whole half-dozen of 'em are missing!' Oh, I thought I'd die!"

"Oh, well, never mind. What if Mr. Smilers is a year or two younger than you—lots of young men prefer——"

"But Mr. Smilers isn't young; he—he's fifty if he is a day!"

"Oh, my goodness, how awful! Well, it's no use to waste any more time on him."

"Of course, it isn't. I guess I'll go home now and hunt up a photograph of Tom's Canadian girl to show Marie!"

WOULDN'T YOU?

IF you had a little brother
Who was just a perfect muff,—
One who always took to crying
When you played the least bit rough;
Don't you think you'd often wonder
Why one son was not enough?
I do! Tell the truth, now!
Wouldn't you?

If you had a grown-up sister
Who was always in your way;
Who would box your ears and scold you
Forty-'leven times a day—
Think you'd ever try to square things
When her best beau came to stay?
I do! Tell the truth, now!
Wouldn't you?

If you started off some morning
When 'twas boiling hot, for school,
And the trees all seemed to whisper
That their shade was nice and cool;
Do you think you'd try to linger
Spite of teacher and the rule?
I do! Tell the truth, now!
Wouldn't you?

If you'd planned to go a-fishing
With some other boys you knew,
And your mother calmly told you
There were chores for you to do;
Think you'd be a woman hater
When you'd grown a foot or two?
I do! Tell the truth, now!
Wouldn't you?

S'pose you had to have your hands clean,
Had to keep your shoes both bright,

Had to chew your dinner slowly,
Had to part your hair just right;
Think you'd ever be wishing
You could die that very night?
I do! Tell the truth, now!
Wouldn't you?

JUST AS SHE TOLD IT.

JULIA WITHERIDGE.

WHAT time is it? Heavens! we'll have half an hour to wait, and I do hate sitting round in a hotel, with nothing to do.

Ain't New Orleans an awfully funny place? It can't hold a candle to Chicawgo. Someone told us to visit the French quarter; but my goodness! it's awfully shabby—just awfully shabby, and as for the French market, you get up at an unearthly hour in the morning, and the coffee they have's fit to poison you. I think it's your duty to see everything that's to be seen; so I said to the chambermaid the other day:

"Where are your handsome dwelling-houses?"

"Ah! out Prytania and St. Charles, mum, there's ilegant fine mansions," she said.

So we went, and—would you believe it?—they're all made of *wood!* Did you ever! Yes, this a dreadfully queer place. I used to have sort of romantic notions about the South—thought it must be just per-r-fect. I thought, don't you know, you wore white dresses all winter, and sat on piazzas in hammocks, and that the Southern men were all tall and dark and very fiery, and the darkies were so funny, and sang, and played on banjos; but gracious! they behave just like everyone else; and as for white dresses, I've never come so near freezing to death in all my life.

Fred would say that's because I never read anything, nor listen to what anyone's saying. But that ain't it at all.

You'd just die if you knew Fred. He's the funniest boy! Awfully nice, don't you know, only he will prose so about literature and culture.

But you mustn't think Fred ain't nice. He's real handsome and fascinating; has big brown eyes, and the cutest moustache; only he will be superior, and it's so fatiguing. Now, what's the use of being superior? Why can't one just be happy and sensible? I've known Fred for per-r-fect ages.

We used to quarrel like cats. One day he said to me:

"Miss Cassidy, do you ever intend to be anything but a frivolous butterfly?"

"Frivolous fiddlesticks!" said I, and I spoke very severly, too. "If you want superiority, just visit Mommer seven evenings a week."

Mommer's superior enough, gracious knows. The way she goes in for general information is simply awful.

"Well," said he, "if you are content to remain——"

"Fred Delbert," I said, "am I a griffin or a cyclops?"

"Why, of course not," he said, opening those big eyes of his.

"Well, then I ain't a cyclops, that's settled, and Popper has lots of money—just dead loads of it—so what do I want with superiority? I'm sorry you find me so unattractive. There's De Lancy Witherington, *he* says my eyes are like bits of heaven on earth, and——"

Fred got so mad he regularly stamped.

"Don't quote to me the inane remarks of an idiot," he shouted.

"Anyhow," I said, "he likes me just as I am, and he isn't always treading on my poor little pug."

"I hate pugs," said Fred, "they always look as if they're making faces."

Well, somehow or other we made up again, and I made him kiss Gigi.

But Fred and I had a serious row once.

You see there was a girl staying with Mrs. Calvin in our block. Pamela Stonehenge was her name, and she came from somewhere east. Some people said she was elegant and charming, and talked about her classic outline, but heavens! she was tall and thin, and her nose was miles too long. I don't care what anybody says, it *was* long.

She was dreadfully profound and high-toned, and Fred began to fly around her a little. I didn't let on I cared a bit, be-

cause I wasn't going to set him up, but I just flirted awfully with De Lancy.

It was at Mrs. Jenifer's ball, and De Lancy and I were sitting on the stairs, when I saw Fred and the classic Pamela skipping off to the conservatory. I was sure he must have something important to say to her, so I told De Lancy I wanted to stroll about and look at the flowers; and, of course, he agreed, for he was mashed, regularly mashed. I passed as close to Fred and Pamela as I could. They were talking in a low, earnest tone, and I heard something about "a scheme of cosmic philosophy."

Now did you ever! The idea of dragging a girl off into a conservatory to whisper such jawbreaking things in her ear! I felt sort of relieved. But when I thought it over that night, while I was taking out my hairpins, I thought there might be more in it than met the eye. I didn't know but it was the intellectual way of making love.

Well, then, in the midst of this, he had to go to St. Louis on business; and while he was away I repented, and began to feel sort of soft about him.

He had written he was pretty sure to be home Tuesday evening. I was sitting by the window, and the gas was turned low, and somehow I felt blue. I could see Mrs. Calvin's house where that horrid Pamela Stonehenge was staying; and as I was looking, two men went up Mrs. Calvin's steps. It was a hateful, showery night, but they were laughing and talking, and when they put down their umbrellas I saw something that made me jump.

Fred has an umbrella with the funniest head,—an ebony skull with rhinestone eyes that flash in the most lifelike way, and there that thing was winking at me in the gaslight across the street! I was so mad I just cried—regularly howled. To think that Fred would go to see her first of all.

Well, who should walk in bright and early the next morning but Fred himself! He looked pale—with remorse, I thought. But icebergs and polar bears were nothing to me in the way of coldness.

He began: "I wanted to see you the first thing, Marie——"

"Indeed?" I interrupted, "I feel quite honored."

He turned very red and stared at me. Then he said:

"What do you mean? What are you talking about?"

"Oh, of course, you haven't an idea," I said; and so it went on from bad to worse, until he just got up, and remarked with the most dreadful dignity:

"You seem to be accusing me of something, but as you will not do me the justice to explain yourself, I will bid you good morning, and good-bye, Miss Cassidy."

Of course, I never meant him to get on his dignity, and when I saw him going I had half a mind to run after him, only I was too proud.

Two or three days passed, but still no sign or symptom of Fred. Mommer was getting ready to go to Chautauqua, and the house was turned upside down and I was fairly distracted. At last, I just wrote him a few lines, telling him I wished to explain something. I waited all that day, and all the next, but no answer came.

Then I got desperate; I just decided life wasn't worth living, and I'd be superior and go in for sociology and demonology and all that sort of thing. So I told Mommer I was going to Chautauqua with her, and she said she was very glad I had awakened at last to a sense of my own deficiencies, and we started off.

It ain't fun to travel with Mommer. She always declares she's suffocating in a Pullman, and she thinks the train's running off the track every few minutes, and she drives the conductors half crazy, asking questions. Then she's always dropping her eye-glasses and hand-bag and handkerchief, particularly her handkerchief. I tell her it's like the French exercise "Où est le mouchoir de ma mère?" but that makes her hopping mad.

Chautauqua's an awful bore, don't you know—a lot of old drones and mummies going about and pretending they enjoy it so much. I believe they really hate it, only they think it looks nice to be profound.

I was so brokenhearted I took up Hebrew, and it most blinded me. How people could ever have talked in such a language!

One day, I was in the steamboat on the lake, and I was looking over my account-book. Popper always makes such a point of my keeping accounts, because he says it teaches me the value of money; but no one ever knew the value of money better than I do. Somehow or other I never can get my accounts

exactly right. There were four dollars I couldn't account for, so I just put them down to "Charity."

I was so hard at work that I never noticed that I had been taken ever so far past where I'd ought to have got out, so I just stepped out at the next stopping-place, and waited for another boat to take me back. It was quite a pretty spot, with trees and things and a sort of cave not far off. I sat and sat and gazed at the beauties of nature, till I was most starved. All at once I heard a noise behind me and I looked around, and there was Fred coming out of the cave.

I thought, for a moment, may be remorse had driven him to retire from the world and become a hermit. Wouldn't that be romantic?

I glanced at him very haughtily, but he began right away:

"Miss Cassidy—oh, Marie! Don't let us make ourselves miserable by keeping this up!"

"Who's miserable?" I inquired. "Speak for yourself, Fred —I mean Mr. Delbert."

A horrid, unfeeling twinkle came into his eye, and he said:

"Do you remember Miss Stonehenge?"

"Oh, yes," said I, icily. "She had such a long nose."

"She has it still."

"Don't jest on such a subject, if you please," I said.

"Well," said Fred, "I admit it is a serious one. The point is that she was married last week to a professor of Sanskrit."

"I suppose she refused you," I said, "and you've come to me to be consoled."

Then he said a lot of absurd things I won't repeat, and I told him how I thought he'd gone to see Pamela that evening. It turned out that the poor boy had come back sick with malarial fever, and wasn't able to leave the house, and Ned Parkinson had dropped in and borrowed his umbrella.

"But that doesn't explain your not answering my note," I said.

"You see when it came, I was very sick at my rooms, and there wasn't a soul to do anything for me but an old man with a wig——"

"Well, did his wig prevent you from writing to me?" I asked, for I can be very sarcastic when I feel like it.

"Of course not; but I was too sick even to raise my head. As soon as I could stand I rushed round to see you; but you

had gone. Then Dellie Jones told me you had gone to Chautauqua; so I followed you, and here I am."

"Well," I said, very sternly, "I'll forgive you this time, Fred, but you've treated me very badly. And Fred she *has* got a long nose, hasn't she?"

"A shockingly long one," he said.

So we were married, and came South for a wedding-journey, and—oh, there's Fred! It's time to start. Ain't he a darling? Do tell me: Is my bang all right? Thanks ever so much. Bye-bye!

IF.

IF, sitting with his little worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking lying on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt heaven and me,
I could be reconciled and happy, too,
And look with sad eyes toward the jasper sea.

If, in the morning, when the song of birds
Reminds me of music far more sweet,
I listened for his pretty broken words
And for the music of his dimpled feet.
I could be almost happy, though I heard
No answer and but saw his vacant seat.

I could be glad if, when the day is done
And all its care and heartaches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun
And with a heart full of sweet yearning, say:
"To-night I'm nearer to my little one
By just the travel of a single day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light in better lands,
And that the footprints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his in golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the sod,
Since Benny was in wiser, safer hands.

If he were dead I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee;
I would not kiss the tiny shoe and say:
"Bring back again my little boy to me!"
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way,
And that He'd lead me to him o'er death's silent sea.

But oh, to know the feet once pure and white
The haunts of vice have boldly ventured in,
The hands that should have battled for the right
Have been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin!
And should he knock at heaven's gate to-night
I fear my boy could hardly enter in.

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

BARRY CORNWALL.

CHARACTERS: { CESARIO. PRINCE.

[Cesario, a young Italian nobleman, orphaned early in life, had become a protégé of the Prince of Palermo, who treated him with the greatest kindness, lavishing wealth and affection upon him. In base ingratitude Cesario plans to murder the Prince in order to obtain possession of his vast riches. The plot is revealed to the Prince, who summons Cesario to him, when the following scene ensues.]

CESARIO. Your highness sent for me?

PRINCE. I did. Sit down; you look ill, dear Cesario.

CESARIO. No, my lord.

PRINCE. You have been feasting lately? Yes, 'tis so: You were at Count Vitelli's banqueting. But have a care, it is not good for health.

CESARIO. You sent for me in haste; was it not so?

PRINCE. Not so.

CESARIO. Then shall I come to-morrow?

PRINCE. Let it be to-day, now you are here, Cesario.
Is there not one who lives with old Colonna?
A foreign youth? Dost know him?

CESARIO. Ay, my lord,

'Tis Pedro—no, Diego,—a dark Spaniard;
A linguist, learned and noble; a cadet
Of the great house of—of Medina, sir.
PRINCE. You know him well?
CESARIO. I know him, yet not well.
PRINCE. Shouldst think him honest?
CESARIO. Honest, sir? Oh, surely.
PRINCE. Then he'd not betray
Your uncle, as I hear he has done?
CESARIO. Sir! He?
He could not be so base. My uncle was
His first and excellent friend.
PRINCE. I thought the world
Was not so bad. Now listen, Cesario,
And you shall hear a curious history.
Keep Diego in your mind the while, and think
That he's the hero of it. Last night a man
Came masked unto a rich lord's house (here in
Palermo)—Do you hear how Etna mutters?
CESARIO. It sends a terrible sound, indeed, my lord.
PRINCE. This man petitioned for his life. He said
That he had sworn to act a horrid deed
And came to make disclosure. The great lord
(His was the life in danger) promised full
Forgiveness—But you do not hear my words?
CESARIO. Pardon me, sir, I hear.
PRINCE. The culprit said
A youth on whom this lord had lavished wealth
And kindness and good precept had forgot
His better tutoring, and lent deaf ears
To those divinest whispers which the soul
Breathes to prevent our erring. He resolved
To kill his benefactor. That was bad.
CESARIO. Oh! he deserved——
PRINCE. We'll talk of that hereafter.
Well, this bad man whose mind was spotted thus—
Was leprosied by foul ingratitude—
Had sworn to murder this his friend.
CESARIO. My lord!
PRINCE. I see it pains you. Yes, for the sake of gold,
He would have slain his old and faithful friend,

Had spurned the few gray locks that time had left
And stopped the current of his reverend blood,
Which *could* not flow much longer
CESARIO. Are you sure?
PRINCE. The plan was this: They were to bind him fast
(To slay him here were dangerous) and transport
His body to some lonely place.
CESARIO. What—place?
PRINCE. I'll tell you, for I once
Was housed there through a storm: A castle stands
Fronting Calabria on the rough seacoast.
A murder once was done there, and e'er since
It has been desolate; 'tis bleak, and stands
High on a rock, whose base was caverned out
By the wild seas, ages ago. The winds
Moan and make music through its halls, and there
The mountain-loving eagle builds his home.
But all's a waste; for miles and miles around
There's not a dwelling.
CESARIO. It's near the—eastward foot
Of Etna,—where Muralto's villa stands?
PRINCE. Yes, yes; well guessed. I see you know the spot.
Now, dear Cesario, couldst thou think a man,
Setting aside all ties, could do a deed
Of blackness there? Why, it's within the reach
Of Etna, and some thirty years ago
(The last eruption), when the lava rivers
Went flaming toward that point, this dwelling stood
In danger. I myself stood near the place,
And saw the bright fires stream along, when they
Crumbled the chestnut forests and dark pines
And branching oaks to dust. The thunder spoke,
And the rebel waves stood up and lashed the rocks,
And poured their stormy cries through every cave.
Each element rose in riot. The parched earth
Staggered and spouted fire——
CESARIO. Sir, no more!
PRINCE. Fancy, Cesario, in this desolate house,
How ghastly the poor murdered wretch would look,—
His hanging head and useless neck, his old
Affectionate heart that beats so fondly, now

Like a stilled instrument. I could not kill
A dog that loved me; could you?
CESARIO. No, sir,—no.
PRINCE. Why, how you tremble!
CESARIO. 'Tis a fearful picture.
PRINCE. Yet might it have been true.
CESARIO. We'll hope not.
PRINCE. Hope! That hope is past. How will the Spaniard look,
Think you, Cesario, when the question comes
Home to his heart? In truth, he could not look
More pale than you are now, Cesario!
The eye of God has been upon him.
CESARIO. Yes, I hope——
PRINCE. Beware.
CESARIO. My lord!
PRINCE. Beware, how you curse him; for he is loaded heavily.
Sin and fierce wishes plague him, and the world
Will stamp its malediction on his head,
And God and man disown him.
CESARIO. Oh, no more!
No more, my dearest lord! Behold me here,
Here at your feet, a wretch indeed, but now
Won quite from crime. Spare me!
PRINCE. Rise. I forgive
The ingratitude to me; but men like you—
Base, common, *bribed* stabbers—must not roam
About the world so freely.
CESARIO. Oh! that now you could but see my heart.
PRINCE. I would not see your bosom's base and black inhabitant.
Now listen to me again; speak not, but listen.
This is a different tale, Cesario!
When first you came to Sicily, you were
A little child. Your noble father, worn
By toil and long misfortune, scarce had time
To beg protection for you ere he died.
Since then, if in your memory I have failed
In kindness tow'rd you, or good counseling,
Reproach me.

CESARIO. You have been most kind,—too kind.
PRINCE. Once, 'twas in terrible sickness, when none else
Would tread your infectious chamber (think on that),
I, though your prince——
CESARIO. In pity!
PRINCE. Hear me speak.
I gave that healing medicine to your lips,
Which, wanting, you had died. I tended you,
And was your nurse through many a sultry night;
For you were quite abandoned——
CESARIO. Quite, quite, quite!
PRINCE. Time passed, and you recovered, and could use
Your sword again. You tried it 'gainst my blood
(My nephew then), and I forgave it.
CESARIO. That was in the heat of quarrel.
PRINCE. I have said that I forgave it. Then a most mean wish
(You wished my wealth) possessed you. I could never,
I own it, have guessed at that.
CESARIO. O sir, not so.
PRINCE. Well, then, it was not; but Aurelia's charms
(That cunning Phryne) have o'erwhelmed your sense,
All gratitude and good being gone.
CESARIO. My lord! my father! Oh, once more believe me. I
Do not deserve you should, but if you can
Once more credit me, may hell's fierce torments—
But, no; I will not pain or shame your love,—
Nay more, I will deserve it. I can die
Now, for my mind has grown within this hour
To firmness; yet, I now could wish to live,
To show you what I am.
PRINCE. Cesario, hear me,—
Hear and forget now what your old friend says.
The world will blame me, but I'll try you still:
You can not have the heart (I know you have one)
Again to harm me. Once, imperial Cæsar
Upon the young deluded Cinna laid
His absolute pardon. 'Twas a weight that he
Could ne'er shake off. Cesario, thus
From my soul I now forgive you.

CESARIO. Thanks.

PRINCE. What, ho! Cesario, faint not. Why, thou'rt weaker now
Than when Aurelia kissed your lip, and won
Your soul to sin. Come,—nay, there's no one knows
Our quarrel. Let us bury it in our breasts,
And talk as we were wont.

CESARIO. A little time, my lord, and I may thank you. Now, if I
Might dare to ask it, I would fain retire,
And dwell on all your goodness.

PRINCE. Farewell, then.

CESARIO. My noble prince, rest soundly; you have gained Cesario's soul twice over. If a knave
Should say I wrong you now, believe him not.
If I myself should swear I was your foe,
Discredit me. Oh, once more on my knees,
I thank you. Dearest father, look upon
Your prodigal son. Thanks—from my heart.

PRINCE. Farewell, farewell, Cesario. Nay, compose yourself.
Now go. Farewell, farewell.

WHO SHOULD WIPE THE DISHES.

MARY KELLY.

"'DON'T you think, Minerva," said Mr. Backenstots, anxiously, as he tied the strings of the kitchen apron firmly around his waist, and tucked his whiskers carefully behind the bib to keep them out of the dishwater, "don't you think that we are carrying this idea of cooperation in domestic matters to extremes? I have been washing dishes for a week now, and between times I have been doing a little scriptural reading, and I can't find in the Bible any authority for men doing kitchen work. On the other hand, women are frequently spoken of in this connection: 'She looketh well to the ways of her household,' 'She worketh willingly with her hands,' 'She riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household.' These quotations, Minerva, would seem to war-

rant the conclusion that household duties should properly be assigned to the woman."

"My dear," replied his wife, "like the rest of your sex you are adapted to thorough research, but you are painfully superficial. If you will pursue your studies further you will find in Kings xxi. these words: 'I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.' This conclusively proves that you are nobly, although quietly and unobtrusively, doing the work designed for you by Providence. When you are through, be sure and wash the towels clean, rinse them, shake them, and hang them straight on the rack. Death, you know, George Henry, lurks in the dishcloth," and Mrs. Backenstots tied her bonnet strings in a butterfly bow and went out to attend a meeting of the Society for the Extinction of the Microbe by Means of Electrocution.

BOY WANTED.

ONE morning, the 24th of December, a little ragged urchin came strolling into the private office of Mr. Oscar Blount, the prominent Broadway hatter.

"Whew!" he whistled, "wot a whoppin' big store dis is, an' wot a lot o' fellers it takes to stan' around!"

"Why, my lad, how came you here?" asked the proprietor, in surprise.

"I slid past some o' the fellers, an' I cheeked some, an' I told de oders I had somethin' most awfully patickler to say to de big boss."

"And what have you most awfully particular to say to me?" asked the proprietor, in a kinder tone than that in which he had spoken at first; for there was something in the boy's blue gray eyes which reminded him of a darling little son he had buried only a year ago in the same grave where his beloved wife lay sleeping.

"Wall, I seen in your winder a sign wot reads, 'Boy Wanted,' an'—I'm a boy, an' as nobody never wanted me yet, says I to myself: 'Dusty, ole feller, p'r'aps here's your chance at last,' says I, an' in I comes."

"I'm sorry, but you won't do at all, my boy."

"Why, how does yer know, before yer tries a feller? I knows I ain't very pooty, an' I ain't got no fashionable clo'es—but I'm *smart* I am! I went to night-school two winters, I did; an' I got a sixthward o' merit, oncet I did; an' I kin read writin' when it's print letters; an' I kin read readin' when it's only two syllabubbles, an' I kin spell it out when it's three syllabubbles, an' I kin talk some *four* syllabubbles; an' I kin whistle yer or any oder man in dis yere tremen'yous ole hat-box out o' his boots, I kin!"

"Yes, yes, I've no doubt you whistle remarkably well, but we don't want a boy to whistle."

"I kin dance, too."

"Stop, stop, I tell you! We don't want a boy to dance. You won't do, you won't do, as I told you before; so here's a quarter, and now go away."

"I don' want de quarter—nor I don' want to go 'way. I didn't come all de way from Fish Head Alley to dis yere swell street to go away so soon! I wants a situation I do, an' de fust thing I sees when I comes round de corner was dat 'ere sign 'Boy Wanted!' 'An' dat's good luck,' says I. 'Go in, Dusty, ole feller!' says I. An' I ain't tole yer half wot I kin do yet. I kin spy a cop quicker'n anyone of our gang, an' when one comes in the front door arter yer I kin give yer de wink quicker'n lightnin' an' out de back door yer pops! An' I kin speak pieces, I kin. 'A hoss! a hoss! my kingdom for a hoss! Dey's sixty Richmonds in de field, an' I hab killed dem ebery one—a hoss!"

"Silence—but ha-ha-ha!—come, tell me something about yourself, my boy. What is your name, and where do you live, to begin with?"

"Dusty's my name. I don' know no oder. One feller, he calls me 'Dusty Miller,' 'cause he says dey's a flower dey calls 'Dusty Miller.' I believe he's a-foolin'. But if I's de boy wot's wanted I's got to have a nobbier name dan dat. I say, boss, wot's your name?"

"Mr. Oscar Blount."

"Well, yer might call me dat, too—widdout de 'mister.' It sounds wery nice, 'Hosscar Blount,' or yer might keep de 'Hosscar,' an' I'd be de Elevated Road Blount. Anyway yer's a mind to—yer pays yer money an' yer takes your choice. An' I lives round anywheres sence Aunt Kat died."

"Aunt Kat? And was Aunt Kat your only relation? Have you no father nor mother?"

"Nope. Never had none 'cept Aunt Kat. Her hull name was Katrina. She wuz Dutch, she wuz. An' I ain't no friends, 'cept Straw Hat. He keeps a paper-stand, he does, an' he give a party oncet, in a charcoal box, an' I was dere, an' we had a jolly racket. An' I'se got a little bruder."

"A little brother?"

"Yep, sir. He was my cousin, oncet—before dey took Aunt Kat away; but he's my brudder now, an' I's got to take keer o' him. Oh, he just gobbles bread an' milk! Dat's why I'm lookin' for a situation. Cracky! I'm as full o' big words as a diction'ry, I am! An' Straw Hat, he says, says he: 'If yer wants me to say yer're honest an' sober an' 'dustrious, I'll say it. I'll say anythink yer wants me to,' says he. Oh, he's a jolly good fellow, he is, an' I ain't givin' no taffy nuther. Why, he's tuk keer o' me an' my little bruder ever sence Aunt Kat died; but he can't keep on doin' it forever an' ever."

"And where is your little brother now?"

"Sittin' on your steps, waitin' for me to come out."

"Sitting on my front steps? Why, he must be half frozen by this time, poor little fellow! Go and bring him in directly."

* * * * * *

"There! Ain't that the boy for yer? An' he's real pooty he is, an' if he's de kind o' boy yer want, yer may have him; but yer've got to be awful good to him an' let me come an' see him sometimes. Say, boss, to-morrer's Christmas day!"

"Well, and what then?"

"When all the folks gits presents, an' de boys wot's got stockin's hangs 'em up, an'—an'—s'pose, Boss,—er—jest fer fun—yer let me an' my little bruder be your Christmas present."

"Done! I'll pretend I found one in each stocking. But mind, Dusty, you must be one of the best of boys and stop talking slang, or I won't keep you."

"Oh, yer just bet your best boots I'll do anything as yer wants me to. Hurray! Ain't dis a jolly racket! I'm de boy what's wanted in dis establishment after all, an' I means to be in-wal-u-a-ble."

DAGMAR.

ELNA HARWOOD.

[By permission of the author.]

THE waves rolled over the pebbled beach
On the wild Norwegian coast;
The wintry wind whistled swiftly by;
The sea-gulls scudded past.
The bleak, sharp tops of the cliffs and crags
Were mantled o'er with snow.
'Twas the latest day of the dying year,
A thousand years ago.

There were yet two hours ere the sun would sink,
To end both year and day,
When a stately viking ship appeared
And sought the rocky bay.
Swiftly it sped on its shoreward course,
Impelled by the willing hands,
While a stalwart viking held the helm
And issued his brief commands.

Sturdy he was, and tall and strong;
But his bronzèd face and beard
Belied his youth, though they told the tale,
Which the Norsemen often heard—
Of valiant Esbern, whose trusty ship
Had braved the waves and winds,
And whose noble arm had ta'en the spoils
Which the victor warrior finds.

The eye is the casement where lurks the soul,
The poets have often said,
And though Norsemen old were fierce and bold
And filled all men with dread,
There came a softer and milder light
In the viking's eyes of blue,
As they wandered o'er the well-filled ship,
And glanced at his vassals true;

For his thoughts were neither of war nor strife,
Nor the natural victor's pride,
But they turned toward the gentle maid and good,
Who was soon to be his bride.
She was wondrous fair, was this northern flower,
In the castle by the sea,
And he murmured beneath his matted beard,
"For thee, my Dagmar, for thee!"

The brazen prow of his vessel strong
Scarce grazed on the pebbled strand
When the viking leaped from the lofty bows
And sped o'er the stretching sand.
As light and as fleet as a reindeer's step
He mounted the snowy slope,
And his fierce wild soul was stirred with love,
His life all joy and hope.

With paces hastened by thought of her,
He strode to the castle door
And raised the knocker of massive iron
Which hung at the entrance there.
Impatient, he stamped at the portal wide,
Till a serf unbarred the halls,
And he wondered, too, at the stillness weird
Which lingered about the walls.

But a strange, wild dread stole o'er his heart,
Which had ne'er known fear before,
As he noted the sombre garb of black
Which the castle porter wore.
"Malvern! What is it? Some evil tide?
Speak, serf—to my anxious mind—
Thy lady—my Dagmar—say she is safe!
What means the dread quiet I find?"

"Oh, mighty viking," the serf replied,
With bended head and knee;
"Alas that these poor lips should speak
The direful news to thee!
It was but yesternight, my lord,

She climbed the castle tower,
To seek the sea and thy viking ship—
Sire, Dagmar is no more!

"The storm that held thy ship from land
Reached, too, the towering steep—
Old Balder, 'neath the cold gray heights,
Found her a lifeless heap.
She sleeps to-night in the castle hall —
Till the sound of the last sad knell,
When the holy fire shall speed her soul—
Wilt enter and bid farewell?"

The viking, with dazed and grief-struck mien,
Then staggered within the door,
And tried in vain to control that will
Which he ne'er had lost before.
That heart, which the years of war and strife
Had never succeeded to move—
Ah, who would guess what a mighty power
Was that greatest viking's—Love!

He severed a lock of her golden hair
Ere he spoke the farewell call,
And caressed once more the cold, still cheek,
And was gone from the castle hall.
He sought the cliff, with its glittering crags,
Each capped with a crown of snow,
And cried aloud to the vikings' god,
In his pride and pain and woe.

"O Thor! My people have called me brave,
Yet I shrink from my life to-night,
Weak as a woman—I think of love;
Have I a viking's right?
Teach me, Thor, to quell my heart,
To battle again,—a man!
Oh, let me die with the year to-night,
If under thy mighty ban!"

'Twas near to the hour when the waning year

Would take his flight for aye,
When the viking, haggard and worn, strode down
To his ship in the rock-bound bay.
The sailors, stretched by a blazing fire,
Sprang up at their lord's first tone:
"Vassals, launch me my ship!" he cried;
"I sail to-night—alone!"

Gathered in wonder upon the shore,
The sailors watched the bark
As it sped away with its sails all set
O'er the water deep and dark;
And slowly it faded from out their sight,
Just as the flames above
At the castle rose with the old year's flight,
And the soul of his lady-love.

With roseate hue of dawning day
The New-year cast its veil,
The screen of night, and the bygone year,
Over the evening's tale;
And the sea rolled on in its ceaseless path,
With never a backward sigh,
And never a thought of what was gone
With the year that had just passed by.

MOTHERHOOD.

C. S. CALVERLEY.

[From "Fly Leaves," by permission of the publishers.]

SHE laid it where the sunbeams fall
Unscanned upon the broken wall.
Without a teat, without a groan,
She laid it near a mighty stone,
Which some rude swain had haply cast
Thither in sport, long ages past,
And time with mosses had o'erlaid

And fenced with many a tall grass blade,
And all about bid roses bloom,
And violets shed their soft perfume.
There, in its cool and quiet bed,
She set her burden down and fled;
Nor flung, all eager to escape,
One glance upon the perfect shape
That lay, still warm and fresh and fair,
But motionless and soundless there.

No human eye had marked her pass
Across the linden-shadowed grass
Ere yet the minster clock chimed seven.
Only the innocent birds of heaven—
The magpie and the rook whose nest
Swings as the elm-tree waves his crest—
And the lithe cricket, and the hoar
And huge-limbed hound that guards the door,
Looked on when, as a summer wind
That, passing, leaves no trace behind,
All unappareled, barefoot all,
She ran to that old ruined wall,
To leave upon the chill dank earth
(For ah! she never knew its worth)
Mid hemlock rank, and fern, and ling,
And dews of night, that precious thing!

And there it might have lain forlorn
From morn till eve, from eve till morn,
But that, by some wild impulse led,
The mother, ere she turned and fled,
One moment stood erect and high;
Then poured into the silent sky
A cry so jubilant, so strange,
That Alice—as she strove to range
Her rebel ringlets at the glass—
Sprang up and gazed across the grass,
Shook back those curls so fair to see,
Clapped her soft hands in childish glee,
And shrieked—her sweet face all aglow,
Her very limbs with rapture shaking—

"My hen has laid an egg, I know;
And only hear the noise she's making!"

A BOY'S KING.

S. E. KISER.

MY papa he's the bestest man
What ever lived, I bet,
And I ain't never seen no one
As smart as he is yet.
Why, he knows everything almost,
But mamma says that he
Ain't never been the president,
And that surprises me.

And often papa talks about
How he must work away—
He's got to toil for other folks
And do what others say;
And that's a thing that bothers me—
When he's so good and great,
He ought, I think, at least to be
The ruler of the State!

He knows the names of lots of stars,
And he knows all the trees,
And he can tell the different kinds
Of all the birds he sees,
And he can multiply and add
And figure in his head—
They might have been some smarter men,
But I bet you they are dead.

Once when he thought I wasn't near
He talked to mamma then,
And told her how he hates to be
The slave of other men,
And how he wished that he was rich
For her and me—and I

Don't know what made me do it, but
I had to go and cry!

And so when I sat on his knee
I ast him: "Is it true
That you're a slave and have to toil
When others tell you to?
You are so big and good and wise,
You surely ought to be
The president, instead of just
A slave, it seems to me."

And then the tears come to his eyes,
And he hugged me tight and said:
"Why, no, my dear, I'm not a slave—
What put that in your head?
I am a king—the happiest king
That ever yet held sway,
And only God can take my throne
And my little realm away."

VISITING LAURA BELLE.

S. E. KISER.

I'VE just been up to town to see my daughter Laura Belle—
She married Henry Lee, you know—they're doin' mighty well!
Live right in style, I tell you, in a house that's big enough
For half-a-dozen families most, 'nd, oh, the piles of stuff
That they've got scattered through it, sich as bricy-brack 'nd books,
'Nd they're keepin' "first" 'nd "second" girls 'nd chambermaids 'nd cooks,
'Nd kerridges 'nd all such like, 'nd she wears diamond rings—
I vow, it must make Henry hump to pay fer all them things!

'Nd they are in society, clean over head 'nd all—
Card-parties 'nd receptions, 'nd now 'nd then a ball,

'Nd operies 'nd dinners at the club—gosh! I dunno
How folks can do much work 'nd be forever on the go;
' Nd I told Henry plain that this here bein' out at night
' Nd sleepin' late next mornin' wasn't altogether right.
But he paid no attention, 'cept to sort of draw up straight
' Nd say in kind of sneerin' tones, " Some folks are out of date."

Now, that makes me remember what I started out to say:
I didn't notice it at first; but seemed, from day to day,
As if they had a notion that I wa'n't the proper style,
Because when comp'ny come they kept me busy all the while
A-tendin' to the children in the nursery up-stairs,
'Nd they never took me out to no society affairs,
'Nd in a lot of ways I seen that they appeared to be—
Well, what's the use to hold it back?—they was ashamed of me!

Excuse me—I've ketched cold, I guess. I wonder what I done
With that there handkerchief of mine? 'Gosh, how my nose does run!
I can't help thinkin' of the time when Laura Belle 'nd me
Was just like two old cronies! She would set upon my knee,
'Nd I would teach her pieces, 'nd hug her to my heart,
'Nd tell her that some day I s'posed some man 'u'd make us part,
'Nd then she'd always kiss me 'nd look up at me 'nd say
That I was all the beau for her, 'nd she'd never go away.

'Nd when her mother died, I mind how she held up so brave,
'Nd kept me from a-breakin' down right there beside the grave;
'Nd when we got back home ag'in, where all appeared so bare
'Nd empty-like and lonesome, just 'cause mother wasn't there,
She come 'nd put her arms around my neck, 'nd then we cried
Together there right on the spot, almost, where mother died!
Oh, Lord, I don't know why it was—but I could plainly see,
When I was there, that Laura Belle was sort of 'shamed of me!

I s'pose I am old-fashioned, 'nd Henry may be right
About my bein' out of date, 'nd may be I'm a sight;
But I ain't never robbed no man nor cheated no one yit,

'Nd I have never took a thing I couldn't fairly git.
But in the city, things like them don't seem to count fer much—
They honor people fer their bonds 'nd railroad stocks 'nd such,
'Nd for the servants they can keep, 'nd the costly clo's they wear—
They haven't any kind of use fer such as me, up there!

I'm glad to be at home ag'in—back here upon the place
Where I was born, 'nd where I'm not afraid to show my face—
Here where I'm just as good as anyone that I may meet,
'Nd where I do not have to walk behind folks in the street!
I wish that I'd not went up there at all, 'nd that I had
My little Laura Belle ag'in, to love 'nd pet her dad,
As long ago she used to—but, no, that can not be—
Oh, Lord, it breaks my heart to think that she's ashamed of me!

THE SEARCH FOR HAROLD'S BODY.

BULWER LYTTON.

[This scene occurs after Harold has been slain upon the field of battle.

CLOSE by his banner, William the Conqueror pitched his pavilion and sate at meat, and as he sate and talked and laughed, there entered the tent two humble monks. They came to the Conqueror and knelt.

"Rise up, sons of the Church," said William, mildly, "for sons of the Church are we. Deem not that we shall invade the rights of the religion which we have come to avenge."

"Doubtless," said a courtier, sneering, "the holy men have heard already of this pious intent, and come to pray for cells in the future abbey."

"Not so," said one, mournfully, and in barbarous Norman; "we have come from our beloved convent at Waltham, endowed by the Prince, whom thine arms defeated. We come to ask but to bury in our sacred cloisters the corpse of him so lately king over all England,—our benefactor, Harold."

The Duke's brow fell.

"No!" said he, fiercely, "unburied be the Accursed of the Church, and let the birds of prey feed their young with his carcass."

Two murmurs were heard in that assembly, one of approval, the other of discontent from a majority of Norman nobles.

The murmurs had just died into a thrilling hush, when a woman, who had followed the monks unperceived and unheeded, passed with a swift and noiseless step to the Duke's footstool, and, without bending knee to the ground, said in a voice that, though low, was heard by all:

"Norman, in the name of the women of England, I tell thee that thou darest not do this wrong to the hero who died in defense of their hearths and their children!"

There, with knee unbent, and form unquailing, with marble cheek and haughty eye, Edith—Harold's beloved—faced the Conqueror.

"Who art thou?" said William, if not daunted, at least amazed. "Methinks I have seen thy face before; thou art not Harold's wife or sister?"

"Dread lord," said the monk, "she was the betrothed of Harold; but as within the degrees of kin, the Church forb de their union, and they obeyed the Church."

Then from out the banquet throng there stepped a young noble,—Mallet de Graville.

"O my liege," said he, "thou hast promised me lands and an earldom. Instead of these gifts undeserved, bestow on me the right to bury and to honor the remains of Harold. To-day I took from him my life; let me give all I can in return—a grave."

William paused, but the sentiment of the assembly, so clearly pronounced, and his own better nature, moved and won him.

"Lady," said he, gently, "thou appealest not in vain to Norman knighthood. Thy rebuke was just, and I repent me of my hasty impulse. Mallet de Graville, thy prayer is granted; to thy choice be consigned the place of burial; to thy care the funeral rites of him whose soul hath passed beyond human judgment."

The feast was over. Still the torches moved dismally to and fro amid the waste of death, and through the hush of night was heard, near and far, the wail of women.

Accompanied by the brothers of Waltham, and attended by

link-bearers, Mallet de Graville was yet engaged in the search for the royal dead. While thus they searched, they retraced their steps, almost in despair, toward the Duke's pavilion.

"See," said de Graville, "yon lonely woman striving to lift up the heavy dead."

The monks neared the spot, and one said, in a voice almost joyful:

"It is Edith the Fair! This way the torches! Hither, quick!"

At length the lights fell red and full on the ghastly face of a dead soldier. A shudder went over the woman's form, and the moaning ceased. They unhelmed him, and at the sight of that face a wild shriek broke from Edith's heart.

She started to her feet and put aside the monks with an angry gesture. Then, with convulsive fingers she strove to loosen the buckler of the breast-mail. The knight knelt to assist her.

"No, no," she gasped. "He is mine—mine now!"

She rent the folds of the tunic and on the breast, just above the silenced heart, were punctured, in the old Saxon letters, the word "Edith," and just below in characters more fresh, the word "England."

All there then knew that the search was ended; all knew that the eyes of love had recognized the dead.

"Wed, wed," murmured the betrothed, "wed at last! O Harold, Harold! The words of the Vala were true—and Heaven is kind!" and laying her head gently on the breast of the dead, she smiled and died.

U. S. SPELLS "US."

MAY N. BRADFORD.

MY papa's all dressed up to-day;
He never looked so fine.
I thought when I first looked at him,
My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old;

It's blue, with buttons, oh, so bright
I guess they must be gold!

And papa's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why;
And ev'ry time she looks at him
It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma, and I guess
The folks are blind who can not see
His buttons marked "*U. S.*"

U. S. spells "US." He's ours, and yet
My mamma can't help cry,
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why?

SPELLING IN THE NURSERY.

"G-U-N," said Grace to Willie;
"What does that spell?" "I don't know."
He is three and she is seven.
"G-u-n? Goose?" "Oh, dear, no!"
"Rooster? Boy? Stick?" Each time
Gracie shook her curly head.
"'Tain't conundrums I am giving,
But a lesson-word instead.

"When a little boy shoots
At a rabbit, what goes off?"
Gracie said, her face a study,
As she quelled a little cough,
Thinking he would surely guess it.

"You're so stupid! I'm quite hoarse
Talking to you!" "What goes off?
Why, the rabbit does, of course."

HOW AN ANGEL LOOKS.

ROBIN, holding his mother's hand,
Says "good night" to the big folks all,
Throws some kisses from rosy lips,
Laughs with glee through the lighted hall.
Then in his own crib, warm and deep,
Rob is tucked for a long night's sleep.

Gentle mother with fond caress
Slips her hand through his soft brown hair;
Thinks of his fortune all unknown,
Speaks aloud in an earnest prayer:
"Holy angels, keep watch and ward!
God's good angels, my baby guard!"

"Mamma, what is an angel like?"
Asked the boy, in a wondering tone.
"How will they look if they come here,
Watching me while I'm all alone?"
Half with shrinking and fear spoke he,
Answered the mother tenderly:

"Prettiest faces ever were known,
Kindliest voices and sweetest eyes."
Robin, waiting for nothing more,
Cried and looked with a pleased surprise,
Love and trust in his eyes of blue,
"I know, mamma! They're just like you."

THE heart, like a tendril accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will, can not flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine to itself, and make closely its own.

SHE EARNED HER HALF.

N. P. BABCOCK.

"I THOUGHT you had given up betting on the horse-races," said Mrs. De Tompkins, to her lord and master the other afternoon.

"I trust you haven't wavered in the belief," said Mr. De Tompkins.

Ignoring the remark, the wife quietly asked: "How much did you win on Ben Brush?"

"Look here, madam," said her husband, angrily, "if you've been spying on my actions or hiring anybody to dog my steps, all I have to say is, you might be more profitably employed."

"Don't get excited, Frederick. I have neither the money nor the inclination to employ detectives. It isn't necessary. I have merely used the method which you ridicule. You know you have called the Sherlock Holmes stories absurd."

"So they are; what's that got to do with it?"

"Everything, my dear. You got off the street-car before it fairly stopped. I saw you from the window. That meant that you were feeling well and in good spirits. You spoke cheerily to Julia on the block and even patted little Mary's head. Instead of setting your cane down in the rack with a thump, you let it fall gingerly into its place. I observe even now, as you are washing your hands, that there are four cigars cropping out of your vest pocket. Now look at your coat; there is chalk on the sleeve. And what is this on the back? The plain mark of four fingers and a thumb. Do you deny that it is the brand of that good-for-nothing Major Sportley's hand, or that he struck you a hearty blow on the back in the billiard-room when the news that Ben Brush had won came in over the ticker?"

"Goodness!" said Mr. De Tompkins, "you're a wonder. "But," suddenly, "why do you think it was Ben Brush?"

"Ah, Freddie dear," said Mrs. De Tompkins, sweetly, "when you leave your morning newspaper by your chair at the breakfast table, with the sporting page turned outside, you shouldn't make a hole with your toothpick through the name of the horse you fancy most. Now, Freddie, how much was it, and how much do I get?"

TWO OF A KIND.

PATRICK O'MARS, a private in the Ninth Regulars, went to the colonel of his regiment, and asked for a two weeks' leave of absence. The colonel was a severe disciplinarian, who did not believe in extending too many privileges to his men, and did not hesitate to use a subterfuge in evading the granting of one.

"Well," said the colonel, "what do you want a two weeks' furlough for?"

Patrick answered: "Me wife is sick and the children are not well, and if ye didn't moind she would like to have me home for a few weeks to give her a bit of assistance."

The colonel eyed him for a few minutes, and said:

"Patrick, I might grant your request, but I got a letter from your wife this morning saying that she didn't want you home; that you were a nuisance and raised a rumpus whenever you were there. She hopes I won't let you have any more furloughs."

"That settles it. I suppose I can't get the furlough, then?" said Pat.

"No, I'm afraid not, Patrick. It wouldn't be well for me to do so under the circumstances."

It was Pat's turn now to eye the colonel, as he started for the door. Stopping suddenly he said:

"Colonel, can I say something to ye?"

"Certainly, Patrick, what is it?"

"You won't get mad, colonel, if I say it?"

"Certainly not, Patrick; what is it?"

"I want to say there are two splendid liars in this room, and I'm one of them. I was niver married in me loife."

INTO the house he came running,
And begged me to cut off his curls,
Over his head richly clustered,
As bright and as fair as a girl's.

"Why would you lose them, my darling?"
"Because our old hen," pouted he,
"Screams, when we meet, *'Get-your-hair-cut! Get-your-hair-cut!'*—I know she means *me!*"

AN ART-CRITIC.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

[From "Songs of War and Peace," by permission of Messrs. Lee and Shepard, publishers.]

HE'S smart—our boarder's smart, they say—
Say he's almighty smart.
An' what's he do? Wall, what d'ye think?
A lecturer on art.
A lecturer on art! Good grief!
An' what the deuce is art?
A mess of good-for-nothin' gush—
But our girls thinks he's smart.
"What's art?" I says to him one day,
"'Tain't bread, nor cheese, nor meat;
'Tain't pie, nor puddin', nor corn'-beef,
Nor nuthin' fit to eat."
An' he caved in, and owned right up
'Twarn't nothin' fit to eat.

My girls take everything he says
Without a gasp or gulp—
'Bout skulpin' marble images,
An' fools who love to skulp.
I want no skulpin's in my house,
No images for me.
"You can't eat images," I says.
"Then what is their idee?"
"They express the ideel sense," says he.
"But they ain't corn, nor wheat,
Nor flapjacks, succotash, nor pork,
Nor nuthin' fit to eat."
I squelched him, an' he owned right up
That they warn't fit to eat.

He showed a picture t'other day
That made a monstrous hit,—
A picture of a durned ol' cow
They said was exquisite.

"How much milk does your picture give?"
Says I to him one day,
An' you'd ought to seen him wiggle,
For he didn't know what to say.
"My cows give milk and make good steak
That's mighty hard to beat;
But that air painted cow of yourn,
Is she good steak to eat?"
He hemmed and hawed and squirmed, an' owned
That she warn't fit to eat.

Git out with art, stone images,
An' picture filagree!
O vittles, vittles is the stuff
That suits the likes of me.
Humph! art or vittles? what's your choice?
Stone images or pie?
Pictures of cows, or cows themselves?—
"The cows themselves," says I.
"Yet Turner's pictures," said the fool,
"Are very hard to beat."
"Are they best baked or b'iled?" said I,
"An' are they fit to eat?"
An' then the fool he owned right up
That they warn't fit to eat.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

AMELIA BURR.

[By permission of the author.]

OUT of the deep, O Lord,
Thy Spirit moves and passes and none knows
The Sovereign Will directing where it goes
Save only Thou, O Lord!
Thy ways are mystery. Oft, while Thou dost sit
With folded hands and deep eyes brooding o'er
The wrong and anguish of this world of sin,
We count Thee blind, and, vaunting our own wit,
Build the frail loom wherewith we think to spin

The tapestry of Fate. Above the roar
And tumult of the little race of men
Anon Thou dost unsheathe Thy mighty sword
In awful stillness, and Thou dost let fall
A blow that shakes the world. The nations all
Fall prostrate, awed, and recollect once more
That over all, invincible, supreme,
Strong beyond our imagination, great
Beyond the picturing of a prophet's dream,
Thou rulest, arbiter of human fate!

'Twas in Thy name we bid the war drum sound.
We rose, full-armed, as for a new crusade.
We trusted to Thy strength to compass round
Our forces that are naught without Thine aid,
And not in vain did we our trust repose.
Thine ancient promises Thou still dost keep.
Thine angel came and led us to our foes
Over the silent deep.
Our ships went forth upon the shaken sea,
Terrible as Leviathan. Thy hand
Was strong to shelter those who fought for Thee,
Thy voice was clear to comfort and command.
Through the blue mist of battle didst Thou lead
The champions of Thy cause. The flaming shower
Of shot and shell that roared from fort and ship
Could not dismay the souls that in Thy power
Had faith, nor feared dark Azrael's chill grip.
They felt, with peace, that Thou wert Lord indeed.
Ah! as of old we know
Thine overshadowing hand is stretched out still
As smitten by Thine angel fell the foe—
And could not work us ill.
Supernal hands, as in the olden days,
Did from its path the flaming missile bend.
Wherefore, to Thee, O Lord, we lift our praise
That can not know an end.

Like vengeful spirits on the thoughtless foe
Swept down our ships, then the still air awoke
To shattering sound, and furious crashing blow

Of shell on steel,—the screaming fire-birds broke
Through the gray fog of smoke
And flew in deadly flocks across the sea,
As if the demons held high jubilee,
Thick-thronging in the awful mist, the eye
Could almost seem to spy
The phantom figures of our nation's dead,
Called from the tomb by the fierce battle-cry.
From their stern lips a soundless cheer arose
For him who led
Our nation's strength against our nation's foes,
Heroic Dewey! Through the fearful hours
He strove, courageous, till the strife was crowned
With glorious victory and the day was ours.
From her long servitude at last unbound,
Manila, princess of the Philippines,
Beautiful tropic-queens,
Stood proudly gazing on the wreck-strewn flood,
Baptized to Freedom with her tyrant's blood.

Hail to the hero! He has earned his place
Among the laureled leaders of our race!
Perry his kinship owns,
Farragut, Porter, and the brave Paul Jones,
The patriot privateer.
Columbia's dead and living swell the cheer
That hails brave Dewey.
The envious hand of Time shall not efface
This victory from the archives of our race,
The battle in the cause of truth and right,
Wherein, through God's great might,
The triumph cost not one devoted life
Of those who faced the strife
Beneath our banner floating fair and bright.

Lord, in our memory be Thy goodness set!
Let us not in ingratitude forget
The mighty deeds which Thou for us hast done!
The battle over, and the victory won,
We bow the knee in praise, and lift again
Our eyes to Thee. So be it aye! Amen.

HOUSE-CLEANING.

FRANKLYN W. LEE.

YES, M'rilly's bin house-cleaning 'n' I'm sleepin' in the shed,
With some buggy robes for kivers 'n' the wash-bench for a bed.
There's confusion in the parlor, 'n' a heap sight more up-stairs,
While I kaint find comfort nowhere fer the varnish on the chairs.

First they tore up all the carpets; then they pulled down all the shades,
Till the place looked like a homestead after one of Moseby's raids;
Next the walls were renervated, 'n' the floors was soaked 'n' scrubbed,
'N' M'rilly bossed the workers as they pounded, shook 'n' rubbed.

Oh, I tell yer, 'tain't so funny when yer eatin' off the shelf,
'N' a feller has to hustle fer a place to lay hisself;
Fer the wimen folks mean bizness, 'n' they make a feller jump
Till he's like a pesky camel with a double action hump.

REPARATION.

NO use denyin', Haines; it's all my fault
That the poor creatur' a'n't turned out this minute.
Wish I'd a shanty o' my own—you'd see!
I'd make her an' her younguns tumble in it.
What's that? Whose a big fool? That a'n't the talk
To give to me, sir, an' I'd have you know it.
You'd felt the very same yerself—you bet!
Savin' you'd had the gumption not to show it.

You got it up complete—this 'jectment bizness,—
Writin' an' all. She never once mistrusted

But what I was a sheriff. Fur a minute
She looked so clean took in I nearly bu'sted;
But when she giv' a groan and p'inted—well,
There laid a youngun cold an' dead—that's so—
An' one most dyin'—what with the dark room
An' scant o' time, I hadn't seen, you know.

Well, when I see that lyin' in the corner
An' how the rest were starvin' on ter death,
An' this 'ere writ o' 'jectment served upon 'em
To turn 'em out, it made me ketch my breath.
(I don't deny it 't all. In course, she owed it—
In course, you want your rent—No, sir! Stop there!
You ha'n't seed for yerself the sight I see, Haines,
Er blame me ef you'd say, "No more 'an fair.")

Snowin', an' not a stick ner splint o' kindlin';
The clothes upon 'em wasn't clothes, but rags;
An' that 'ar woman, bones or not, was comely—
None o' yer dried-up, saller kind o' hags.
I don't know when I've been so tetched by trouble,
Leastwise in others, 's when, with quite an air
O' gentlefolks, she wipes her eyes, half sobbin':
"Sorry the gentleman can't have a chair."

I kind o' slipped my hat off then (forgot it
At first), an' 'fore I knowed it she was tellin
How fer a week she hedn't fed her children,
An' how she hadn't nothin' left worth sellin';
An' how her husband dead an' gone a fortnight,
Had bin a trial—allus drunk er fightin';
An' how she'd strove fur work—then bu'st out cryin'—
Whilst I just grabbed that blasted bit o' writin'

An' run off like a fool. An' here I am, Haines,
An' here's the dockyment—I'd like ter soak it!
You'll sarve your own ejectments after this 'ere!
Put that into yer stingy pipe an' smoke it!
Hey? Well, that's more 'n I took you fur, old feller!
You a'n't a-goin' to let the gal off clean?

An' let her stay? By Josh! Haines, fur a poor chap
I a'n't come nigh a better man this year.

An' now, Haines, can you take it? Listenin'?
Rec'lect the thing you told me long ago—
Although I wa'n't to tech upon it, never—
'Bout you an' Bully Bangs? There now! Let go!
Can't a man speak in private conversation?
It wa'n't your fault—I allus said it, Haines.
He drawed you on. Well, well—I won't; but sartain,
Honest repentance takes out blackest stains.

An' Haines, old chap, it's allers seemed to me
You've blamed yerself a heap more'n you ought to.
What's all this drivin' at? Why, only this:
That starvin' woman yonder's Bully's daughter,—
Bangs' oldest gal, by thunder! Why, he's off!
"Thank God!" 'd he say? Actchally gone to fetch her—
Her an' her younguns! Well, that's Haines all over!
I bet he won't let no more trouble tetch her.

AN INCIDENT.

AGNES MACDONELL.

UNARMED and unattended, walks the czar
Through Moscow's busy street one winter's day.
The crowd uncovered as his face they see—
"God greet the czar!" they say.

Along his path there moved a funeral,
Gray spectacle of poverty and woe:
A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man,
Slowly across the snow;

And on the sledge, blown by the winter wind,
Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare;
And he who drew it bent before his load
With dull and sullen air.

The emperor stopped and beckoned to the man:
"Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he said.
"Only a soldier, sire," the short reply,
"Only a soldier dead."

"Only a soldier," musing, said the czar;
"Only a Russian who was poor and brave.
Move on. I follow. Such a one goes not
Unhonored to his grave."

He bent his head, and silent raised his cap,—
The czar of all the Russias—pacing slow,
Following the coffin as again it went
Slowly across the snow.

The passers of the street, all wondering,
Looked on that sight, then followed silently,—
Peasant and prince and artisan and clerk,
All in one company.

Still, as they went, the crowd grew ever more,
Till thousands stood around the friendless grave,
Led by that princely heart, who, royal, true,
Honored the poor and brave.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

HE was black as the ace of spades, you see,
And scarcely as high as a tall man's knee;
He wore a hat that was minus a brim,
But that, of course, mattered nothing to him.
His jacket—or what there was left of it—
Scorned his little black shoulders to fit;
And as for stockings and shoes—dear me!
Nothing about such things knew he.
He sat on the curbstone, one pleasant day,
Placidly passing the hours away.
His hands in the holes, which for pockets were meant
His thoughts on the clouds overhead were intent;
When down the street suddenly marching along

Came soldiers and horses, and such a great throng
Of boys and of men, as they crowded the street;
With a "hip, hip, hurrah!" the lad sprang to his feet,

And joined the procession, his face in a grin,
For here was a good time "dat dis chile was in."
How he stretched out his legs to the beat of the drum,
Thinking surely at last 'twas the jubilee come.
Then suddenly wondering what 'twas about,
The soldiers and music and all with a shout
He hailed a small comrade: "Hi, Cæsar! You know
What all dis perceshun's a-marchin' fur so?"

"Go 'long, you George Washington!" Cæsar replied,
"In dis yere great kentry you ain't got no pride.
Dis is Washington's birfday—you ought to know dat,
Wid yer head growed so big, bu'st de brim off yer hat!"
For a moment George Washington stood in surprise,
While plainer to view grew the whites of his eyes;
Then swift to the front of the ranks scampered he,
This mite of a chap, scarce as high as your knee.

The soldiers looked stern, and an officer said,
As he rapped with his sword on the black, woolly head:
"Come, boy, clear the road! What a figure you are!"
Came the ready reply: "I'se Gawge Washington, sah!
But I didn't know nothin' about my birfday
Till a feller just told me—oh, golly, it's gay!"
Just then a policeman—of course, it was mean—
Removed young George Washington far from the scene.

THE ROSY NORTH.

WE had to wait for half an hour between Charleston and Savannah for the Waycross train, and during this time a black man came up to me and inquired:

"Say, boss, doan' you lib up Norf?"

"Yes."

"Dat's what I reckoned on. Kin I ax a few questions?"

"You can."

"Wall, sah, does ebery cull'd man up dar own a brick house wid a cupolo on top?"

"Oh, no."

"Does he walk aroun' wid a bag of gold in one han' an' a bag of silver in de odder?"

"I never saw any of them taking such a walk."

"Do dey all own hosses an' kerridges?"

"No."

"Do dey all have di'monds an' pearls an' velvets?"

"No."

"Say, boss, my name's Jones, an' I lib ober beyant dat pine woods. My ole woman am all de time stirrin' me up to go Norf, an' she really believes dat if we once git up dar we kin go out befo' breakfast, an' pick up a pailful of di'monds. Now, sah, tell me de solemn truf 'bout it! Could we do it?"

"No."

"Could we pick up a peck?"

"No."

"Fo' quarts?"

"No."

"Two quarts?"

"No."

"Dat's nuff, boss—dat settles me! I reckon if I axed you about one quart you'd say yes, but if anybody 'spects I'ze gwine to fool aroun' wid any sich small taters as dat dey am sadly tooken in. I'ze kept house long 'nuff to know dat a quart of di'munds a day wouldn't keep a fam'ly in co'n cake and bacon half de time. 'Bleeged to ye, boss. Mebbe I'll git up dat way arter awhile; but I shan't 'spect to own no brick houses wid a cupolo on top till I've bin dar a whole week or longer."

THE PICKPOCKET.

BELINDA was a cautious little maid,
Whose motto was the single word, "Beware!"
She never lost a chance to be afraid,
And spent a deal of time in "taking care;"

Yet all the while her natural timidity
She hid beneath a mask of intrepidity.

Obliged one day, upon a railway train,
To sit beside a grave, sedate young man,
A sudden terror filled Belinda's brain:
"He'll surely pick my pocket if he can.
'Tis true he looks respectable; but then
The worst of sharpers pose as gentlemen."

They reached a tunnel in another minute.
Belinda, with her customary care,
To guard her pocket, slipped her hand within it;
But found another hand already there!
To show her fortitude and hide her fright,
She grasped the villain's fist and held it tight,

Until they reached the open track again;
And as the train into the daylight rushed
As if it fain would break its record, then
No wonder that the modest maiden blushed,
No wonder that the villain smiled a smile:
Her hand was in *his* pocket all the while.

"BRING OUT YOUR DEAD."

MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

THE silent and deserted street
Reechoed to no passing feet,
Except of those who braved the fear
That chills all hearts when death is near,
And constantly with measured tread
Bore on to sepulture the dead
Of unknown ages, nations, names,
Crowded on rudely-fashioned frames;
And as each dwelling they passed by,
They raised an awful, piercing cry:
"Bring out your dead!"

And in that time of fear and death,
When waiting women held their breath,
And strong men battled with that grim
And ghastly foe, o'ercome by him—
When he who cursed and he who knelt
The same o'ershadowing terror felt,
And, dying or living, as time sped,
Heard the same cry: "Bring out your dead!"

With breath hard drawn and glaring eye
One woman heard that ringing cry.
In agony she bent her ear
The last faint, parting sigh to hear.
At bay, like wild beast in its lair,
She heard their steps upon the stair,
Then swiftly, fiercely turned her head,
And cried: "Go back! he is not dead!"

The bearers gone, she turned toward him;
She chafed each limp, cold, deathly limb;
Unlocked the teeth so firmly set,
The brow and lips with cordials wet;
Then prayed and wept; yet in her woe
Her hands passed swiftly to and fro
Above the cold, unconscious form
That would not stir, that would not warm.
She knew not how time hurried by,
Until once more she heard the cry,
And saw how vain the hope she fed
With brief delays: "Bring out your dead!"

Then, as that warning cleft the air,
She heard their steps; they came to bear
Away the last frail hope from her.
They gain the room; she does not stir;
They cross the floor; they reach the bed.
Then, then she shrieks: "He is not dead!"
She kneels, she raves, she rends the air
With cry on cry of wild despair.
"Woman, the city's peril grows

By this delay. We must enclose
His lifeless form and bear it hence;
The soul has long departed thence."

"Just one more hour, just one! Delay!
Leave me mine own once more, I pray!
And, by the sacred name of wife,
If in that time he shows no life—
When you return, if yonder bed
Still holds him prone, I'll grant him dead!
Go, go! Be mine this one fleet hour,
Then will I bow me to your power."

Reluctantly they turned and went.
Then Heaven's own messenger was sent
To aid that woman's matchless faith
And join her in her watch with death.
And all the while the air is red
With scorching heat, and wildest dread
Attends the still recurring cry:
"Bring out your dead!"

The hour was spent. Once more they came
Depositing their gruesome frame.
They mount again the creaking stair
And this behold on entering there:
A woman pale, yet glorified
By some mysterious, Heaven-sent tide,
Which seemed to overflow the room
And light this picture in the gloom;
For there upon her faithful breast,
Pale, ghastly, living and at rest,
He leaned, while she looked up and said:
"Go now in peace; he is not dead!"

GREAT men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligences, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface do not dream.

A LETTER TO MOTHER NATURE.

SYDNEY DAYRE.

YOU dear old Mother Nature, I am writing you a letter,
To let you know you ought to fix up things a little better.
The best of us will make mistakes—I thought perhaps if I
Should tell you how you might improve, you would be glad to try.

I think you have forgotten, ma'am, that little girls and boys
Are fond of dolls, and tops, and sleds, and balls, and other toys;
Why didn't you—I wonder now—just take it in your head,
To have such things all growing in a lovely garden-bed?

And then I should have planted (if it only had been me)
Some vines with little pickles, and a great big cookie tree;
And trees, besides, with gum-drops and caramels and things,
And lemonade should bubble up in all the little springs.

I'd like to have the coasting and skating in July,
When old Jack Frost would never get a single chance to try
To nip our cheeks and noses; and the Christmas trees should stand
By dozens, loaded!—in the woods—now wouldn't that be grand!

Ah! what a world it would have been. How could you, madam, make
Such lots of bread and butter to so very little cake?
I'd have it just the other way, and everyone would see
How very, very, very, very nice my way would be.

But as I can not do it, will you think of what I say?
And please, ma'am, to begin and alter things this very day.
And one thing more—on Saturdays, don't send us any rain.
Good-bye. If I should think of something else, I'll write again.

PLAIN-SPOKEN PHILOSOPHY.

HOWARD Y. NEWELL.

JEST keep the heart a-beatin' warm;
Be kind ter every feller;
Look fer the rainbows in the storm,
But—carry yer umbreller!

Be brave to battle with the strife;
Be true when people doubt you;
Don't think that money's all in life
But—carry some about you!

An' when it's time to shuffle off,
An' you have done yer mission,
Jest put yer trust in Providence
And hire a good physician!

THE NEW DEACON.

WADE WHIPPLE.

DE Zion Chu'ch has had anudder racket in de fol'.
Last monf dey jined a member by de name ob Littlesole,
An' sho'tly to de deaconship dey gib de chap a start
Ter fill de place resigned by Ebenezar Bonypart.

De fust occasion ob his sarvice happened Sunday las',
His talent bein' in deman' de sasser fo' ter pass.
Dis 'quired amblin' down one 'ile, accordin' to de rule,
An' comin' to de udder by de outside westerbule.

He took de hat, an' right an' left' ter pass de same begin,
A-keepin' time mos' graceful to de jinglin' ob de tin,
An' when he reach de westerbule, an' pars de do'way froo,
De parson, sorter narvous, watch' de udder appychoo.

He watch' an' watch' an' people in de oncollected pews
Dey stretch deir han's a-waitin' fo' a chance ter pay deir jues,
Twell suddintly ol' Jinglejaw he riz up with a fuss
An' hollered: "Hi! de deacon's sloped! Run out an' grab
de cuss!"

Jehosaphat! Dere nebber was no benediction sent
A congregation out so fas' as dem dar sinners went;
Dey kim out like de contents ob a fo'ty-pounder gun,
An' arter Deacon Littlesole dey started on de run.

Fust Elder Limberheel he hab de call, den Brudder Slope
He led 'em by a yard, twell 'long kim Sister Antelope,
An' she an' Sup'entenden' Scud dey made a flyin' break
An' tuk de front wid ninety-'leben sinners in deir wake.

Dey shassayed froo de co'n fiel's an' dey jump de medder rails,
Attracted by de sight ob Deacon Littlesole's coat-tails,
An' ebbery time dey'd gain, he'd drap a copper from de hat,
An' den dey'd stop de chase an' go ter skummishin' fo' dat.

Sakes! Wasn't dat a race! De landscape nebber look so spry
As when dem followers ob de Lam' went amberlatin' by.
But sho! Dey nebber cotch de chap. Dey learnt f'om Squire
Brown
De deacon wuz a bank cashier dat skipped f'om Swindlerstown.

Sence dat, old Parson Jinglejaw has tuk it in his pate
Ter double-joint a rope aroun' de man dat pass de plate,
An' whilst he rambles down one 'ile, de parson slacks it slow
But nebber loses grip till he comes in de udder do'.

THE OUTCAST.

KIND friends, will you listen to an outcast's tale? 'Tis briefly told. Until my fifteenth year, beneath the roof of a poor village priest, not far from home, my childhood wore away. Then arose within me restless thoughts and deep. Throughout the liberal and harmonious nature, something

seemed absent; what, I scarcely knew, till one calm night, when over slumbering seas watched the still heavens, and down on every wave looked some soft, lulling star, the instinctive want learned what it pined for; and I asked the priest, with a quick sigh, why I was motherless. He answered that I was nobly born, and that the cloud that dimmed the dawning sun aloft but foretold its splendor at the noon. As thus he spoke, faint memories struggling came, faint as the things some former life had known, a face sweet with stately sorrow, and lips that breathed the words that mothers murmur.

About that time a stranger came to our hamlet; rough, yet, some said, well born, and comrade such as youth delights in. Sailor, he called himself, and naught belied the sailor's metal ringing in his talk of El Dorado and enchanted isles, of hardy Raleigh and of dauntless Drake, and great Columbus with prophetic eyes fixed on a dawning world. His legends fired me, and from the deep whose billows washed our walls, the alluring wave called with a siren's music. And thus I left my home with that wild seaman.

Scarce had the brisker sea-wind filled our sails, when the false traitor, who had lured my trust, cast me into chains and darkness. Days went by; at length, one belt of desolate water around, and on the decks one scowl of swarthy brows (a hideous crew, the refuse of all shores), under the flapping of his raven flag, the pirate store revealed and thus called his captive. Grimly he heard my boyish loud upbraidings, and grimly smiled in answering:

"I, like thee, cast off and disinherited and desperate, had but one choice—death or the pirate flag. Choose thou! I am more gracious than thy kindred, I proffer life; the gold they gave paid thy grave in the ocean."

"Hold! thou liest, demon!"

Swift as I answered so, his blade flashed forth; but self-defense is swifter still than slaughter. I plucked a sword from one who stood beside me, and smote the slanderer to my feet. Then all that human hell broke loose; oaths rang, steel tightened when, in the death swoon of the caitiff chief, the pirate next in rank forced back the swarm, and, in that superstition of the sea, which makes the sole religion of its outlaws, forbade my doom by bloodshed, gripped and bound me to a slight plank, spread to the winds the sail, and left me on the waves alone

with God. That day, and all that night, upon the seas, tossed the frail barrier between life and death. Heaven lulled the gales; and when the stars came forth, and looked so bland and gentle, I wept, recalled the wretch's words, "are kinder e'en than thy kindred."

Day dawned; and, glittering in the sun, behold a sail—a flag; like hope, it vanished! Noon glaring came. With noon came thirst and famine, and with parched lips I called on death, and sought to wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnawed into the flesh, and drop into the deep. And then the clear wave trembled, and below I saw a dark, swift moving, shapeless thing, with watchful, glassy eyes—the ghastly shark swam lingering round its prey. Then life once more grew sweet, and with strained and horrent gaze and lifted hair, I floated on, till sense grew dim, and dimmer, and a terrible sleep (in which still those livid eyes met mine) fell on me. When I awoke I heard my native tongue. Kind looks were bent upon me; I lay on deck among you—escaped a ravening death, for God had watched the sleeper!

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise,
With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt
By a thump or a bruise or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings,
Rags and buttons and lots of things.
No matter how busy she is, she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care—not much, I mean—
If a fellow's face is not quite clean,
And if your trousers are torn at the knee,
She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad,
And only sorry if you're bad,

And I'll tell you this—if you're only true,
She'll always forgive you, whate'er you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise,
With a manly look in his laughing eyes,
"I'll mind my mother every day;
A fellow's a baby that won't obey."

"INASMUCH."

WALLACE BRUCE.

A Christmas Story.

YOU say that you want a meetin'-house for the boys in the gulch up there,
And a Sunday-school with pictur'-books? Well, put me down for a share.
I believe in little children; it's as nice to hear 'em read
As to wander round the ranch at noon and see the cattle feed.
And I believe in preachin', too—by men for preachin' born,
Who let alone the husks of creed, and measure out the corn.
The pulpit's but a manger where the pews are gospel-fed;
And they say 'twas to a manger that the star of glory led.
So I'll subscribe a dollar to the manger and the stalls;
I always gives the best I've got whenever my partner calls.
And, stranger, let me tell you: I'm beginnin' to suspect
That all the world are partners, whatever their creed or sect;
That life is a kind of pilgrimage, a sort of Jericho road,
And kindness to one's fellows the sweetest law in the code.
No matter about the 'nitials; from a farmer, you understand,
Who's generally had to play it alone from rather an or'nary hand.
I've never struck it rich; for farming, you see, is slow,
And whenever the crops are fairly good, the prices are always low.
A dollar isn't very much, but it helps to count the same;
The lowest trump supports the ace, and sometimes wins the game.
It assists a fellow's praying when he's down upon his knees—

"Inasmuch as you have done it to one of the least of these."
I know the verses, stranger, so you needn't stop to quote.
It's a different thing to know them or to say them off by rote.
I'll tell you where I learned them, if you'll step in from the rain.
'Twas down in 'Frisco years ago; had been there hauling grain.
It was near the city limits, on the Sacramento pike,
Where stores and sheds are rather mixed, and shanties scattered like.
Not the likeliest to be in. I remember the saloon,
With grocery, market, baker-shop, and barroom all in one.
And this made up the picture—my hair was not then gray,
But everything still seems as real as if 'twere yesterday.
A little girl with haggard face stood at the counter there,
Not more than ten or twelve at most, but worn with grief and care;
And her voice was kind of raspy, like a sort of chronic cold—
Just the tone you find in children who are prematurely old.
She said: "Two bits for bread and tea. Ma hasn't much to eat.
She hopes next week to work again, and buy us all some meat.
We've been half starved all winter, but spring will soon be here,
And she tells us, 'Keep up courage, for God is always near.'
Just then a dozen men came in; the boy was called away
To shake the spotted cubes for drinks, as Forty-niners say.
I never heard from human lips such oaths and curses loud
As rose above the glasses of that crazed and reckless crowd.
But the poor tired girl sat waiting, lost at last to revels deep,
On a keg beside a barrel in the corner, fast asleep.
Well, I stood there, sort of waiting, till someone at the bar
Said: "Hello! I say, stranger, what have you over thar?"
The boy then told her story, and that crew, so fierce and wild,
Grew intent and seemed to listen to the breathing of the child.
The glasses all were lowered; said the leader: "Boys, see here;
All day we've been pourin' whiskey, drinkin' deep our Christmas cheer.
Here's two dollars—I've got feelings which are not entirely dead—
For this little girl and mother suffering for the want of bread."
"Here's a dollar!" "Here's another!" And they all chipped in their share,

And they planked the ringing metal down upon the counter there.
Then the spokesman took a golden double eagle from his belt,
Softly stepped from bar to counter, and beside the sleeper knelt,
Took the "two-bits" from her fingers, changed her silver piece for gold.
"See there, boys; the girl is dreaming." Down her cheeks the tear-drops rolled.
One by one the swarthy miners passed in silence to the street.
Gently we awoke the sleeper, but she started to her feet
With a dazed and strange expression, saying: "Oh, I thought 'twas true!
Ma was well, and we were happy; round our door-stone roses grew.
We had everything we wanted,—food enough, and clothes to wear;
And my hand burns where an angel touched it soft with fingers fair,"
And she looked and saw the money in her fingers glistening bright.
"Well, now, ma has long been praying, but she won't believe me quite,
How you've sent 'way up to heaven where the golden treasures are,
And have also got an angel clerking at your grocery-bar."
That's a Christmas story, stranger, which I thought you'd like to hear,—
True to fact and human nature, pointing out one's duty clear.
Hence, to matters of subscription you will see that I'm alive.
Just mark off that dollar, stranger, I think I'll make it five.

ARISTARCHUS STUDIES ELOCUTION.

SUSIE A. BISBEE.

NOT long after we were settled in our new abode, I began to notice some peculiarities in Aristarchus, which had never before manifested themselves. Whenever he was alone in his study, he spent much of his time in talking to himself. On more than one occasion, I ventured to ask him the

meaning of such peculiar conduct, but he only grumbled, "I'm all right; can't a fellow spout a little to himself without being asked all sorts of questions about it?"

But Leander gave voice to my fears when he asked me one day in his father's absence:

"Don't you think pa acts as if he was going crazy? He talks to himself half the time lately when he is alone."

Even the neighbors began to remark upon it. One evening after dusk I went around into the yard of our nearest neighbor. As I passed under a window, I heard the lady of the house saying:

"He must have a terrible temper, for I hear him scolding his wife every day. Only yesterday I heard him say, 'Whence and what art thou, execrable shape?' Those were his very words, and he shouted them out like a madman."

The day after this, Aristarchus was the worst I had ever known him. But when evening came he seemed as calm as ever. I mentioned that my throat was quite sore, and I feared I had taken a severe cold. He came around behind me, and taking hold of my neck on each side, said:

"Let me knead your throat; it is one of the best remedies in the world."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed, in alarm; but his fingers were already pressing on my jugular vein in a way that soon rendered me speechless.

I gasped and gurgled, but could not get out a word, and was too thoroughly frightened to struggle; after a minute he relaxed his hold so that I could speak, and I gasped out:

"You are killing me!"

"Why, does this hurt?" he exclaimed, in a tone of cheerful surprise. "Did I choke you?" and again the pressure of his knuckles against my jugular nearly strangled me.

I tore his hands from my throat by a violent effort and sprang to my feet, but terror must have looked out of my staring eyes and white face, for my husband exclaimed:

"Why, Cordelia! this is no common sore throat. You must be really sick—you are white as a ghost. Lie down on the sofa, and I will go for a doctor at once."

No other suggestion could have brought such relief to my heart.

"Do," I murmured, sinking on the sofa. "Don't come back without one."

In fifteen minutes, Aristarchus returned with the doctor. I told him at once that I had no need of his services for myself, but for my poor husband. At this, Aristarchus dropped into a chair like a hot potato, but I went on and told the doctor about his ravings and my fears, and his final attempt to choke me to death.

"Good heavens! Cordelia," Aristarchus gasped out, "why didn't you tell me you were afraid, instead of getting a doctor here and publishing it? Doctor, the whole explanation is this: I have a chronic throat-trouble. An elocutionist says he can cure me; I go twice a week for lessons, and, of course, practice much of the time when in my study. His treatment includes some simple gymnastic exercises, of which one is to knead the throat. I didn't tell Cordelia about it, because—well, I was afraid she would think—in short, I was afraid she might not have much faith in it."

That miserable doctor burst out laughing and laughed until he shook in his chair, and Aristarchus joined in. He went away, promising to regard the affair as a professional secret.

This was only the beginning. Elocution ceased to confine itself to the study, but spread all over the house, the children, thinking it the best of fun, joined in. But it was no fun for me. If I asked Aristarchus what he would like for dinner, he would most likely answer:

> "'Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
> Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
> Grave old plodders, gay young friskers.'"

"Oh, Aristarchus!" I would say, "do be serious."

And he would answer:

"Certainly my love!

> "'Give me three grains of corn, mother,
> Only three grains of corn,
> 'Twill keep the little life I have
> Till the coming of the morn.'"

Perhaps you think Aristarchus had his favorite dinner after that!

Miranda Dorothea would be out at play for a long time, and when she reappeared I would ask her where she had been, and she would recite in her shrill treble:

"'I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.'"

Or I ask Leander to do an errand for me, and he answers:

"'Must I budge? Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch under your testy humor?'"

And he used to be such a good, respectful boy! I say:

"Leander, you should not answer your mother so; remember who you are."

In slow sepulchral tones that make my flesh creep he replies:

"'I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away.'"

In short, I could scarcely address any member of my family without having ancient poets and modern poets, dead-and-gone philosophers and living aspirants for immortality, hurled at my head.

One day Aristarchus was raking off the lawn in front of the house, and I noticed that he had hung his coat on the fence. I was busy and did not see him when he came in, but I heard him at the study window calling "Stop thief! stop thief!" and I stepped to the front door and, looking out, saw that his coat was no longer on the fence, but a man with a coat on his arm was running down the street in the direction of the railroad station.

The wretch has stolen Aristarchus's coat and means to take the next train and leave town, I thought. I rushed out and ran down the street after him as fast as I could go. As I ran, I saw faces appear at the windows of houses, and small boys

sprang up by the roadside, as if by magic; and I heard, as if in a dream, one of them call out:

"Go it, Old Fatty!"

Another yelled, "You're all right, ma'am; it's leap-year!"

Not being a thin woman, I should have failed to overtake the thief, however, in spite of such encouragement, had not the train which he expected to take whizzed out of the station, and he slackened his run to a walk. As I came up behind him, I snatched the coat quickly from his arm, saying as I did so:

"I'll take this coat, and you may think yourself lucky to escape arrest and punishment."

The man turned, lifted his hat and said courteously: "If my summer overcoat will be of any use to you, madam, it is quite at your service."

It was Judge Leland, the richest and most influential man in town.

My face was all ablaze as I gave back the coat and stammered forth:

"I *beg* your pardon. My husband left his coat on the fence. I heard him calling 'stop thief,' while you were running down the street with the coat on your arm, and I thought—I—"

I could not tell him I took him for a thief, but he helped me out.

"So you thought I had taken your husband's coat. Ha-ha! Very natural mistake, very. Your husband is something of an elocutionist, I believe?"

Nothing could have been more courteous and civil than were the Judge's words and manner; yet, I felt as if I had been asked if my husband was an ex-convict.

One day Aristarchus had occasion to go down into the basement, and as he went was loudly declaiming:

"Come out, you old speckled hypocrite, from that deep, dark den, overhung with alders. Nay, I have thee fast. Plunge not, wriggle not, jump not. It is all in vain. There—now I stretch thee on the stones!"

Meanwhile, I noticed a couple of laboring men standing at our gate, evidently listening, and I ran to the cellar-door to beg Aristarchus not to rave so loudly, but just as I reached the door his voice ceased, a loud noise, as of a falling body, succeeded, followed by an ominous silence.

"What is the trouble, Aristarchus?" I cried, in a fright.

"Mur-r-der, most foul and unnatural mur-r-der," replied my husband, in tones of deepest tragedy.

"Oh, dear! Why will you carry on so?" I exclaimed, impatiently.

"I assure you, I was not at all to blame," he replied, apologetically. "It was a mouse, he ran directly under my boot; my boot is heavy, the mouse was small, therefore the mouse is dead and my boot is entirely unharmed."

There was no use in expostulating with him, and I went back to my sewing. Presently, I was startled by a loud and violent ringing of the bell. Going to the door, I was confronted by a policeman and the two laboring men whom I had seen at our gate. The three were puffing like so many locomotives, having evidently been running.

"We must come in, madam," announced the policeman, "and investigate the murder that has just been committed here."

"There has been none," said I, stiffly.

But at that moment, the voice of Aristarchus behind me said solemnly:

"Do not attempt to deny it, Cordelia. Walk this way, gentlemen, and view the body."

I fell into a chair, nearly convulsed with laughter at this unlooked-for turn of events, and, burying my face in my handkerchief, exclaimed in smothered tones:

"Oh! you will kill me, Aristarchus!"

"Don't be frightened, madam, he shall not harm you," said the policeman, reassuringly, while he grasped his billy firmly and, holding it alarmingly near Aristarchus's head, followed to the cellar.

"Behold the remains!" said Aristarchus, solemnly.

"Where? There's nobody here," said the policeman. "Here he is," said Aristarchus, touching with a stick the small, furry body of the dead mouse that lay on the floor, "and this is the weapon that did the bloody deed," he added, turning up to view the sole of his right boot.

"Good land! what a confounded sell!" exclaimed the deluded policeman.

Leander picked the mouse up gently by the tip of its tail and held it up before the three men for their closer inspection, saying:

"'Take it up tenderly,
Lift it with care,
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.'"

And Aristarchus added:

"'Nothing in his life
Became him like leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death.
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 'twere a careless trifle,'

and you would agree with me, gentlemen, if you had seen how recklessly he ran under my boot."

"Are you a couple of lunatics?" exclaimed the policeman, looking wrathfully at father and son.

"You might ask my wife about that," suggested Aristarchus, serenely.

Three disgusted-looking men left our premises. I did hope that the occurrence would be a lesson to Aristarchus, but if it was, he failed to profit by it; for not long afterward, as we were retiring, one hot, sultry night, he burst out in the midst of "The Battle of Bunker Hill."

"'Now, men! now is your time,' says the veteran Prescott, 'make ready! take aim, fire!'"

"Don't shout so, Aristarchus," I pleaded, "you will rouse the neighbors."

But Leander had heard his father and took up the refrain, yelling out "Fire! fire! fire!" as only a boy can yell. I rushed across the hall to Leander's room and sternly ordered him to be quiet and not to let me hear another word from him. But by this time Miranda Dorothea had chimed in, "Fire! fire!" with her shrill treble, and I flew to silence her. I had barely got my troublesome family quieted, the lights out, and all in bed, when we heard a great commotion outside.

"Something unusual is going on," I remarked.

"It's the deluge!" ejaculated Aristarchus, springing wildly out of bed and shaking himself like a dog just come out of the river. I followed without needless delay. A window near the head of our bed was open, and through it was pouring a

steady stream of cold water from some unfriendly source. Before we could investigate the matter or get into dry clothes, a violent ringing of the door-bell was heard, and a sound as of smashing glass and tramping feet in the rooms below. Leander was shouting, "Father! Father!" without regard to elocutionary rules, and Miranda Dorothea was screaming with fright. Aristarchus was struggling into some clothes and I was wrapping a bed-quilt about my drenched person, when our chamber door burst suddenly open and a fireman, with glazed hat on his head and axe in hand, demanded to be told in what part of the house the fire was located. We had hard work to convince him that the house was not and had not been on fire, and our united efforts were unavailing to stop the stream of water that was pouring into our chamber, or the stream of furniture and books that was pouring out of the rooms below, until the latter were nearly emptied and the former was nearly inundated. But the work of destruction was at last stayed, and the fire-company and attending crowd dispersed, except an army of small boys, who remained behind to cheer Aristarchus and me, while we conveyed the ruins of our books and furniture into the house. Many of the books were torn from their covers as they were thrown from the windows, and some were soaked with water, while not an article of furniture had escaped damage of some kind. It seemed likely to prove the most expensive adventure with which we had ever met.

Aristarchus dropped elocution—so did Leander and Miranda Dorothea. I never picked it up.

THE OLD MAN'S SHIP COMES HOME.

H. H. BROWN.

CLIMB the old tower, watchman,
And cheerily ring the bell;
Out upon this early air
Let its clear tones swell;
For low! upon the waves afar,
'Neath the morning's brightest star,
A ship is riding at full sail!

She'll anchor in the haven,
Ere yet the sun shines clear!
Then loudly ring, O watchman,
And call the people here.

'Twas years ago, long years ago,
Those new white sails were set.
Many have ceased their watch and gone;
But I am watching yet!
Many look from the yonder shore
With love for the wanderer here,
And music floats through the open door,—
Music to soothe and cheer.
They bid me wait; in patience watch;
Help me to work and win;
Help me to climb life's headlands steep
And bear its woe and sin.
And thus I've waited that ship's return
That bore my all away,
The bark of youth that sailed from port
Seventy years to-day!
Therein I sent my dearest treasure—
Faith in God and trust in man;

Hope and love and aspiration—
Will it ne'er return again?
Never for a moment doubting,
Oft on yon height I've stood alone,
Knowing, in the Father's good time,
She would ride in triumph home.

And now beneath the morning-star
I see her pennon float;
And through the radiant door ajar
I hear the welcome note.
Glorious she comes! O watchman, ring!
Ring loud, ring long, thy bell shall sing,
"The ship is here!"
The ship is here!"
Oh, let the bell
Break the silent spell,

And to the sleeping heaven tell
The ship is here!"
"Oh, speed her well!
[*Bell.*] Speed well!"

Watchman, with each clanging stroke
Nearer comes the expectant bark.
With each wave's swell
Is timed thy bell,
An people crowd thy dock
And join the cry:
[*People.*] "The ship is here!"
[*Bell.*] "Speed well! Speed well!"
[*People.*] "The ship is here!"
[*Bell.*] "Speed well! Speed well!"

Hark! she hears thy ring of bell
And answers with her gun:
[*Bell.*] "'Tis well!"
[*Gun.*] "Boom! boom!"
[*Bell.*] "'Tis well! 'Tis well!"
She comes in triumph then;
Our ventures have successful been.
[*Old man.*] "Hurrah! Hurrah!"
[*Bell.*] "Speed well! Speed well!"
I've watched her oft and waited long
But now, thank God! my ship comes home.
[*Old man.*] "Thank God!"
[*Bell.*] "'Tis well!"
[*Old man.*] "Thank God!"
[*Bell.*] "'Tis well!"
Oh, let your bell ring out again!
[*Old man.*] "Thank God!"
[*Bell.*] "Amen!"
[*Old man.*] "Thank God!"
[*Bell.*] "Amen! amen! amen!"

Captain, sold ye my venture? and the price?
Nay! I read in thy honest face,
My ventures brought me but disgrace!

Silver and gold and merchandise,
The money sent,
Brought rich return;
My life I lent
'Twas a useless urn!
Have pity, God. Oh, toll the bell;
Toll slow the bell,
O'er a wasted life, o'er hopes interred;
O'er trust misplaced, o'er an aching void.
Oh, toll the bell! Toll the bell!
But yet God's hand is in it all;
I trust him yet whate'er befal;
Then toll the bell a pitying strain:
[*Old man.*] "Praise God!"
[*Bell.*] "Amen! amen! amen!"

"Nay! good sir, your venture paid
More than all the rest beside!
My ship could not bear so great a treasure,
'Tis stored for thee on the other side!
Rather let the bell in gladness ring.
Thou art richer far than tongue can sing,
And when within your azure shell
Angel hands ring thy birthday bell,
Within the hearts that love thee well,
Thou'lt find more than thy youthful dream!"
Oh, let the bell ring once again!
[*Old man.*] "God is good!"
[*Bell.*] "'Tis well! 'Tis well!"
[*Old man.*] "God is good!"
[*Bell.*] "Amen! amen! amen! amen!"

Watchman, bid thy bell ring yet again,
Its last rich knell, threescore and ten!
My ship has come,
I'm going home
Where all is well!
[*Bell.*] "'Tis well!"
Now the bell celestial rings
And on its swell my soul shall soar
Where it shall dwell

Forevermore.
[*Bell.*] "Evermore!"
In trust and faith I've waited long,
Now love and peace shall be my song.
The angels come! I hear them sing!
A welcome hand to me they bring!
[*Angel Bell.*] "Speed well!"
[*Old man.*] "Farewell!"
[*Angel Bell.*] "All's well!"
[*Old man.*] "Farewell!"
[*Angel Bell.*] "'Tis well! 'Tis well!"

JEAN NOEL: A STORY OF CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE.

DRAMATIZED BY RUTH GOWE.

[By permission of Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, publishers.]

CHARACTERS:	COSTUMES:
JEANNE BRIGUEZ . . .	French peasant girl's dress of blue and white.
YOLANDE	Rich dress of blue and white.
JEAN	Rich boy's dress.
MME. BRIGUEZ	Peasant woman's dress.
PIERRE BRIGUEZ . . .	Peasant dress.
BABETTE	French cook's dress.
COUNT	Gentleman's dress; hair and beard in French style.
COUNTESS	Rich house dress.

SCENES:

SCENE *I.*—A road.
SCENE *II.*—Interior of Pierre Briguez's cottage.
SCENE *III.*—Room in the chateau.
SCENES *IV and V.*—Interior of Pierre Briguez's cottage.

SCENE I. A road. Enter little JEANNE BRIGUEZ, with dress in wild disorder, trying to hold a white woolen scarf about her neck and to keep a basket of eggs on her other arm from spilling.

JEANNE. Oh, dear! I am so very tired. The wind has been blowing so fiercely and the clouds look as though they were full of snow. This scarf will not stay round me, somehow! My cap nearly flies off in the wind, while my apron is blinding me most of the time. But I must carry my eggs to the chateau, without breaking them. I'll just set the basket down and rest a minute here where it's more sheltered, and then I'll climb that steep hill to the chateau. [*Starts to set down her basket on a rock. In doing so, she hits the basket with her umbrella, it rolls to the ground and the eggs are broken. She covers her head with her apron, and moans bitterly:*] Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do?

[*Enter* YOLANDE *and* JEAN.]

YOLANDE. Why, who is this? [*To* JEANNE:] What has happened, little one? Ah, I see you have broken your eggs! Well, never mind, that is not a great misfortune.

[JEANNE *takes her apron down and gazes in astonishment at* YOLANDE, *until she happens to glance at the broken eggs, then begins to cry afresh.*]

YOLANDE. There, there, don't cry! Where were you going with your basket?

JEANNE [*still sobbing*]. My mother was sending these eggs to the chateau, where my Aunt Babette is cook. *Tante Babette* promised my mother two francs for them, for eggs fresh laid are very hard to get, and mother was to get some meat for the Feast of Noel with the money. Now we will have no dinner at all; for father hurt his hand cutting wood and has not earned any money for some time. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! And the rent is owing, and now *Tante Babette* will be angry and won't buy any more eggs.

YOLANDE. But I can give you the two francs. I have a franc and Jean has another, I am sure; haven't you, Jean?

JEAN [*pulling out purse and emptying it into his sister's hand*]. Only three half-francs, Yolande; that is all I have with me.

YOLANDE. So now you will not have to go up to the chateau. That is lucky for you, little one, because the snow is beginning to fall and you are not very well protected from it. Have you not a warm cloak like the peasants usually wear? [*Gives* JEANNE *the money.*]

JEANNE [*courtesying at receiving the money*]. No,

ma'm'selle; mother was saving the money to buy me a blue one, for I am *vouée,*—that is, to wear no colors but blue and white till I am older; but she was obliged to spend it while father was ill—and now there is the rent. Thank you kindly, monsieur and ma'm'selle. May God reward you for your goodness!

YOLANDE. Oh, it is nothing. Good-bye, little one,—but what is your name?

JEANNE. Jeanne Briguez.

YOLANDE. And where do you live?

JEANNE. In that cottage on the side of the hill there.

YOLANDE. Up that steep path?

JEANNE. Yes, ma'm'selle.

YOLANDE. Well, you must run home now, before the snowstorm comes on, or you will be lost, little Jeanne. You have a good way to go—now don't cry any more.

JEAN. Think of Jean Noel. Perhaps he may pay you a visit [*smiling at* JEANNE'S *round eyes*]; I hear he is about this part of the country.

[JEANNE *drops a courtesy, and* YOLANDE *and* JEAN *exeunt.*]

JEANNE. Jean Noel! I wonder who he is!

[*Picks up basket and runs off in direction of home.*]

SCENE II. Interior of PIERRE BRIGUEZ'S cottage. MME. BRIGUEZ is standing by the door looking out.

MME. BRIGUEZ. The snow is falling quite fast. I fear Jeanne will be caught in the storm. Why, there she comes! Back so soon! That is good!

[*Enter* JEANNE, *in excitement.*]

JEANNE. Oh, mother! I dropped the basket and broke all the eggs, so I did not go on. [MME. BRIGUEZ *throws up her hands in despair.*] But stop, mother! Don't be unhappy! Look here! I met a lovely little lady, all in blue—just like me!

MME. B. [*bewildered*]. Like you! Is the child mad?

JEANNE. No, I mean dressed like me,—no, not like me, but all in blue, only her coat was oh, so beautiful! And she had

the loveliest golden hair, and silk stockings, and blue eyes, and kid boots!

MME. B. [*laughing at* JEANNE'S *description*]. And what happened? Did she speak to you? Did she give you the money?

JEANNE. Yes, mother, she and a boy with her. But I didn't see him very well; she was *so* beautiful.

MME. B. It must have been the little Countess Yolande and her brother. Babette said the children were to arrive before the rest of the family. That was why she was so anxious to have the eggs. What a pity they were broken! But don't trouble yourself, *ma fille,* I know you could not help that.

JEANNE. [*after a little*]. Mother, who is Jean Noel?

MME. B. Jean Noel! Oh, that is an old tale! I remember my grandmother used to tell me about him. It is said that he is heard singing in the mountains about Christmas-time, and generally comes to some poor cottage,—sometimes in the form of an old man, sometimes as a little child. If the people are kind and receive him well they do not regret it, for he brings happiness and love with him. But it is only a fairy tale, *mon enfant,* so don't trouble your head about him. The little count was joking, that was all.

JEANNE. But is Jean Noel an angel, then, mother?

MME. B. Yes, that's it, and angels won't go where the people are bad; so it is only those who try to do their duty that Jean Noel ever visits, my grandmother said. [*Rising.*] But your father is coming. I must get his supper on. [*Makes preparations for supper. Enter* PIERRE BRIGUEZ, *covered with snow.*]

PIERRE. It is lucky it does not thaw yet, or I don't know how I should have got home. [*Shaking the snow from his hat and out of his hair.*] Ah, soup, that is good! [*Sits and eats.* MME. BRIGUEZ *sits opposite.* JEANNE *on low stool in front. All eat in silence for a little.*]

MME. B. [*rising and putting away dishes*]. By the way, Pierre, did you see Maître Rigoux?

PIERRE. Yes, he says the money must be paid by the first of January or we must be turned out, as he has another tenant willing to pay more rent.

MME. B. Oh, Pierre! After your father and grandfather

having always lived here, I am sure the Count would not turn us out. If we could only let him know!

PIERRE. Ay, that's just it, but we can't, and, what's more, there's no chance of our getting the money. I went round everywhere I could think of, to see if any wood was wanted, but only got an order from the doctor for a few logs.

JEANNE [*aside*]. If only Jean Noel could come! What a pity those olden times are past, when my great-grandmother was alive, and such things happened! [*Rises and goes out.*]

MME. B. [*aside*]. Only an order for a few logs! And we must pay the money by the first of January or be turned out! [*Rising and addressing* PIERRE.] But, it is late! We must not waste the light. Jeanne, it is bedtime. Why, where is the child? [JEANNE *runs in with three eggs in her hand.*]

JEANNE. Mother! Mother! Here are three more eggs. Shall I take them up to *Tante Babette* in the morning? They would make a little omelette for the young countess.

MME. B. Yes, dear child, you shall go with them if it is a nice bright morning. Now we must go to bed. [*Puts out candles and prepares to leave room.*] Come, child.

JEANNE. Yes, mother, as soon as I put the eggs up safely. [*Exit* MME. BRIGUEZ. JEANNE *puts up the eggs, then comes forward.*]

JEANNE. I wonder if I can do it and how? If I only have the courage to speak to the young countess, I am sure she will ask her father, the Count, not to have us turned out because we can not pay the rent. I wonder if I can see her. I know! I'll ask *Tante Babette* to ask the Count, and if she won't do it then I'll ask her to let me speak with the little Countess Yolande. If only I have the courage. Yes, mother! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Room in the chateau. Enter BABETTE and JEANNE.

BABETTE. Well, you little good-for-nothing! Where are my eggs, I should like to know? A pretty person your mother is to promise me some. Let me see what you have there. Three! Why, have you come up all this way to bring me these?

Bah, I wanted them last night! Get along with you. [*Pretending to walk off in indignation.*]

JEANNE. But, *Tante Babette,* listen to me. Mother sent you a basket of eggs yesterday, or, at least, I was to bring them. I got along all right for a little way, and then dropped them and broke them all. While I was crying, a beautiful girl—mother says it was the young Countess—came and asked me why I was crying. I told her how I had broken the eggs, and then she and her brother gave me money to pay for them, and told me to go back home with it.

BABETTE. Oh, ho! that was it, eh? Well, I suppose I mustn't scold. Here, *petite,* I daresay you haven't had much of a breakfast. [*Gives* JEANNE *a bowl of milk and piece of white bread, then goes to work dusting the room.*]

JEANNE. Do you ever see the little Countess, *Tante Babette?*

BABETTE. Yes, indeed; she and her brother often come to my kitchen to talk with me and ask for cakes, when they are staying here.

JEANNE. Don't you think she is beautiful, *Tante Babette?*

BABETTE. Yes, child. But how are your father and mother?

JEANNE. Father's hand has been so bad that he could not work much, and we are very sad, for Maître Rigoux says that if the rent is not paid by the first of January, he will turn us out of the house.

BABETTE. Dear! Dear! And your father's father and grandfather lived there before him. What a pity!

JEANNE. Dear *Tante Babette,* can't you ask the Count to let us stay in the cottage?

BABETTE. My dear, I never see the Count, and I don't suppose he knows anything about the cottage. Maître Rigoux arranges all that; the Count doesn't trouble himself about such things.

JEANNE [*after studying a moment*]. If the Countess Yolande would speak about it,—would she listen to me if I asked her?

BABETTE [*thoughtfully*]. Well, that is not a bad idea. I will go and ask Fanchette, the maid, if Ma'm'selle Yolande is willing to speak with you. [*Exit* BABETTE.]

JEANNE. It will make father and mother so happy. But oh, I feel so afraid! [*Reenter* BABETTE.]

BABETTE. Ma'm'selle will see you, *petite*. Now, remember to courtesy prettily when she comes. Wait here, and then come and tell me what she says afterward. I must go to the kitchen now.

[*Exit* BABETTE. *Enter* YOLANDE *and after her* JEAN, *with a book. On seeing* JEANNE, *he takes a seat quietly and is soon absorbed in reading.* JEANNE *does not see him.*]

YOLANDE. Good morning, little one!

JEANNE [*courtesying*]. Good morning, ma'm'selle.

YOLANDE. Fanchette said you wanted to see me.

JEANNE [*twisting the corner of her apron*]. Yes, ma'm'selle.

YOLANDE. Come and have some bonbons, and would you like to see my doll? [*Holding it toward her.* JEANNE *gazes at it in astonishment, and, after several ineffectual attempts, takes it in her arms.*]

YOLANDE. What do you wish of me?

JEANNE. Oh, ma'm'selle, only to tell you about my father. You remember I told you yesterday that my father had hurt his hand cutting wood and had not been able to earn much for a long time?

YOLANDE. Yes, I remember.

JEANNE. Well, last night he said that Maître Rigoux had told him that he must pay the money for the rent by the first of January or he would turn us out. And oh, ma'm'selle, it is our home—we have always lived in the cottage.

YOLANDE. This is very sad. And what do you wish me to do?

JEANNE. If ma'm'selle would only tell her father, the Count, and ask him not to turn us out, perhaps he would not, and oh, ma'm'selle, my father would earn the money and pay it and we would thank you so much.

YOLANDE. I will tell my father as soon as I can. Until then, don't say anything about it to your father and mother.

JEANNE. I will not. Thank you, ma'm'selle. They will be so happy. And they do not know I am speaking with you. You will not forget to tell your father, ma'm'selle?

YOLANDE. He is not yet arrived; but I will not forget, little Jeanne.

JEANNE. Thank you, thank you, ma'm'selle! [*Makes a courtesy and leaves room.*]

JEAN [*jumping up and coming forward*]. Yolande, how delightful! It is just what I was wishing for!

YOLANDE. What is delightful, Jean? Come quickly, and tell me.

JEAN [*coming up to where* YOLANDE *is sitting*]. I have an idea—a secret.

YOLANDE. Oh, delicious! Is it anything about helping our dear little Jeanne? That is what I would most like to hear.

JEAN. Yes, that is just the very thing. You remember I told her that Jean Noel was somewhere about. I thought of it then, but only to take some good things to eat, in a basket, and leave it at the cottage door. *Now,* I think we can do more. I have my Breton costume here, which I wore at the fancy dress ball in Paris. Wouldn't it be fun for me to dress up in it, and act the part of Jean Noel myself? I have just been reading up some of the old Christmas songs in that book, and while Jeanne was talking to you, I made up the whole plan.

YOLANDE. O Jean, that will be splendid!

JEAN. If only papa will allow me. I did not come forward, for I did not wish Jeanne to recognize me. The other day her eyes were so full of tears she scarcely saw me, and then the dress will make a great difference. If papa would only let me take some money for their rent!

YOLANDE. We must both beg him to let us help them, and I do so wish to give Jeanne a warm cloak. What a lovely plan! I wish I could go with you, but that would spoil all. How soon will papa and mamma be here, I wonder? Let us get out your costume and try it on, Jean.

JEAN. Better not, for fear some of the servants might see me in it, and they might talk. We must keep it *quite* secret. We can practice some of the songs, though. Come and play some of the tunes, Yolande, and let us arrange what we can say to papa.

YOLANDE. I'm sure mamma will help us.

JEAN. Well, we will soon know, for here they come. Let us go to meet them. [*Exeunt and reenter shortly with* COUNT *and* COUNTESS, YOLANDE *with her father.*]

COUNT. And so this little visitor of yours wants me to let her father have his cottage rent free, does she? Well, well!

YOLANDE. But, papa, if you had only seen the good little woman. She was so frightened at first she could hardly speak;

but when she thought of her poor parents, she begged so earnestly for you to let them stay in the cottage; and she had such big brown eyes, I am sure you would have promised her anything she wanted—and it will make me *so* happy! [*Laying her cheek against her father's arm.*]

COUNT. But, my dear child, I can't afford to let all my peasants live rent free, and I must not favor one because his little daughter has big brown eyes. I should soon have no home for you, much less any Christmas or New-year's gifts.

YOLANDE. But I don't want any New-year's gift. I have so many things.

COUNTESS. Not the watch you wished for so much.

COUNT. Yes, your mother tells me that you have considered a watch necessary to your happiness.

YOLANDE. I would rather have the money to give Jeanne, papa.

JEAN. And, father, you said I might choose my birthday present, and I want you to allow me two or three hours to do just what I like in.

COUNTESS. Poor boy! He is never allowed to do what he likes.

JEAN. O mamma, I did not mean that, but I will explain: I will put on my fancy Breton costume, go to Jeanne's as Jean Noel, take her the gifts and the money for the rent.

COUNTESS. But I do not like the idea of your going in the cold and dark by yourself, Jean.

YOLANDE. O mamma, nothing will hurt him and we want it *so* much.

COUNT. I will go and inquire about these people and if they are deserving, perhaps some arrangement can be made.

JEAN AND YOLANDE. Oh, thank you very much.

[*Exit* COUNT. *During his absence,* YOLANDE *and the* COUNTESS *help to dress* JEAN *as a Breton peasant boy.*]

YOLANDE. And, mamma, can I not give Jeanne a warm blue cloak? She has none and can not buy one. I can send it by Jean and they will think Jean Noel left it. [*Runs after cloak. Enter* COUNT.]

COUNT. The price of Yolande's watch and of the pony you were to have had, Jean, will be quite enough for the year's rent, I should think. Old Babette says the Briguezs are honest, industrious people, but the accident to Pierre's hand has been

the cause of their poverty this year. [*Giving money to* JEAN.] Baptiste is to go with you, but he will leave you near the cottage, and will be waiting outside with a lantern an hour or two after. He will keep the secret, I am sure.

[*Enter* YOLANDE *with blue cloak for* JEANNE. *She pins it inside the long peasant cloak* JEAN *is to wear.*]

YOLANDE. Don't forget, and take it off, Jean!

JEAN. No fear. I don't suppose they will have much of a fire; I shan't be too warm. Now I must start. Good-bye, mother.

COUNTESS. God bless and protect you, my boy!

YOLANDE. Oh, I am so happy! [*Curtain.*]

SCENE IV. The BRIGUEZS's cottage, PIERRE, MME. BRIGUEZ and JEAN discovered.

PIERRE. It is just beginning to snow again, and it is very cold. We are fortunate to have a roof to shelter us this bitter weather. God help those who are not so well off!

MME. B. If only we had the money for the rent, Pierre! Who knows, but soon we may be out in the cold,—homeless! [*Wiping her eyes with her apron.*]

PIERRE. Don't go to meet misfortune, my dear! It is bad enough when it comes.

JEANNE. But, mother—

PIERRE. Hark! [*Sound of the singing of a Christmas hymn outside.*]

MME. B. Who can it be, out so late, on such a night!

PIERRE [*rising and putting the light in the window*]. That will guide whoever it is!

[*Tap is heard at cottage door.* PIERRE *opens it and discovers* JEAN *dressed in peasant costume, with cornet in hand.*]

JEAN. May I rest here for to-night?

PIERRE. Enter, enter; you are just in time!

JEAN. Thank you! [*Goes to fire. Shivers.*]

MME. B. You are not accustomed to be out in the cold, my lad?

JEAN. No, I do not often visit the hills at this hour. I am fortunate to have fallen in with kind folks.

MME. B. We are only too happy to be able to shelter you. You are just in time for supper. I am about to prepare it. [*Goes over to* PIERRE *and speaks aside to him.*] I feel that this is no common shepherd boy.

PIERRE [*to* MME. BRIGUEZ]. Cook the meat. [*Aloud:*] For we don't often have a guest, and we must treat him to the best we have.

[MME. BRIGUEZ *and* JEANNE *prepare supper.*]

JEAN. How long have you lived in this cottage?

PIERRE. All my life, and my father and grandfather before me.

JEAN. Who is your landlord?

PIERRE. The Count who lives at the chateau up yonder and who owns all the land about here.

JEAN. You must feel quite at home in these parts, if you have always lived here.

PIERRE. Yes, it has been home to us for many long years, but I fear it will be so no longer!

JEAN. How is that?

PIERRE. I am back in my rent, as a result of hurting my hand in wood-chopping, and Maître Rigoux tells me that I must leave if it is not paid soon, as he has another tenant.

MME. B. Supper is ready. [*To* JEAN:] Will you not take off your heavy cloak?

JEAN. No, thank you.

[*They sit down to supper.* MME. BRIGUEZ *helps* JEAN *bountifully, herself sparingly.*]

JEAN. This supper is very good and I am hungry.

MME. B. We are glad you enjoy our simple meal.

PIERRE [*after supper*]. Will you not sing another song for us, like the one you sang outside?

JEAN. Gladly. [*Sings some Christmas carol.*]

MME. B. [*at close of song*]. Pierre, I notice our guest looks tired. I will make him a bed here by the fire.

PIERRE. Yes, and we will leave him to rest.

[*Exeunt* MME. BRIGUEZ, PIERRE *and* JEANNE, *each in turn saying "Good-night."*]

JEAN. Now is my time. [*Slips off cloak and places* JEANNE'S *cloak and the money in the bed prepared for him. Then he slips on his own cloak again, takes hat, and prepares to de-*

part.] Good-night, kind folks! May the money and the little cloak bring happiness to you all! [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. The BRIGUEZS's cottage. Enter MME. BRIGUEZ and PIERRE.

MME. B. [*calling to* JEANNE]. Jeanne! Jeanne! Come, my child, it is time to get up.

PIERRE. Why, wife, our visitor is gone. [*Enter* JEANNE.]

MME. B. He might have waited to say good-bye and thank us, at least. [*Going to cot and pulling off coverlet.*] Why, Pierre! Jeanne! What is this? [PIERRE *and* JEANNE *run to her.* MME. BRIGUEZ *lifts the blue cloak and reads:*] "For Jeanne Briguez." [*Gives cloak to* JEANNE.]

PIERRE. But what is this, also? [*Takes envelope and reads:*] "For Pierre Briguez." [*Opens it.*] "From Jean Noel."

MME. B. The good God has sent an angel to help us!

PIERRE. Yes, yes, indeed; let us be thankful to Him.

JEANNE. Oh, mother, mother, it is what the young Count said! It was really Jean Noel who came to visit us! He flew away in the night; I saw him go with his beautiful white wings, and I thought it was a dream.

MME. B. It seems to me as if we must be dreaming now.

[JEANNE *has busied herself in trying on the cloak. Enter* BABETTE *with basket.*]

BABETTE. Good day. Madame la Comtesse arrived yesterday with Monsieur, and this morning Ma'm'selle Yolande comes running to the kitchen. "Dear Babette," says she, in her pretty way, which would make a stone do anything she wished, "Mamma says you are to get a big basket, and I may put in whatever I like, to send to those folks in the cottage there." "Very well, ma'am'selle," says I, "only please leave something for the dinner!" She flitted here and there, and would have filled half-a-dozen baskets with croquettes and sweet dishes, and such like. At last, I persuaded her to let me put in what I knew would be more useful, and here I am, and pretty heavy the basket is, I assure you. Ouf! [*Sitting*

down and wiping her face. JEANNE *and her mother empty basket and exclaim at the good things.*]

MME. B. But you must know what happened last night. Drink this coffee while I tell you. [*Gives coffee to* BABETTE.] Last night we heard someone singing a Christmas hymn outside, and Pierre put the light in the window. In a little while a tap came at the door and in came a shepherd lad asking to rest here. We gave him supper and he sang for us. I made him a bed by the fire and we left him to sleep. This morning he was gone, but on turning down the covers, we found a blue cloak marked "For Jeanne Briguez," and an envelope for Pierre with money enough to pay the rent, and marked "From Jean Noel." Did you ever hear of such a thing happening before, Babette?

BABETTE. *Heard* of it! Ay, many a time, but it's the first time I ever came across the fact.

PIERRE [*who has been looking out of the window*]. Here come the young Count and Countess Yolande! [*Enter* JEAN *and* YOLANDE.]

MME. B. May God bless you for your kindness, Countess, in sending the basket of good things to us.

YOLANDE. Well, little Jeanne, did not my brother speak truth when he told you that Jean Noel was expected?

JEANNE [*eagerly*]. Ah, ma'm'selle, did *Tante Babette* tell you? [YOLANDE *laughs.*]

MME. B. [*who has been looking earnestly at* JEAN]. Ah, I see now. It was the little Count himself who came, and not Jean Noel at all! How can we thank you, monsieur? [*Seizing his hand and kissing it.*] You have indeed brought happiness to us all, and you, too, ma'm'selle.

JEAN. But stay, my good woman, it was really Jean Noel; that is my name and to-day is my fête. [*Laughing merrily.*]

MME. B. May you always be as happy as you have made us. But your parents, were they not alarmed?

JEAN. No, indeed, it was with their permission I acted my part. Good-bye now, little Jeanne, and do not forget Jean Noel. [*Exit* YOLANDE, *then* JEAN.]

MME. B. Just fancy, Pierre, the little Count himself! To eat our poor food and sleep on our hard bed!

PIERRE. It was the best we had, wife, and he knew that, and

took it as it was offered, bless his good heart! He will be a great man some day. And to sing as he did!

JEANNE [*hesitating*]. But, mother, then it was not an angel after all?

MME. B. I believe the child is quite disappointed! Why, little one, it was the good God put the kind thoughts in his heart, and sent him to us, the same as if he was an angel come down straight from heaven.

[CURTAIN.]

THE MORTIFYING MISTAKE

ANNA M. PRATT.

I STUDIED my tables over and over,
And backward and forward, too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine
And I didn't know what to do,
Till sister told me to play with my doll
And not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a while,
You'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite, Mary Ann
(Though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child
Such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her 'my dear little Fifty-four'
A hundred times, till I knew
The answer of six times nine
As well as two times two.

Next day, Elizabeth Wigglesworth,
Who always acts so proud,
Said: "Six times nine is fifty-two,"
And I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said,
"Now, Dorothy, tell, if you can,"
For I thought of my doll and—sakes alives!—
I answered—"Mary Ann!"

THE NEW WOMAN.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

[From the *New England Magazine*, by permission of the publishers.]

WHO is this little new woman—
This end of the century one?
She is just as sweet and as human
As the oldest one under the sun.
She dotes on an Easter bonnet
And genuine sable and seal,
And she drives a span as well as a man,
And distances him on a wheel.

She sits on the floor demurely,
To button her shoes, in a lurch,
And keeps you waiting as surely
As the last bell is ringing for church.
She cooks your meal to perfection,
For she goes to a cooking school,
And the baby is fed and put to bed
By a mathematical rule.

She dips into sanitation
And the wary plumber outwits,
And there's nothing under creation
She hasn't studied by fits.
She talks of political treason,
Of rights and making of laws,
And she thinks she has plenty of reason
To vaunt of a woman's cause.

But her heart is not any colder,
And her love she'll never deny,
And she'll put her head on your shoulder
Any day for a genuine cry.
She is trying her wings a little,
She is looking where she would go;
But the tenderness of your look or caress
Is as sweet as ever, I know.

And she loves the home nest better,
Where its shelter and peace abide,
For the ruffle and wear and the worry and tear
Of the conflict left outside,
And she'd rather nestle into your arms
And hear your praise to-day
Than that of the crowd and the plaudits loud,
Though she's trying to have her way.

Fear not, for this little "new woman"—
This fin-de-siècle one—
Is just as sweet and as human
As the oldest one under the sun.

ON CRUTCHES.

WILLIAM RUSSELL ROSE.

[From the *Criterion*, by permission of the publishers.]

WHEN I listed, folks all said—
An' I guess they hit it right—
"Jim's so good at raisin' Ned,
Mebbe he's cut out to fight."
So I started, sore but proud—
All alone I took the train.
Say, that differed from the crowd
When they brung me home again
On crutches.

Lawyer Dobson grabbed my hand—
Never knew me 'fore I went;
Said I'd led the Spartan band—
Wonder what in sin he meant;
Then the folks, when they had yelled,
Set me in Josh Hooper's hack.
Tell ye what, my head was swelled
When I came a-limpin' back
On crutches.

Banker Green got off a speech;
Told 'em how I bore the flag,
Fust man through the shattered breach—
Set me blushin' with his brag.
Then he said: "I have a place
Saved for Sergeant Jim to fill,
When he gets his health an' grace"—
Say I nearly had a spill
On crutches.

Parson, too, on Sunday night,
Almos' 'shamed me to the ground;
Called me hero of the fight,
Asked 'em all to wait around.
Chris'mas, how they stayed an' shook!
But ye see, I didn't care
When I caught Myrtilly's look
As I stood a-swayin' there
On crutches.

Somehow we were 'neath the stars,
'Cross the field a-walkin' slow,
When Myrtilly dropped the bars—
"Lean on me," she whispered low.
Lordy, but my heart went fast!
Side by side with 'Tilly there,
Life seemed too dern good to last.
'Cross that field I stumped on air,
Not crutches.

A GOOD NAME MORE DESIRABLE THAN RICHES.

LOUIS B. COLEY.

[From the *Criterion*, by permission of the publishers.]

LITTLE girl 'at lives next door
Never plays wive me,
'Cause she says 'at I don't move
In society.

She wears jes' the finest clothes—
  Cost a lot, I guess—
While the bestest gown I has
  Is a gingham dress.

She has the most b'u'ful hats—
  My! but they is fine;
An' her shoes—I guess they cost
  A dollar more 'n mine.

She has ponies 'at she drives
  Almost ev'ry day,
An' they goes so fast—oo-oo-ooh!
  Takes your bref away.

She is rich, but I jes' bet
  'At she envies me,
'Cause her name is Maggie Smif
  An' mine is Althea Penelope d'Arcy Lee.

LAST TAPS.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

[From the *New England Magazine*, by permission of the publishers.]

CARRY him out and put him away.
  Reveille no more wakes him now;
  We've sounded his last lights out to-day,
And the dust has fallen on lips and brow.
So leave him there, leave him there, resting still,
  With heed no more for retreat or drill.

Lead his horse back to the camp again.
  Lead the beast kindly, for, don't you see,
He frets at the guidance of other men.
  He misses the press of familiar knee,
So lead him back over the glaring sand
  Kindly for sake of the other hand.

Three volleys over the trooper's grave,
And he moved no eyelid at noise of the three.
"Ave" the first, to the soul of the brave,
And the second "God speed" from the Company,
And the last said "Vale," and then we turned
And left him waiting the peace he had earned.

We shed no tear and we make no moan
For the man who has left us, to rest awhile.
We pity him lying there all alone,
We recall old gesture and quiet smile;
But why should we weep for him now, when he
Wanted "lights out" through eternity?

WHAT'S THE GOOD?

HARRY C. WEBBER.

WHAT'S the good o' shinglin'
When there ain't no rain?
What's the good o' pleasin' folks
When 't's easier ter complain?

What's the good o' shoveling
When the sun'll melt the snow?
What's the good ter go yerself
When someun else'll go?

What's the good o' splittin' wood
When yer wife can use the axe?
What's the good o' tellin' truth
When 't's easier stretchin' facts?

What's the good o' ridin'
When cheaper 'tis ter walk?
What's the good o' writin'
When there's no charge for talk?

What's the good o' keepin' house
When ye can bum a meal?

What's the good o' earnin' cash
When easier 'tis ter steal?

What's the good o' breathin'
When it only saves yer life?
Why not have a funeral
An' charge it ter yer wife?

A SLAVE'S AUCTION.

W. A. EATON.

[The incident upon which the following recitation is founded occurred in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday, June 1, 1856. The story and the reason of the sale are given in Mr. Beecher's own words: "There was a girl named 'Pinky,' a fair and beautiful child, who was about to be taken from her grandmother, an old slave that had bought her freedom. Those interested in the girl wrote to me to see if I could purchase her. I replied, 'I can not unless you send her north.' So she was brought here and placed upon this platform. The scene was one of intense enthusiasm, and the child was bought and over-bought. The collection taken on the spot was more than enough to purchase her. It so happened that a lady known to literary fame as Rose Terry was present; and as, like many others, she had not with her as much money as she wanted to give, she took a ring from her hand and threw it into the contribution-box. That ring I took and put on the child's hand and said: 'Now, remember that this is your freedom ring.' Eastman Johnson, the artist, was so interested that he painted her looking at her freedom ring. So the girl was redeemed. I lost sight of her until 1864, when she was at Chief-Justice Chase's, and I received word that she wished to see me. She had changed her name, taking 'Rose,' Miss Terry's first name, and 'Ward,' my middle name, which combined made a very nice name. She wished to become a missionary among her own people, so Plymouth Church raised enough to send her to school at Lincoln University, Washington."]

SUNDAY morning in Plymouth Church,
A rustle of silk or a whispered word,
Though thousands thronged the sacred fane,
Were the only sounds that could be heard.

And heads were bowed in silent prayer,
And a solemn hush fell on them all,
As the preacher mounted the pulpit stair,
And by his side a slave girl, tall.

A quadroon girl, with olive cheek
And a wavy mass of jet-black hair,
Clothed in white, with her hands crossed, meek,
And her bosom heaving as if in prayer.

She was told to loosen the coils of jet,
And her hair fell down like a glittering veil;
A very Venus, she stood as fair
As sculptured marble, though not so pale.

They stood a moment in silence there;
The congregation held their breath.
Crammed to the doors, the house of prayer
Was as quiet as a house of death.

This happened in the slavery days,
When women were sold in public day,
Before the noble president
Had dashed the negroes' chains away.

The preacher spake in gentle tone:
"This girl you see was bought and sold,
Made of your selfsame flesh and bone,
Traded with, bartered, for yellow gold.

"God made of one blood all the earth,
All tribes of men to him belong!
Why should the weak, e'en from their birth,
Be trampled downward by the strong?

"All men are equal in His sight,
He cares for prince and peasant, too.
What matters color, black or white?
The eye of God can look men through!

"This girl was born and bred a slave,
Down South, where bondage holds the sway.
Dreading a fate worse than the grave,
At early morn she ran away,

"Was hunted like a frightened hare,
Was run to earth, was caught and bound,
Tracked, like a wild beast to its lair,
By rifle shot and baying hound.

"She is not black, the faintest tinge
Of color trembles through her veins;
She stands upon the outer fringe,
Yet she must bear the scourge and chains.

"Once more a captive she was sold,
And her new master feared that he
Might lose the value for his gold
If his poor slave girl once got free,

"And so he told her she might go
Northward, where slaves are never found;
For heavenly breezes gladly blow
Around this land, 'tis freedom's ground.

"She came, a suppliant and a slave,
To beg for freedom at your hands,
'Tis yours to pity, yours to save,
And break the captive's burning bands!

"Two thousand dollars, and she goes
Into the world, a woman then,
Rescued from slavery and its woes,
No more a prey to cruel men.

"Need I say more? Remember Him
Who suffered death for you, for me;

A captive, bound and crucified,
That we poor rebels might go free!

"Give what you can, withhold your hand,
And send the slave girl back again!
Publish your shame throughout the land,
She begged for freedom here, in vain!

"I do you wrong. You will not send
Back to her chains this suppliant slave!
Your hearts are true; I see your hands
Are stretched in mercy, strong to save!"

The pastor ceased; the mighty host
Swayed like an aspen in the wind,
Or, like a vessel tempest tost,
Breakers before, and storm behind!

Loud sobs were heard, and tears were shed,
And gold and notes were freely paid;
And ladies took their bracelets off
To save this quadroon captive maid.

And rings and jewels rich and rare,
In truth it was a sight to see,
Until the preacher said, "Enough!
The price is paid, the slave is free!"

Again the pastor's voice outrang:
"Our feelings must have vent, and so
We'll rise and sing!" Ah, how they sang
"Praise God from whom *all* blessings flow!"

THE KNIGHT'S FALSE VOW.

Scene I.

'TWAS all in the leafy month o' June,
When the wild white roses blow,
Sir Rupert rode out in the merrie greenwood;
A-hawking he would goe.

Oh, black as the sloe were his laughing eyes,
His teeth they were like to pearls,
And his plumèd hat was saucily set
O'er his bonnie bright raven curls.

Sir Rupert he tires o' the sport full soon;
He has wandered in idlesse mood
Away from his careless train and gay,
To the cool, green heart o' the wood.
And he dreamily thinks 'twere pleasant to be
A simple forester bold,
And what a brave life was Robin Hood's
In the merrie days of old,

When he sees in his path a maiden fair
In simple country guise;
Her startled eyes are soft as the fawn's,
And blue as the summer skies.
The rose and the lily softly blend
In her dainty cheek so fair,
And bonnie to see are her cherry lips
And ripple o' golden hair.

"Now where are you going, my pretty maid?
Now what is your name, I pray?
Are you queen o' the fairies or woodland sprite?"
Sir Rupert he questioned gay.
"No queen o' the fairies am I, sir knight,
No spirit nor woodland fay,
But only a simple forester's child,
And my name is Mabel May."

"Hast ever a sweetheart, Mabel fair?
Ah, you blush and shake your head.
Why, where are the rustics' hearts and eyes?"
Sir Rupert he laughingly said.
"Let me be your sweetheart, Mabel May!
'Twere pleasant, I trow, for both;
One dainty kiss from these rosy lips
Be the pledge of our plighted troth."

"Nay, touch me not, sir knight!" she said;
"Nay, touch me not, I pray!
Our Lady forbid that a simple maid
Should trifle with gallants gay.
Go back to your true love, Mistress Grace,
Your high-born sweetheart and dear;
My kisses I keep for homelier lips
Than those of Rupert de Vere!"

Sir Rupert bit his lip and frowned:
"Grace Hawkwood is naught to me;
Though I walk and whisper with her at times,
'Tis only in courtesie.
Love levels all ranks, sweet Mabel May,
Love that is tender and true;
And if ever I marry a maid in my life
It shall be only you.

"Then wear this ring for your own sweet sake,
And give me a rose for mine;
The wild white rose you have in your hand,
For a lover's token and sign!"
"Nay, keep your ring, Sir Rupert," she said;
"Such tokens are not for me,
But gin you care for a wild white rose,
Here is one I will give to thee.

"But 'twill fade ere the summer day be gone,
And you'll toss it idly away,
And with it the thought of the careless words
You spoke to Mabel May!"
"Not so, not so," Sir Rupert he cries;
"Though our race be Red-Rose men,
I'll wear your white rose in my hat, dear heart,
Till we two meet again!"

He mounts his steed, and his hand he waves
To that simple maiden dear.
Ah, Mabel May, 'twas a luckless day
You met with Rupert de Vere.
The light and joy of her father's heart,

Her mother's darling and stay,
Never was sweeter or daintier lass
Than bonnie Mabel May.

But why is Mabel so pale of late?
Why so silent and wistful grown?
She carols no longer about the place,
But sitteth brooding alone.
Ever she thinks of a gay young knight,
The gallant Rupert de Vere,
Who's won her at last to hear his vows
And plight him her troth so dear.

For Rupert has pledged his knightly oath:
"My father is old and gray,
And when he has passed to his rest, dear heart,
There'll be none to say me nay.
And, Mabel May, gin I play you false,
Be ruin and death my dole.
If ever I marry a maid but you,
May I perish body and soul!

"But keep our secret awhile, sweetheart,
From every eye and ear,
Or my father will part you, Mabel mine,
From your own true lover dear."
And Mabel she keeps the secret well;
She thinks it were death to part;
For she loves him with all the passionate love
Of her fresh young innocent heart.

They meet by stealth in the summer woods
Under the sun-touched boughs
And linger oft in the twilight sweet
To whisper their tender vows:
And ever she longs for the happy time
When her parents proud shall hear
How Mabel May is to be the wife
Of the gallant Rupert de Vere.

The summer days with their radiant tints
Have faded and paled away;

And the later autumn is stealing on,
With its twilights weird and gray.
And Mabel May, she is fading, too;
She sits apart and sighs,
And gone is the glow of her dainty cheek
And the light of her laughing eyes.

Little think her friends that her cheek is paled
By a burden heavy and sore;
That her eyes are dim with watching in vain
For a lover who comes no more.
One morn they called and sought her in vain,
With wondering faces and wild:
Empty and smooth was the wee white bed
Where she'd slept from a little child.

They sought her here, and they sought her there,
All day until near the dark,
When some tiny children were gathering flowers
By the pool in the little park.
There ghostly and dank in her watery shroud,
A dead girl-woman lay;
And the still white face turned up to the sky
Was the face of Mabel May.

Scene II.

There's feasting at Heron Hall, I wot,
And in Hedingham Tower brave cheer;
For bonnie Maud Tyrrel weds to-day
With the gallant Rupert de Vere.
Never was braver wedding-train
Than that glittering cavalcade,
As it windeth its way to Hordon Church
By woodland thicket and glade.

They bear her litter, the dark-haired Maud,
In her wedding-robes bedight
And there tends her a bevy of bridesmaids fair
Appareled in virgin white;
And there rideth with Rupert threescore friends,

Both proper young knights and tall,
But Rupert de Vere of Hedingham Tower
Is the knightliest of them all.

Before the high altar in Hordon Church
They are standing side by side;
The gallant groom in his manly bloom,
The blushing and lovely bride.
Sir Rupert has taken her hand, to place
On her dainty finger the ring,
When he starteth back with a bitter cry,
Like a stricken guilty thing.

His face is blanched to a deadly white,
Was wont so ruddy to be;
And his twitching mouth and his starting eyes
Are an awesome sight to see.
"Oh, why is her hand so wet and cold?
Oh, why does she clutch me so?
See, her hair is changed to a golden brown,
Was now as black as the sloe!

"To a golden brown, all dripping and dank.
Look, she beckons me hence away!
And her face—O Heaven, that dead white face
Is the face of Mabel May!"
They gather about him with wond'ring looks
And hearts that quiver for fear:
"Sir Rupert, your brain must be distraught,
There is no Mabel here.

"Here's only your true love, Mistress Maud,
Whom you've frightened and startled sore;
Then take you her hand in yours again,
And all will be well once more."
"Nay, keep her from me!" Sir Rupert cries;
"Oh, her eyes are stony and fell!
And there's that in her dank and deathly clasp
Would drag me down to hell!

"What would you here? In the name of God,
What would you, Mabel May?

Hark! she speaks! What horrible words
Are these I hear her say?
'Mabel May, gin I play you false,
Be ruin and death my dole;
If ever I marry a maid but you,
May I perish body and soul!'

"My own words! God, how I gasp! I reel!—
See she beckons me, stern and dumb!
And those horrible eyes are drawing me on.
Mabel, I come, I come!"
He staggers forward a little space,
Then falls by the altar-rail;
When his brothers have lifted his head in fear
His face in death is pale!

Maud Tyrrel's heart was broken, they say,
In her gloomy convent-cell.
Ever she prayed for his guilty soul
Whom she loved so well, so well!
And 'tis said that still in the little park
There walks, in the twilight gray,
A weeping figure in ghostly white
That once was Mabel May.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

SHE lay upon the couch—the prisoner queen,
The peerless one of majesty—so grand!
Still haughty, proud, of old disdainful mien,
That ever proud his lineage to command.
Her glorious eyes were sunken, dim with tears,
And marks of anguish deep their lines had made;
But not for her were woman's woeful fears,
Nor at approach of man to be afraid.

"Here, minion, here; I fain would seek my bath.
The perfumed waters calm and soothe my brow.
A time at least be deaf to Pluto's wrath

That rage portends; but ne'er to conquer bow.
My reign is o'er; within the darkened tomb
Where lies my king—my Antony—in sleep,
Beside him there, in silence and in gloom,
I long to be, but never humbled—weep.

"What! I, a queen of Egypt's gifted land,
Upon whose brow flash gems of untold worth,
To bow my head at mortal's cold command?
I, Cleopatra, of a godlike birth!
What! I to bow, to whom has homage given,
A Cæsar great, and Antony so strong?
The bonds of life may from my soul be riven,
But never I to kiss the hand of wrong.

"Go bring me here the fruit my faithful slave
Brought safe this morn, unseen by spying eye,
A gift more prized no god to mortal gave;
Their hellish plots I now can all defy.
Within its hidden depths of fig-leaves green
There dwells relief from every pang I feel,
A sleeping asp, 'neath dark and shadowed screen,
Whose calming languor through my veins shall steal.

"Ah! now I make thee do thy duty well
Upon the arm whose flesh is warm and soft,
Whose warm caresses words may never tell
My Antony has tested more than oft;
But now all gone—my kingdom and my king,
And I a prisoner, doomed to prisoner's fate;
Prayers to Olympus succor can not bring
To her who surges with the thrills of hate.

"The poison germs are stealing through my form,
A soothing calm is tingling through my frame.
Ah, little friend! thy duty well perform;
No shame shall come to Cleopatra's name.
What, ho, ye minions! haste to Cæsar's side,
And tell him that his vengeance he hath lost,
That Cleopatra like a queen hath died—
Hath sought the shades—nor fearing what it cost.

" My handmaid, here; your hand upon my brow;
The death-dews thicken, sight hath eyes no more;
I hear the barque, my lover at the prow;
He waits for me to row me safely o'er.
What now to me is kingdom, wealth or gold?
I am so languid—life is but a dream—
Ah, me! this darkness—Antony, I'm cold!
I come, my love, nor fear the Stygian stream."

In rushed the soldiers! Cæsar, too, as well!
And there she lay, so passionless and pale;
While on her arm the asp, as records tell,
That oped for her the dark and shadowy vale;
While weeping maidens stood in sorrow clad
For her, their queen, now gone from mortal sight;
While stern, dark faces to the picture add
A crowning gloom to scene as dark as night.

Sleep, Cleopatra, beautiful and proud,
Thy fierce, wild passions proved thy veriest curse.
So cold thou liest, a kingdom for a shroud;
No wish have we thy memory to asperse.
Thy glorious eyes shall ever live in song,
Thy form voluptuous e'er in history live,
Thy varied charms shall to the past belong,
While oft a sigh for fate so sad we give.

ONE OF CHRIST'S LITTLE ONES.

IT was at dusk of an autumn day,
That one of Christ's little ones threaded her way
Through the crowded streets of the city's din.
The clothes about her were ragged and thin;
The little face peeped from the hood so torn,
And, like the old clothes, it was weary and worn.
Thousands and thousands passed the way
That the little one took going home that day;
The minister, dressed in his good warm clothes,

Passed her right by. How little he knows,
When he prays for white robes his people to clad,
That one of Christ's lambs wanders naked and sad.

Hundreds of children, by baptism given
To the good Shepherd who waiteth in heaven,
Sunday-school children who often rehearse
"Suffer the children"—that dear little verse—
All passed on their way; not one of them knew,
That she was one of Christ's little ones, too.
Not long ere the little girl passed from sight,
Into an alley—where even the light
Was ashamed to be found, and just gave one peep
In the early dawn when the rich were asleep;
Then up a rude staircase the tired feet sped,
And she threw herself down on an old straw bed.

Down her pale cheeks fell the tears, one by one,
As she said to herself: "Why, what have I done
That I am a beggar, with my clothes all torn,
My feet so cold, so weary, so worn,
Tramping the streets from morning till night,
For a few little pennies to buy me a bite?"
But the childish grief was soon forgot,
For that sad little one, though she knew it not,
With tears in her eyes had fallen asleep,
And angels were watching, Christ's foundling to keep.
Yes, angels had come up those old back stairs,
And over Christ's little one watched unawares.

Sweet is the sleep of children, I ween,
In their warm little cribs, their faces just seen,
When nestled above the clothes tucked so tight,
With a kiss on the cheek of a mother's "Good night."
But prettier far looked that dear little head,
When angels pillowed the old straw bed.
The morning gray through the dingy glass
Stole its faint rays—the night had passed.
The beggar girl woke: "Oh, mother dear!
Do you know somebody's been here?

Two smiling ones; they were dressed in white,
And round their heads they wore wreaths of light!

"They came in this room and they didn't seem hurt,
When their dresses swept through the sand and dirt;
And they passed not by like the ladies in town,
Holding their clothes lest they'd touch my gown.
And, mother, they bade me not beg to-day,
They are coming to-night to take me away.
They live in a place where the streets are all gold,
Where the children's feet never ache with the cold.
And they have to cross a river so wide,
For the city is built on the other side.
On their wings they'll carry me all the way,
So I'll not be tired, you know, to-day!

"They told me we'd pass through a pearly gate,
But I thought outside I'd have to wait,
For, mother, my clothes are all tattered and thin,
And I could not think they would let me in!
But the smiling ones said that a dress of white
Would be waiting for me when they came to-night."
And the little one waited, but not in vain,
For, true to their promise, the angels came.
Through the dark alley they softly stepped,
While weary workers soundly slept,
And they took from those haunts of woe and sin,
One of Christ's little ones home to Him.

OLD DOBBIN.

WILL L. KEESE.

I SEE old Dobbin through the fence. How weak he looks and old!

His hair is falling off in spots; he feels the damp and cold. He hangs his head, his step is slow. 'Tis plain enough to see His thirty years are more to him than fifty are to me.

I call to mind the colt he was, and how I broke him in.
Whew! how he kicked and pranced and plunged. 'Twas
doubtful which would win;
But I was young as well as he, and would not be denied,
And since, he's been as safe a nag as man would wish to ride.

He never lacked in spirit, nor in steadiness, nor speed.
Many's the time his willing feet have answered urgent need;
When every moment was a gain to fleeting human breath,
He knew what precious minutes meant and so defeated death.

Then, in my happy courting days, he knew the very night
That I would swing the stable door and greet him with de-
light.
He knew the girl I loved was waiting far away and fair.
He seemed to say: "'Twill not be long before I take you
there!"

Then on my wedding-day he stood with others at the church.
No doubt he thought for just that once I left him in the
lurch.
One face, one form, that day of days, was all that I could see.
I did not think of Dobbin, then, whate'er he thought of me.

And when the years had brought their grief, and I learned
joy's reverse,
He drew the little ones and me behind the gloomy hearse.
I can not say that he divined how lonely was my lot;
But since he has not been the same; I know that I have not!

And so, through gladness and through grief, old Dobbin has
been near.
No wonder that he looks so old when I have grown so sere.
I know full well that fifty years is youth to many men.
'Tis not the years, but that my heart has reached threescore
and ten.

So, while I live, his failing life shall naught but comfort know;
Old Dobbin, for his faithful love, shall ne'er feel rein or blow.
The best of oats, the sweetest hay, the field to wander free,
Shall all be his,—a poor return for all he's been to me!

WHAT VACATION IS.

H. C. DODGE.

IT'S planning for a month ahead, and purchasing with care
Gray flannel shirts and blazer coats and scarfs and things to wear;
Then with a racket and a bag and lots of fine cigars
You say good-bye, and off you rush to catch the boat or cars.

It's stepping in a boarding-house and feeling rather strange
While with the older boarders furtive glances you exchange;
But soon you get acquainted, and a maiden you select
With whom to flirt and fall in love—in case she don't object.

It's playing tennis with the girls, and lots of silly talk,
And taking with your chosen one a lovely moonlight walk,
And rowing with her on the lake, and hunting flowers wild,
And dancing with her at the hops, and being more beguiled.

It's feeling like a millionaire and spending money free—
Without a thought of afterward—for anything you see.
It's getting rid of business cares and troubles of the town
And putting on your happy face a healthy hue of brown.

It's being just in Paradise that hasn't any end,
With oh! the sweetest angel you devotedly attend,
And falling heads and ears in love—then suddenly you know
But one more day of bliss is left ere back in town you'll go.

It's spending the last evening in a silent sorrow sweet,
Alone with her, and promising to write and often meet.
Too soon the awful moment comes when you and she must part,
And woefully you board the cars—broken in purse and heart.

It's feeling simply wretched when you strike the dusty town
To bear again the burdens that you for a while laid down;
And for a week you dream about the Paradise you've lost,
Till all at once you realize the fortune it has cost.

It's going without dinners, and all other pleasures, too,
And trying hard to borrow so you're able to pull through
While paying for your summer fun that brought you into debt,
And writing her long letters—that she hasn't answered yet.

BERURIA.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH BY ELSIE M. WILBOR.

THE sun was setting o'er Mount Zion's top.
It was the Sabbath day. Beruria,
The wife of Rabbi Meir, wept bitterly
Beside two bodies pale and cold in death.
For God, who with a breath can snap in twain
The branch to which we desperately cling,
Had robbed her of her boys, two lovely lads,
And twins of ten. With sobs and laughter, crazed,
She made the walls ring out with sounds of grief,
And bathed with tears their still and lifeless forms.

But suddenly she paused, struck by a thought:
Their father! oh, their father soon would come!
When he returns with smiles and hears such sobs,
How if he guesses that, above his roof,
The dark death-angel has outspread his wings,
And that his boys for an eternal night
Have fall'n asleep and have not said farewell,
While he was teaching from God's Holy Word!

Beruria, then, in one long, last embrace,
Clasped close the golden heads of her two boys,
And, murm'ring low, she knelt and on the bed
Were once within her arms when new-born babes
They twittered, like young birds, their evening song,
She laid her two sons down, with breaking heart.
And o'er their marble brows a white sheet spread;
Then, praying, sat to wait that dread return.

At sunset, when at last the Rabbi came,
The mother, paling not, girded her strength,
And offered to her spouse the Sabbath cup.
He kissed his wife; one moment gazed on her,
Asked for his boys. "Are they not at the church?"
Beruria asked. "No, wife, they are not there."
"But, husband, are you certain?" still she urged.
"I left there scarce an hour ago." "Well, then,
They must be in some poor man's hut," said she.
"God grant them length of days; their souls are fair
As is your face!" the Rabbi said, rejoiced.

Beruria, daring not to raise her eyes,
Prepared the meal in silence; for her love
Shrank back in pity from his happiness.
When he had read the prayers, with gentle voice
His wife spoke timidly and said: "Just now
A heavy load of care oppresses me.
I need your counsel; you, strong soul, you, man
Of reason, Rabbi, you can counsel me!"
"Speak, wife!" "Then listen without fear," she said.

"A stranger, once, into my open hands
A sacred trust did give—two diamonds—
And left me confident. Ten years have passed;
The lustrous diamonds, admired, caressed,
Have daily charmed me with their pure white rays.
I thought I ne'er should have to give them up;
I thought them mine, in my excess of hope!
But now, alas! the stranger has returned;
He claims his jewels back, and I, my lord,
Do hesitate. Must I give up these gems
I love so well?" "Return the gems! Return
The jewels!" cried the Rabbi, in amaze;
"For wouldst thou steal what was entrusted thee?"
Then said the mother, filled with courage, "Look!"
And straight threw off the covering from the bed;
"Look on this bed, my husband, dearly loved;
I have returned to God the precious gems,
The jewels loaned to me, which now He claims!"

AULD DADDY DARKNESS.

JAMES FERGUSON.

AULD Daddy Darkness creeps frae his hole,
Black as a blackamoor, blin' as a mole.
Stir the fire till it lowes, let the bairnies sit;
Auld Daddie Darkness is no' wantit yet.

See him in the corners hidin' frae the licht,
See him at the window gloomin' at the nicht;
Turn up the gas-licht, close the shutters a',
An' Auld Daddy Darkness will flee far awa'.

Awa' to hide the birdie within its cosy nest,
Awa' to lap the wee flooers on their mither's breast,
Awa' to loosen Gaffer Toil frae his daily ca',
For Auld Daddy Darkness is kindly to a'.

He comes when we're weary to wean's frae our waes,
He comes when the bairnies are gettin' aff their claes,
To cover them sae cosy an' bring bonnie dreams.
So Auld Daddy Darkness is better than he seems.

Steek yer een, my wee tot, ye'll see Daddy then;
He's in below the bed-claes, to cuddle ye he's fain;
Noo nestle in his bosie, sleep and dream yer fill,
Till wee Davie Daylicht comes keekin' owre the hill.

A PLAY OF FAN-CY.

MARY STEEVENS FARRAND.

A Japanese Drill for Any Number of Girls.

SELECT twenty young ladies, misses and children, giving attention to the fact that they should be naturally graceful and possessed of some personal beauty, as that is an important factor in stage-settings. This group of twenty

should be made up of eight young ladies as nearly of a height as possible, to be placed on the back row, the second row to be composed of six young misses, the third row of four children; the last row of two should be quite small children. This arrangement, if the members of the group are disposed of as in the following diagram, will describe a fan:

It is also necessary that the rows should be made up of even numbers, as many of the figures require that neighbors should be partners. All must be attired in Japanese costumes, hair arranged in Japanese style, and Japanese fans used, care being taken to dress the feet daintily, as some of the figures require steps that display them. The music should be an arrangement of airs from "The Mikado." A good accompanist—that is, one who not only is a musician but accustomed to playing for dancing—should accompany the figures with these selections given in 4/4 time. The musician and the accompanist should be such as can take the score of "The Mikado" and arrange the airs suitably; if possible, have a couple of violins with the piano. In practising for the drill, it is well to precede the figures with a series of Delsarte relaxing movements, in order to get grace and suppleness. Also give a few lessons in holding the fan. It should be held with the thumb toward the person, the fingers on the outer side. In the following figures, I will describe the manner in which the attitude should be taken and the length of time they occupy. I begin, assuming that those taking part are standing as illustrated in the diagram. After the figures are learned, call them off, using the terms in italics:

1. *First Position.*—Fan held directly in front of the figure at the waist-line, spread out to full extent.

2. *Fan.*—A long, slow, sweeping motion of the arm to the right and back to the waist, keeping the elbow even at the extreme limit slightly curved. This figure takes sixteen beats of the music, or four measures.

3. *Left Shoulder.*—Fan placed on left shoulder, the middle of the fan coming directly under the left ear, head turned to the right, eyes looking off. This figure takes eight beats or two measures.

4. *Right Shoulder.*—Fan placed with the tip on right shoulder so that the fan, so to speak, is between self and neighbor, fully spread out, head turned to the left. Time: Eight beats or two measures.

Repeat the last two figures.

5. *Wave.*—In the last figure the fan is poised on the right shoulder; bring it down, sweeping to the left at waist-line, turn over, sweep to the right. This figure, if taken correctly, describes the figure eight, thus, ∞. Time: Sixteen beats or four measures. This, like all of these motions, should be taken with slow, gliding movements.

6. *Affection.*—Place fan directly under the chin, turning the face to, and looking at, neighbor who is your partner; in turning the face incline the head. Time: Four beats.

7. *Comparison.*—Extend fan to partner as though comparing. Time: Four beats.

Repeat the last two figures.

8. *Disdain.*—All turn heads to left, placing fans on right shoulder as in Figure 4. Time: Eight beats.

9. *Under left arm.*—Turn figure obliquely to the right, left arm raised, shading eyes with hand, fan placed well under left arm; bend the torso well to the right. Time: Eight beats. This figure is extremely pretty if gracefully executed.

10. *Shoulder Fan.*—Place on right shoulder as in Figures 4 and 8, left hand placed on hip. Time: Eight beats.

Repeat the last two figures.

11. *Wave.*—Described under Figure 5.

12. *Kneel.*—Drop on one knee, facing partner, fans under chins. Be careful in taking this figure that those who turn to the right shall drop on the left knee, those who turn to the left drop on the right knee; this is in order that the knee that

is not bent may be away from the audience. Time: Eight beats.

13. *Comparison.*—Retaining the kneeling posture, repeat Figure 7.

14. *Affection.*—Still kneeling, repeat Figure 6.

15. *Comparison.*—Still kneeling, repeat Figure 13.

16. *Fan.*—Still kneeling, fan neighbor. Time: Sixteen beats. Motion slow and graceful.

17. *Circles.*—Rise and, as you rise, sweep the fan in a circle in front of you; that is, up, above the head-line, around to the left, down, back to right, swaying figure forward. This figure takes one measure for each circle; after the second beat sway the torso forward. There should be four circles in this figure.

18. *Coquetry.*—Place both hands on the hips, the right holding fan well spread out. Time: Four beats.

19. *Steps.*—Retaining the same position, extend the right foot obliquely forward, bending the knees and looking at foot; then obliquely backward in the same way looking at foot. The same way with the left foot. Time: Sixteen beats. These steps should be taken with stately grace.

20. *Dance.*—Retaining the same position of the hands, take a few dancing steps with right and left feet alternately, looking at the audience. The accompanist should quicken the time a little for this figure.

Repeat the last two figures.

21. *Courtesy.*—Courtesy low, raising fan obliquely to the right just above head-line; come back to position with hands on hips; courtesy again in same manner, bringing fan back to Figure 1. Time: Four measures.

22. *Concealment.*—Raise fan vertically, fully spread, so as to conceal the face. Time: Two beats. Draw fan down just below the eyes, looking coquettishly over. Time: Two beats. Repeat.

23. *Close to the Right and Left.*—Close fan, placing on right shoulder; hold with both hands, inclining head and torso to the right; the same to the left. Time: Two measures.

24. *Wave with Noise.*—The same as Figures 5 and 11, excepting that as the fan has been closed in the preceding figure, it is opened quickly and noisily for this one.

25. *First Position.*—Fan brought directly in front of torso,

fully spread; bow twice to audience. Time: Three measures, one for the first position, and one for each bow.

26. *Piquancy.*—Fan fully spread, held sideways between the face and the audience, so that one end is down, the other up. Time of poise: Two measures. Now move to the right, glancing over fan, one-half measure of music; move the fan to the left one-half measure, move to the right one-half measure, to the left one-half measure. Time for entire figure: Four measures.

27. *Arrogance.*—Fan fully spread, placed directly back of the head, one tip resting on the upper back, the other above the head; left hand on hip. Time: Two measures.

28. *Under Left Arm.*—This figure has been described under Figure 9.

Repeat Figures 27 and 28.

29. *Circles.*—Described under Figure 17.

30. *Examination.*—Right arm extended at the side, fan fully spread; retain a slight curve at the elbow; examine critically. Time: Two measures.

31. *Coquetry.*—Described under Figure 18.

Repeat Figures 30 and 31.

32. *Steps.*—Described under Figure 19.

33. *Dance.*—The same as Figure 20.

34. *Courtesy.*—Courtesy low to audience, raising fan obliquely to the right of the head-line; repeat; after rising from this obeisance, keep the fan up in its position to the right of the head, so as to have in readiness for the next figure. Time for both courtesies: Two measures.

35. *Descending Curves.*—Drop the fan slowly from its raised position, sweeping around to the left head-line; sweep back; repeat this motion four times; the figure is diagramed thus, U. Time: Two measures.

36. *Waiting.*—Fan on the right side of head, so as to shade the eyes; bend the torso obliquely to the right, looking out from under the fan. Time: Two measures.

37. *Examination.*—The same as Figure 30.

Repeat Figures 36 and 37.

38. *Listening.*—Bring the fan slightly toward the torso after the last figure; raise the left hand to the ear in an attitude of listening, bending the head and the torso to the left, slightly forward. Time: Two measures.

39. *Waiting.*—Described under Figure 36.

Repeat Figures 38 and 39.

40. *Looking Backward.*—Extend right arm backward, holding the fan well out; look at it attentively. Time: Two measures.

41. *Astonishment.*—Bring the fan forward, both hands raised, right holding fan, the left hand vertical. Time: One measure.

42. *Supine.*—Lower both hands, right holding the fan, the left supine, looking down. Time: One measure.

43. *Supplication.*—Drop on left knee, facing the audience, the hands and eyes raised in supplication. Time: Three measures.

44. *Circles.*—Already described. Be careful that the pupils rise easily, beginning the circles immediately. Time: Four measures.

45. *Playful.*—Advance the right foot and arm obliquely to the right, holding the fan on a line with the head, the left hand on the hip; bend the torso. Time: Two measures.

46. *Bashful.*—Right foot in the same position; turn the face away to the left, concealing with the fan. Time: Two measures.

Repeat Figures 45 and 46.

47. *Repellent.*—Draw the right foot back to place, face still turned to the left; use the fan on a line with the face, moving with dignity and scorn. Time: Four measures.

48. *Gossip.*—Partners incline their heads together, holding the fans so as to conceal the faces; buzz a little behind them. Time: Two measures.

49. *First Position.*—Take the first position of the fan; bow twice to the audience. Time: Three measures.

50. *Finale.*—Place the hands on the hips, the right holding the fan outspread; march off the stage, the front row starting; leave the stage in the form of a figure eight, thus ∞

This drill does not occupy more than fifteen minutes. The figures are so arranged that the attitudes and motions blend into each other in perfect symmetry and time. The movements should all be taken with a slow, easy grace.

A GENTLEMAN, while in church, intending to scratch his head, in a fit of mental absence reached over into the next pew and scratched the head of an old maid. He discovered his mistake when she sued him for a breach of promise.

A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

SHE sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four.
Her feet, in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good; she had promised,
And so, with her big, brown eyes,
She stared at the meeting-house windows
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey-bees
Droning away at the blossoms
That whitened the cherry-trees;
She thought of a broken basket
Where, curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies with fringy ears
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet.
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger-tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child,"
As each one waked from a nap;
But the dear, wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.

THE RACE AT DEVIL'S ELBOW.

JAMES BUCKHAM.

[From the *Youth's Companion*, by permission of the author and the publishers.]

DEVIL'S ELBOW was clean gone wild!
Men and women were in the street,
Shouting, crying! And why? A child,
Toddling down with uncertain feet,
Came to the river-bluff, and—"Ho!
See it yon, where the tide runs black?"
(Wee white face, like a puff of snow.)
"Quick! a lariat! Now stand back!"
Buckskin Pete made a fling as straight
As an arrow's flight—but it fell too late.
The little tossed hands and golden head
Sank from sight ere the loop had sped.
Hoarse lamenting and weeping sore
Rose from the crowd on the beetling shore.

Swift the current and deep the gorge,
Glooming down to the Devil's Leap.
Knotted muscle from mine or forge,
Vain would battle the current's sweep.
Never a boat, though its stuff were stout,
But the rocks would batter it inside out.
Little hope for the babe, unless—
Tossed and buoyed in the Father's hand,
Stayed, perhaps, by its bit of dress—
Someone rode to the bridge that spanned
The gorge at the Devil's Leap, and stopped
The tiny innocent, ere it dropped
Into the roaring gulf of surge,
Over the cataract's awful verge!

Who should do it, must do it soon!
Every man to his saddle sprang.
Off they went like a jangling tune—
The hoofs and the spurs and the bridles rang.

Four miles down by the river's crook,
Six miles round by the rocky trail.
Figure it out by guess or by book,
Which of the racers were like to fail?
Horse against current—a ten-mile gait,
We'll say, to the river's seven or eight.
Close enough, when it's life and death—
Not much muscle to spare, or breath!

First and foremost rode Reckless Dan.
No one thought of him, at the start.
No one dreamed that his heart could plan
A rescue—nay, dreamed that he *had* a heart!
Always first in the fight and brawl,
Always last at the dance or spree,
With a sneer, or a curse, or a blow for all,
Not a friend in the world had he.
None? Not a *human* friend, indeed;
But ne'er was a closer bond than drew
The heart of the plainsman to his steed
And the heart of the horse to the master, too.

One by one fell the field behind,
Till Dan's gray horse was without a mate.
His long mane flew in his own speed's wind,
And he seemed to know he was matched with fate.
Neck and muzzle stretched out in line;
Ears, like arrow-tips, pricking back;
Nostrils red as the new-pressed wine—
So he galloped along the track.
Not a man of them in the race,
Save Reckless Dan! Will he brave it through?
Think you, his heart has some human grace?
Deep in the core, is it warm and true?
Well, while they doubted, on he flew!
After him floated the choking dust,
Under him glided the narrow trail.
Beat the river, he would and must.
When did he ever try and fail?

Thirty minutes and round the bend
Flashed his horse, like a streak of gray.
Now for a straight course to the end.
Hold the pace, and life wins the day!
Foam on the flank, and foam on the lip;
Nostrils crimsoned with oozing blood;
Heaving girth, and a trembling hip—
Yea—but think of the racing flood!
Down they swept by the sandstone bluff.
Dim grew the rocky trail and rough.
Still they thundered along the pass,
Like storm-wind bowing the summer grass.
Forty minutes—the bridge in sight,
Spanning the gorge with a web of light!
Rails agleam in the slanting sun,
Rods and cables like silver spun.

Out of the saddle sprang Reckless Dan,
Just where the network of steel began.
Not a moment he paused to think,
But ventured out from the dizzy brink,
Step by step, on the narrow ties,
Scanning the river with eager eyes.
Suddenly, stooping, with trembling haste
He fastened the lariat round his waist,
Tied it fast to an iron beam,
And swung out over the rushing stream.
Up the river, had flashed in sight
A bit of flotsam all gleaming white!
Ere it should pass, there was life and hope;—
Down he slipped on his swaying rope.

Saved! but they drew them up half dead,
Man and child, from the whirlpool's grasp,—
Close to Dan's bosom, the golden head
Strained in his tight, convulsive clasp.
Saved! and the cañon rang again
With the joyful shouts of the rough-garbed men.
"Hooray!" they cried, "for Reckless Dan!
His heart's big enough for any man!"
Aye, big enough and warm enough,

Like many another in the rough.
God sets a child in the midst—and lo!
Man's inhumanity melts like snow.

THE STORY OF A LITTLE RED HEN.

S. E. EASTMAN.

THIS is the story my grandmother told,
One day when the wind and the weather were cold.
You have read it before, perhaps dozens of times.
Will you hear it again in the simplest of rhymes?
"Who'll sift the flour?" cried the little red hen;
"We need some more bread."
"I w-o-n'-t, I w-o-n'-t," all the rest of the ten
Quite lazily said.
"Well, then, I will!" To the pantry she went
That very same hour,
And merrily sang, on her task still intent,
Till she sifted the flour.

"Who'll stir in the yeast?" cried the little red hen,
"And who'll knead the bread?"
"I won't, I won't," all the rest of the ten
Rather angrily said.
"Well, then, I will," and she worked so fast
That the loaf looked light,
When placed in its shining pan at last,
To rise through the night.

"Who will kindle the fire?" cried the little red hen;
"Who'll bake the bread?"
"I won't, I won't," all the rest of the ten
Quite sullenly said.
"Well, then, I will," and she wiped the dust
Till the oven was clean;
And the loaf, when baked, had the nicest crust
That ever was seen.

"Now the work is done," cried the little red hen,
"Who'll eat the bread?"
"I will, I will," all the rest of the ten
Very eagerly said.
"No, indeed, you won't, as you've said before;
I'll eat it myself,"
And she left the loaf, after locking the door,
On the closet shelf.
Then the nine who'd been lazy and sullen and cross
Went up to the attic and wept o'er their loss.

FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS.

FIVE little brothers set out together
To journey the livelong day.
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried away, away!
One big brother and three quite small,
And one wee fellow no size at all.
The carriage was dark and none too roomy,
And they could not move about;
The five little brothers grew very gloomy,
And the wee one began to pout,
Till the biggest one whispered: "What do you say?
Let's leave the carriage and run away."
So out they scampered, the five together,
And off and away they sped!
When somebody found that carriage of leather,
Oh, my! how she shook her head.
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as everyone knows,
And the five little brothers were five little toes.

MAN is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate—
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows, that walk by us still.

THE BANQUET.

MARY AGNES TINCKER.

(From "Aurora," by permission of the author.)

A Study in Word-Painting.

A BANQUET-HALL in a palace; drapery between open columns, with glimpses of a garden, fountains and birds; a faint breeze; a marble floor and marble walls that reflect like mirrors; a great arch leading out to an open court and stair; a table spread with wines and with fruits, and glittering with plate.

Is all ready? All is ready. Is there a speck on fruit, a mote in wine, a grain of dust, or a rose-leaf even fallen on the damask cloth? The fruit has been guarded from the flower, every sunbeam tempered to its needs, and no wind allowed to touch it but a nursing, rocking breeze. The wine is strained, till it is clearer than the jewels of the East; and a snowflake on the damask were a stain.

Does the music wait their coming? Every player holds his breath above the string or the key, and the leader listens with his bâton raised. At the first advancing murmur, the rustle and the laughter, all the perfumed air will turn into a song.

But what darkens on the glistening marble floor? What shadow grows within the mirrored arch? A vision of a man with outstretched hand,—quivering, dim, gigantic, clothed in rags. Motionless, yet quivering, he stands, with the keen, voracious quiver of a flame.

O Lazarus, thou Samson of to-day! Round the pillars of my joy let not thy despairing prayers clasp their strength and bring down judgment on my head. O awful poverty! Poison of all ills, extracted and condensed, charity and faith corroding, till even hope becomes a leper, and love's heart strikes with every beat a thorn! O thou shadow of the beggar at my gate! 'Tis the hell that man has made makes thee quiver on the wall as its gnawing flame devours thee flesh and soul.

But one steadfast ray I see in the tremor and the dark. 'Tis the steadfast eyes of Christ looking through thine at me!

OBLIGING HIS LANDLADY.

CHARLES D. HICKMAN.

A Monologue for a Man.

CHARACTER: FRANK GAMMON.

SCENE: An apartment; small mirror, slippers, shaving utensils handy; assistant behind scenes, with squeaker, to imitate cry of baby. Enter FRANK GAMMON, with hat, bag, and umbrella, speaking off as he enters.

With pleasure, Mrs. Grunter; you may depend upon me. [*Putting down bag, etc.; taking off boots, and putting on slippers.*] One must oblige one's landlady sometimes, especially when one is not in the habit of taking down one's rent on the exact date when due. Mrs. Grunter has generally to come *up* for my rent—or for *her* rent, as she says, though I am constantly explaining to her that nothing is one's own, till one gets it. Its invariably nothing *she* gets, when she ascends for the rent. Had I a receipt for each occasion on which I have paid her nothing—but there, some day she shall be paid in full. Taking everything into consideration, it may prove to my advantage to carry out her instructions to the best of my ability—as all persons of no ability invariably observe when undertaking a commission. Having to go out for half-an-hour, my landlady has left everything in the house to my care, including a baby, at present peacefully slumbering in the next room. I had misgivings as to my infant-minding powers, but Mrs. Grunter assured me, on her word of honor as a gentlemen—I mean—well, she assured me, the baby would not disturb me, if I did not disturb the baby. A most remarkable infant, according to the mother's testimony, and a mother's testimony as to her child's worth should be believed—though it very often isn't. *My* mother used to tell everyone I was a little angel; but nobody personally acquainted with me believed it. On the contrary, everyone said I was a noisy little brat. The only relative who never seemed to mind being present at my head-splitting, ear-drumming, constitution-destroying, but otherwise artistic performances on the tea-tray, was old Aunt Susan. True, she was deaf and dumb, poor old soul, but still—anyhow, Mrs. Grunter says her child always sleeps soundly, and never wakes

till called. Such sleeping powers in one so young should be fully admired. Then, she requested me to open the door should anyone call. Should anybody knock or ring, I presume she meant, for she could hardly expect a gentleman—"poor, but a gentleman still"—to open the door in answer to a call. Now, I'll take a quiet peep—who ever heard of a noisy peep?—at baby; for if I carry out her instructions carefully, Mrs. Grunter may postpone her rent-seeking ascension for a day or two. In that case, she won't be put to the trouble of descending—in possession of my weekly promise to pay in a day or two—for a day or two. Now for a quiet peep at baby.

[*Walks cautiously toward door; suddenly loud postman's knock; he starts.*] Confound it, that's sure to wake him. [*Listens.*] No—wonderful child! [*Knock repeated.*] Now may all the plagues—stop, I quite forgot; there's no one but me to take in the letters. Fancy, a house minus a letter-box. [*Exit and reenter with letter; reads address.*] "Frank Gammon, Esq." Yes, that's me—at least, Frank Gammon is, the *E-s-q.* is rather superfluous—looks well, though; and being a gentleman—"poor, but a gentleman still"—as I just now observed—[*Knock.*] Hullo! another knock to answer. If this goes on I shall be "poor, but a gentleman *never* still." [*Exit; pause; reenter.*] A lady, evidently from the Emerald isle, with draught excluders for sale. I told her I seldom exclude a draught, and never when it happens to be on a bank. Now for my letter. I wonder from whom it is. Let me see; I wrote to my old Uncle Joe, whose heir I am—or hope to be—for fifty dollars on account. I expect this is a reply, saying "on no account." And yet I don't think it's Uncle Joe's writing. Ah! I also wrote to my friend Jack Du Fatte, the actor, requesting him to forward an order for the Catcall Theatre where he is at present playing the fourth low-comedy part. It may be from him. [*Opens letter.*] Yes; it is. [*Reads:*] "Gammon, dear boy." There; how nice to receive a letter from a public character, commencing in so friendly—not to say chummy—a manner. [*Reads:*] "Gammon, dear boy, can you oblige me with a loan of a few dollars? I am short of make-up." Make-up—oh, I know, that's rouge, and powder and paint. Well, Jack has certainly plenty of *cheek* to put it on. [*Reads:*] "I could not send you an order before—"—"before" underlined—"but though a trifle behind"—

"behind" underlined—"trust it will not prove too late for use." Now, why has he underlined the words, "before" and "behind." [*Reads again; pause.*] Oh, I see—it's a joke—*before* and *behind*—of course—a joke. Ah! Jack's a genuine comedian. [*Reads:*] "Wait for me after the performance, and I will introduce to you our walking gentleman's understudy."

That's good of Jack—and shall my friend, who so generously presents to me his talented professional brethren, want for—for—what do they call it—[*refers to letter*] want for make-up? No! Jack, my boy, you shall have your few dollars. Dash it, I'll walk to the theatre and Jack shall have my cab fare. What a splendid subject for a historical painting. "Enthusiasm"—represented by me—"Sacrificing to Needy Art"—represented by Jack—"His Cab Fare." Oh, here's the order—for to-morrow, I presume. [*Reads:*] "Royal Catcall Theatre. Stalls. Admit two." By Jove, it's for this evening. What's this?—not admitted after 8:15. It wanted but a quarter to eight when I came in. I'll dress at once and be off. [*Hurrying about; stops suddenly*] But how about that baby? Perhaps Mrs. Grunter will return before I start. I must leave here by eight. Let me see, what shall I do first—clean my boots. It's rather muddy, so I can't wear my patent leathers. [*Produces boots and very old brush.*] The muddy state of the streets, however, is not the only thing that prevents me wearing my patent leathers. [*Brushing.*] I am at present studying the science of economy; therefore, I do not extend my patronage to the shoeblack brigade. I sincerely trust the brigade; if the brigade would trust me, I wouldn't mind patronizing it—but that is neither here nor there. I am afraid my boots will suffer, for I've but this one brush—rather the worse for wear. [*Shows brush.*] I often wish some genius would invent a hairrestorer for bald boot brushes. I can't borrow Mrs. Grunter's, for I wouldn't have her know I clean my—[*Bell.*] Hullo, I must answer that, I suppose. [*Putting on coat in hurry.*] I shall be late for the theatre at this rate. [*Bell again; exit hurriedly; heard off.*] You want to wake that baby, don't you? When I am endeavoring to go about quietly, you come and ring as if—[*Pause; reenter with basket of vegetables.*] Here's a pretty—some would say picturesque—occupation for a lodger who pays—oh, but I'm not a lodger who pays. [*Places basket on floor, takes off coat and brushes it.*] Thought I'd better not leave the

vegetables downstairs, in case some might be stolen. [*Bell; puts on coat and exit hurriedly; everything done in haste to the end; reenter.*] The boy wants the basket. [*Empties vegetables on floor; exit with basket; calls:*]"Here, boy, catch, and shut the door after you." [*Crash heard; reenters.*] Here's a go. I've dropped the basket on to the gas-globe in the hall. Another little item for me to settle. Another little item or so will about settle *me*. Now, perhaps, I shall have a little peace.

[*Takes off slippers, and puts boot on.*] How remarkably quiet that baby is. [*Bell.*] Oh, hang the bell—it is hung, though, and properly, too, or it wouldn't ring like that. What now, I wonder. [*Exit in boot and slipper; pause; heard calling.*] Puss! puss! puss! [*Enter with cat's meat on skewer.*] A pretty time this to bring the cat's meat. The cat's-meat gentleman says he's been detained on his round. His round of beef, one might—here, I shall be late. Puss, puss, what a fool of a cat not to know his dinner-time. But perhaps he dines out to-day, Puss, puss, oh! [*Throws meat unintentionally into his hat.*]

Now for a shave. I can't sit in the stalls with a bristly chin. Luckily Mrs. Grunter has left me some hot water. I shall be in it when she finds out about that gas-globe. [*Fixes mirror, ties towel round his neck, and lathers face. Bell.*] Go on, ring the bell, ring away. [*Suddenly.*] Ah, and wake baby! [*Wipes face, puts on coat with difficulty, and rushes out; pause; reenter.*] Of all the impudent—a man, who says he's an agent, wanted to know if we'd insure all our lives—I mean, all insured our lives. I trust he hasn't neglected to insure his for he'll never survive the glance I gave him. I'll try again. [*Lathering repeated; stumbles over vegetables; shouts.*] Hang it! was ever a fellow so——[*Crying heard; stops and listens; sighs.*] The baby! Now what could have caused it to wake? I hadn't made sufficient noise to wake half a baby. Oh! Isn't it dreadful? I can't shave to that accompaniment. I should cut my throat. I wonder how babies are quieted. Let me think, haven't I heard something about a—a—a burnt feather, or a —or a key down the back—or something? Perhaps he's in pain. He is if his crying affects him as it does me. I'd better see, for if anything happens to that child I should be held responsible. [*Wipes face.*] The soap I'm wasting is something alarming. [*Goes toward door. Cries cease.*] He's

quiet again. Having some fun, I should think. It must be on the stroke of eight. [*Lathers again; crying heard.*] Now, isn't this too bad of him? Oh, what a temper he's in! That's the worst of babies—they've no idea of controlling their tempers. [*Goes to door.*] I wonder if he'd listen to reason. [*Speaks off.*] My dear baby—that is, Mrs. Grunter's dear baby—[*aside:*] not mine, of course not—[*speaking off*] will you kindly suspend your performance while I shave? [*Cries louder; getting desperate.*] I appeal to you as a fellow-man—I mean a fellow-baby—no—a baby-fellow. [*Clock strikes eight.*] Eight o'clock! I'll dispense with any further alterations in my attire. [*Cries cease.*] If I won't do for the stalls, they must put me out of sight in a private box, or in the pit, or in the flies—though I haven't the slightest idea in what part of the house the flies are—or somewhere. [*In putting on hat, cat's meat falls; kicks it among vegetables.*] Mrs. Grunter will find I've taken good care of the meat and vegetables. Where's my gloves? [*Rushing about in confusion. Crying heard.*] Hullo, there's one of Mrs. Grunter's. If there were a pair I'd wear *them*. Oh, here are my gloves in my pocket. Ah, a little scent. [*Takes bottle and scents handkerchief. In smelling it, lather comes off.*] By Jove! I'd forgotten the lather! [*Wipes face.*] Now I am off. [*Going; stops.*] But how about that baby? I mustn't leave him alone. Ah, good idea! The order admits two—he's in full evening dress, or in a full night-dress, it's the same thing—suppose I take him with me. But then he'd be sure to yell all through the piece, and they'd put it down, perhaps, as an organized opposition. [*Listens.*] Ah, what do I hear? [*Goes to door.*] Hurrah, Mrs. Grunter returned at last. [*Calling.*] Mind the pieces, Mrs. Grunter, I am free. Behold [*indicating baby*] villainy defeated, and [*indicating himself*] virtue triumphant. Now I am off, trusting I have succeeded in obliging my landlady.

BUDD WILKINS AT THE SHOW.

S. E. KISER.

SINCE I've got used to city ways and don't scare at the cars,
It makes me smile to set and think of years ago. My stars!

How green I was, and how green all them country people be.
Sometimes it seems almost as if this hardly could be me.
Well, I was goin' to tell you 'bout Budd Wilkins: I declare
He was the durndest, greenest chap that ever breathed the air.
The biggest town on earth, he thought, was our old country seat,
With its one two-story brick hotel and dusty business street.

We'd fairs in fall and now and then a dance er huskin' bee,
Which was the most excitin' things Budd Wilkins ever see,
Until, one winter, Skigginsville was all turned upside down
By a troupe of real play actors a-comin' into town.

The court-house it was turned into a theatre, that night,
And I don't s'pose I'll live to see another sich a sight.
I guess that every person who was able fer to go
Jest natchelly cut loose fer oncet, and went to see the show.

Me and Budd we stood around there all day in the snow,
But gosh! it paid us, fer we got seats right in the second row!
Well, the brass band played a tune er two, and then the play begun,
And 'twa'n't long 'fore the villain had the hero on the run.

Say, talk about your purty girls with sweet confidin' ways—
I never see the equal yit, in all of my born days,
Of that there brave young heroine, so clingin' and so mild,
And jest as innocent as if she'd been a little child.

I most fergot to say that Budd stood six feet in his socks,
As brave as any lion, too, and stronger than an ox!
But there never was a man, I'll bet, that had a softer heart,
And he was always sure to take the weaker person's part.

Budd, he fell dead in love right off with that there purty girl,
And I suppose the feller's brain was in a fearful whirl,
Fer there he set and gazed at her, and when she sighed he sighed,
And when she hid her face and sobbed, he actually cried.

He clinched his fists and ground his teeth when the villain laid his plot
And said out loud he'd like to kill the rogue right on the spot,

And when the hero helped the girl, Budd up and yelled "Hooray!"
He'd clean fergot the whole blame thing was nothin' but a play.

At last the villain trapped the girl—that sweet confidin' child—
And when she cried for help, why, I'll admit that I was riled;
The hero couldn't do a thing but roll and writhe around
And tug and groan because they'd got the poor chap gagged and bound.

The maiden cried: "Unhand me now, er, weak girl that I am—"
And then Budd Wilkins he jumped up and give his hat a slam,
And, quicker'n I can tell it, he was up there raisin' Ned,
A-rescuin' the maiden and a-punchin' the rogue's head.

I can't, somehow, perticklerize concernin' that there row;
The whole thing seems a sort of blur, as I recall it now.
But I can still remember that there was a fearful thud,
With the air chock-full of arms and legs and the villain under Budd.

I never see a chap so bruised and battered up before
As that there villain was when he was picked up from the floor!
The show? Oh, it was bu'sted, and they put poor Budd in jail,
And kept him there all night, because I couldn't go his bail.

Next mornin' what d'you think we heard? Most s'prised in all my life!
That sweet, confidin' maiden was the cruel villain's wife!
Budd wilted when he heard it, and he groaned, and then, says he:
"Well, I'll be dummed! Bill, that's the last play actin' show fer me!"

ON THE TERRACE.

E. NESBIT.

SHE. So you're going to Scotland to-morrow,
And our foolish dream-holiday ends.

Life is parting, and parting is sorrow—
But I hope we shall always be friends!

HE. Yes, friends. When you're Duchess of Mayrose,
Will you ever look back with regret,
To the day when we parted, to-day, Rose—
Or the wonderful day when we met?

SHE. Oh, no, I shall never regret you.
You know we agreed it was best,
You'd forget me and I should forget you,
And time should take care of the rest.

HE. You know I *must* marry for money.
I haven't a sou to my name!

SHE. Yes, I know; it's as sad as it's funny
That my situation's the same.

And the Duke comes to-day——

HE. Yes, confound it!
My eye's on the Lodge—when I see
That brute and his carriage come round it,
Then "Hey! bonnie Scotland!" for me.

SHE. That girl you are going to marry,
I'm sure she's red-haired and tall,
And freckled—broad Scotch—my poor Harry,
You're not to be envied at all!

HE. And your Duke? He is sixty and over,
And crooked and cross as can be;
A very desirable lover,
That's one consolation for me!

SHE. Don't talk about him; I would rather
Forget him as long as I can.
Hal—are you quite sure that your father
Is set on this Scotch heiress plan?

HE. Yes—embarrassed estates—empty coffers—
Don't talk about that—but instead,
Let's talk of your Duke's handsome offers,
And all that your mother has said.

SHE. You need not remind me. Don't fear it!
I know we agreed we must part,
And you'll find it quite easy to bear it—

HE. And it won't break your ladyship's heart.

SHE. We must take the world as we find it;
Love's all very well for a day;
But when love has no fortune behind it,
Love fades very quickly away.

HE. Yes—of course; but these weeks have been pleasant!
You remember the first day we met?
SHE. That's one of the things which at present
I think we had better forget.

HE. There's the carriage! I'm off to my Carry!
Rose—don't look like that! You will fall!
Are you sure that you do mean to marry
That loathsome old man, after all?

SHE. Yes, of course. Ah, good-bye! it is better,
Believe me, when duties are done;
You'll find time to send me a letter,
To say how your wooing goes on?

HE. Good-bye! There are wheels on the gravel!
SHE. Good-bye—since you will have it so!
It's beautiful weather to travel;
And the Duke——
HE. Hang the Duke! I won't go!

GWENDOLEN.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

[By permission of the author.]

MY lady Gwendolen would ride.
The hounds are baying in the wood,
Her steed with trappings white and gold
Champs at the door in restive mood.
She lingers on the winding stair,
She watches as a page draws near.
From out his doublet's silken fold
The longed-for missive comes to cheer.

Now gaily to the hounds away!
"One royal day of life we'll name,"
She murmurs, while the bounding blood
Courses through all her veins like flame.
An ecstasy of mad delight,
Glorious, exultant, in her stirs;
All fear is gone, all caution fled,
A day, one royal day, is hers.

Deeply into the wood she rides.
Its shades are dark, its labyrinths dense,
The silence of its dusky isles
Is growing sombre and intense.
She heeds it not. The eyes she seeks
Will light for her the darkest place;
The voice she listens for will fill
All voids within the arc of space.

In green and gold she rides to-day.
Her plumes are drooping to her waist,
Her velvet bodice like a glove
Fits the full curves by it embraced.
Her curls are tossing in the breeze,
Golden and soft as silken floss;

Two tiny jeweled daggers lie
Her bosom's beauteous lines across.

Sudden her rapt face gleams and glows—
She hears afar a coming steed;
Her breath comes quick, her pulses throb;
Unto her way she gives no heed.
The winding path turns sharply now,
And on her, ere she is aware,
Her lord, with fury in his look
Whose peaceful look is hard to bear.

A flash of steel—a woman's shriek—
A heavy fall—and, fold on fold,
Trailing mid tangled brake and broom,
My lady's habit green and gold;
While deeper in the deadly wood
A knight lies prone, whose hands still press
A tiny note whose fateful lines
Are circled by a golden tress.

A STUDIOUS GIRL.

MINNE W. GATES.

CHARACTERS: SUE and NELL, college students.

SCENE: SUE is discovered seated at a table piled with text-books; note-books, pencils, etc., scattered about.

SUE. Oh, dear! all my lessons to get for to-morrow, and it's eight o'clock already. I hate books. There isn't any sense in them anyway. My brain is almost worn out now, studying so hard, and I'm only at the beginning. I am sure it won't last me until I get to be a senior. I don't want to be a senior anyhow, and sit on the front seat at chapel,—nobody can have any fun there. But may be I won't care about fun when I get to be a senior. I guess I'll feel so important and so old that I'll be like all the rest of them and not mind sitting up in front a bit. Oh, hum! [*Yawning.*] This is not getting my lessons. I do hope Nell will not come in to-night; she talks all the time and I never can get any studying done if she comes. If she

would settle down and study, too, it would be all right; but she talks all the time, and sometimes I hardly get a chance to say a word. I hope she won't come to see me to-night, for I really feel like studying, and she would take my mind off of my lessons.

[*A knock is heard and* SUE *goes to the door.* NELL *enters with books under her arm.*]

O Nell, I'm so glad to see you! I was just wishing you would come. I can always study so much better when you are here.

[*The girls take chairs to the table and sit.*]

Now let's get right to work, and we won't talk a bit, will we? We had better study our history first, hadn't we?

[*They open their books.*]

The Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth in 1620. The Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth in 1620. The Pilgrim Fathers—well, I don't care if they did! But I suppose they had to land some time; they couldn't go on sailing forever, and 1620 was as good a time to land as any. Where was it they landed? O yes, Jamestown. I almost forgot for a minute. Say, Nell, I don't think this lesson is going to be a bit hard, do you? [*Gives her attention again to her book.*] The Declaration of Independence was signed at Philadelphia in 1776. In 1776 the Declaration of Independence was signed at Philadelphia. The Pilgrims landed at Plymouth in 1776, and the Declaration of Independence was signed in 1620 at Philadelphia. Nell, why don't you wear your hair put high up on your head? You'd look lots better, but it's more stylish to fix it low. Let's get all the girls to dress their hair alike at the next reception. Wouldn't that be fun?

The Pilgrims landed at Philadelphia in 1776, and the Declaration of Independence was signed—Oh, I don't know when it was signed. Nell, where was it? I don't believe you know, either. History is too awful for anything, and I can't learn it, so there! I never could use it if I did get it learned, and I am not going to take it any more.

Did you bring any gum? I wish you had, for it always helps my brain. I can think better when I have some gum to chew. The motion of my jaws accelerates the action of my brain. Are you going to take elocution next term? I am. I'd just love it I know, only I can't talk fast enough to make a reciter, or

reader, as they call themselves. Father says I ought to take it so as to learn how to talk. But he kinder laughed when he said that. I think the recitals must be just lovely, and I'm going to have some sweet new dresses to wear when I recite. I shouldn't think it would be any fun to recite at one of them if you didn't have a new dress.

Say, Nell, let's not try to get our Latin to-night. I can get mine while the folks are at breakfast. I think it's a shame the professors give such long lessons that we have to study even at meal-time. Wasn't that a sweet hat that Miss Davis had on last Sunday? That's the reason she went into the choir, I guess. She hadn't been there for two months before. But I thought it would have looked lots nicer if it had had blue trimmings instead of green, didn't you?

And now do let's get our geometry. We are just getting along splendid to-night, aren't we? [*Reads:*] "Let the triangle A B—" O Nell, did I tell you about the new piece Professor gave me to-day at my music lesson? It's a sonata, and awfully sweet. He gave me an opus, by Beethoven. I just love opuses and I am going to have lots of them after this. They fairly make me shudder, they are so lovely. [*Resumes reading:*] Let the triangle A B C,—triangle A B C—Isn't my new ring sweet? The opals are too lovely for anything and you just ought to see them shine and flash when I practice my music. I do hope that Professor will have a recital soon and ask me to play. Where were we studying? Oh, yes. Let the triangle X Y Z be right angled by A—[*Yawns.*] Oh, dear, I am so tired and sleepy that I can't see the lines on the page. I always do get tired and sleepy when I study so hard for a long time. You can't guess how I am having my new dress made. It's got ruffles and braid and some of that new shiny trimming, and the color is "London smoke," the very latest thing, you know. I am not going to wear it to church first. All the folks would see it at once, then; and I'd rather a few would see it at a time.

[NELL *rises and prepares to leave.*]

What! are you going home? Well, I guess we have our lessons all right, haven't we? I am just tired out, aren't you? I don't believe mamma will want me to work so hard next term. I guess I will just run down to the gate with you. I

need some fresh air, and then you know Jack might be just going by on his way to the post-office.

[*The girls rise and* NELL *gathers up her books and puts them under her arm.*]

I'm *so* glad you came over, Nell; you've helped me *so* much with my lessons. Do come over every night; I believe we'll get along so much better at school.

[*They walk off as she talks,* SUE *making a little bow to the audience as she reaches the exit. During the whole monologue,* NELL *tries to study and occasionally to speak, but is kept from being heard by* SUE'S *continual chatter. Care should be given to make both characters natural.*]

AN OYSTER YARN.

I NEVER but once found anything here in excess of my expectations of even approaching them, and that was the New York oysters. I had just come on from California, where oysters are very small and unimportant, not to say insignificant, and I had often eaten a hundred there at a time, always feeling that I could eat more if I had them. So, when I arrived at the Metropolitan Hotel I ordered my dinner to be served in my room, and told the waiter to bring with my dinner a cup of strong coffee and a hundred raw oysters. He looked at me and then said:

"Did I understand you to say a hundred oysters?"

"Yes," I answered; "raw, on the half-shell, with vinegar—no lemons—and as soon as you can, for I am very hungry."

"Ahem! Miss, did you want a hundred?"

"Yes, I do. What are you waiting for? Must I pay for them in advance? I want nice large ones."

"No, no, miss. All right, you shall have dem," and he went out.

I continued my writing and forgot all about my dinner till he knocked and came in with my dinner on a tray, but no oysters.

"How is this?" said I. "There are no oysters."

"Dey's comin', miss, dey's comin,'" and the door opened and in filed three more sons of Africa's burning sands, each with a big tray of oysters on the half-shell.

I was staggered, but only for a moment, for I saw the waiters were grinning, so I calmly directed them to place one tray on a chair, one on the washstand and one on the bed, and I said:

"They are very small, aren't they?"

"Oh, no, miss, de bery largest we'se got."

"Very well," said I; "you can go. If I want any more I'll ring."

When they got out into the hall one said to the other:

"'Fore God, Jo, if she eats all dem oysters, she's a dead woman."

I did not feel hungry any longer. I drank my coffee and looked at the oysters, every one of them as big as my hand. They all seemed looking at me with their horrible white faces and out of their one diabolical eye, until I could not have eaten one any more than I could have carved up a live baby. They leered at me and seemed to dare me to attack them. California oysters are small and with no more individual character about them than grains of rice, but these detestable creatures were instinct with evil intentions, and I dared not swallow one for fear of the disturbance he might raise in my interior; so I set about getting rid of them, for I was never going to give up as beaten before those waiters. I hung a dress over the key-hole, after I had locked the door. Just outside my window I found a tin water-spout that had a small hole in it. I carefully enlarged it, and then slid every one of those beastly creatures down, one by one,—one hundred and two of them—they all the time eyeing me with that cold, pasty look of malignity. When the last one was out of sight, I stopped trembling and finished my dinner in peace, and then rang for the waiters. You should have seen their faces! One of the waiters asked if I would have some more. May he never know the internal pang he inflicted upon me; but I answered calmly:

"Not now. I think too many at once might be hurtful."

EVERY man, however good he may be, has a yet better man dwelling within him, which is properly himself, but to whom, nevertheless, he is often unfaithful. It is to the interior and less mutable being that we should attract ourselves, not to the changeable every-day man.

ROMOLA'S FLIGHT.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Arranged by Mrs. Scott Saxton.

ROMOLA was waked by a tap at the door. Maso was come for the traveling wallet. The old man could not help starting. Instead of the graceful outline he had been used to, crowned with the brightness of her hair, he saw the thick folds of the gray mantle and the pale face shadowed by the dark cowl.

"It is well, Maso; here is the wallet. You will go on quietly and I shall perhaps join you before you get to Trespiano."

Still she had letters to write. They were very brief.

The first said: "Tito, my love for you is dead; and therefore, so far as I was yours, I, too, am dead. Do not try to put in force any laws for the sake of fetching me back; that would bring you no happiness. The Romola you married can never return."

She folded the ring inside this letter and wrote Tito's name outside.

Romola was ready now to depart. No one was stirring in the house. Her heart was palpitating violently, yet she enjoyed the sense of her firm tread on the broad flags. But when she had passed the Pietra, and was on rising ground, she lifted up the hanging roof of her cowl, and looked eagerly before her. She discerned Maso and the mules at a distance where it was not hopeless for her to overtake them, as the old man would probably linger in expectation of her. Meanwhile, she might pause a little. She was free and alone. All things conspired to give her the sense of freedom and solitude; her escape from the accustomed walls and streets; the widening distance from her husband; alone in the presence of earth and sky, with no human presence interposing and making a law for her.

Suddenly a voice close behind her said: "You are Romola de Bardi, the wife of Tito Melema."

She knew the voice; she did not turn to look up. She sat

shaken by awe, and yet inwardly rebelling against the awe. It was one of those black-skirted monks who was daring to speak to her and to interfere with her privacy; that was all. Yet she was shaken, as if that destiny which men thought of as a sceptred deity had come to her and grasped her with fingers of flesh.

"What right have you to speak to me or to hinder me?"

"The right of a messenger. You have put on a religious garb, and you have no religious purpose. You have sought the garb as a disguise. But you were not suffered to pass me without being discerned. It was declared to me who you were; it is declared to me that you are seeking to escape the lot God has laid upon you. You wish your true name and your true place in life to be hidden, that you may choose for yourself a new name and a new place, and have no rule but your own will. And I have a command to call you back. My daughter, you must return to your place."

"I will not return. I acknowledge no right of priests and monks to interfere with my actions. You have no power over me."

"I know—I know that you have been brought up in scorn of obedience. But it is not the poor monk who claims to interfere with you; it is the truth that commands you. You can not escape it. Either you must obey it and it will lead you, or you must disobey it and it will hang on you with the weight of a chain which you will drag forever. But you will obey it, my daughter. Your old servant will return to you with the mules—my companion is gone to fetch him—and you will go back to Florence. You assert your freedom proudly, my daughter. But who is so base as the debtor who thinks himself free? And you are flying from your debts—the debt of a Florentine woman, the debt of a wife. You are turning your back on the lot that has been appointed for you—you are going to choose another. But can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace or their father and mother. My daughter, you are fleeing from the presence of God into the wilderness."

"My father, you can not know the reasons which compel me to go. None can know them but myself. None can judge for me. I have been driven by a great sorrow. I am resolved to go."

"I know enough, my daughter. You are not happy in your married life. I have a divine warrant to stop you. You were warned by a message from heaven, delivered in my presence—you were warned before marriage, when you might still have lawfully chosen to be free from the marriage bond. But you chose the bond, and in wilfully breaking it,—I speak to you as a pagan, if the holy mystery of matrimony is not sacred to you—you are breaking a pledge. Of what wrongs will you complain, my daughter, when you yourself are committing one of the greatest wrongs a woman and a citizen can be guilty of—withdrawing in secrecy and disguise from a pledge which you have given in the face of God and your fellow-men? And to break that pledge you fly from Florence—Florence, where there are the only men and women in the world to whom you owe the debt of a fellow-citizen."

"I should never have quitted Florence as long as there was any hope of my fulfilling a duty to my father there."

"And do you own no tie but that of a child to her father in the flesh? Your life has been spent in blindness, my daughter. You have lived with those who sit on a hill aloof, and look down on the life of their fellow-men. You have never felt that you, a Florentine woman, should live for Florence. If your own people are wearing a yoke, will you slip from under it, instead of struggling with them to lighten it? There is hunger and misery in our streets, and yet you say,' I have my own sorrows; I will go away, if, peradventure, I can ease them.' The servants of God are struggling after a law of justice, peace and charity, that the hundred thousand citizens among whom you were born may be governed righteously; but you think no more of that than if you were a bird that may spread its wings and fly whither it will in search of food to its liking."

"I was not going away to ease and self-indulgence. I was going away to hardships. I expect no joy; it is gone from my life."

"You are seeking your own will, my daughter. You are seeking some good other than the law you are bound to obey. But how will you find good? It is not a thing of choice; it is a river that flows by the path of obedience. I say again, man can not choose his duties. You may choose to forsake your duties, and choose not to have the sorrow they bring.

But you will go forth; and what will you find, my daughter? Sorrow without duty—bitter herbs and no bread with them."

"But if you knew—if you knew what it was to me—how impossible it seemed for me to bear it."

"My daughter," he said, pointing to the cord around her neck, "you carry something there within your mantle; draw it forth and look at it."

She drew forth a crucifix.

"There, my daughter, is the image of a supreme offering, made by Supreme Love, because the need of man was great. Conform your life to that image, my daughter; make your sorrow an offering; and when the fire of divine charity burns within you, and you behold the need of your fellow-men by the light of that flame, you will not call your offering great. If you forsake your place, who will fill it? You ought to be in your place now, helping in the great work by which God will purify Florence, and raise it to be the guide of nations. The earth is full of iniquity—full of groans—the light is still struggling with a mighty darkness, and you say: 'I can not bear my bonds. I will burst them asunder. I will go where no man claims me.' My daughter, every bond of your life is a debt; it can lie nowhere else. In vain will you wander over the earth. You will be wandering forever away from the right. Ask your conscience, my daughter. If there is wickedness in the streets, your steps should shine with the light of purity. If there is a cry of anguish, you, because you know the meaning of the cry, should be there to still it. Sorrow has come to teach you a new worship. The sign of it hangs before you."

"My husband—he is not—my love is gone."

"My daughter, there is the bond of a higher love. Make your marriage sorrows an offering, too, my daughter,—an offering to the great work by which sin and sorrow are being made to cease. Live for Florence—for your own people. Bear the anguish and the smart. The iron is sharp, I know; I know it rends the tender flesh. The draught is bitterness on the lips, but there is rapture on the cup. There is a vision which makes all life below it dross forever. Come, my daughter, come back to your place."

"Father, I will be guided. Teach me! I will go back!"

COMING OUT OF CHURCH.

"WASN'T that a lovely sermon?"

"I'm sure," absently, "it was made over from last year. Oh, excuse me. I meant Clara Poplin's hat. Yes, it was lovely,—the sermon, I mean!"

"He touches one's heart so, when he wants to. Are you going to Sadie Smallerton's reception?"

"Doesn't he? So earnest. Who will be there?"

"Oh, everyone, I suppose. I didn't see Helen Van Antler in church!"

"No; her dog was ill and she couldn't come. Wasn't it lovely of Jack to send me these prayer-books?"

"Sweet. He sent me a set last year. They are so handy. I just hate the ones they have in church."

"So do I. One is liable to catch something. How that Maud Pierrepont did look around during the Te Deum!"

"Didn't she! She was trying to see what Minnie Musgrove, who sat back of me, had on. They never liked each other. He doesn't look strong, does he?"

"Who, Jack?"

"No, the minister. He's perfectly lovely, I think."

"Lovely!"

"Yes, sweet, but so delicate. I don't see how anyone can help just adoring him."

"Nor I. Such a dear!"

"He says he thinks dancing is all right."

"How liberal! Did you manage to get to church in Lent?"

"Oh, yes. I think she ought to. I didn't see you there."

"I just couldn't. You know the Hootem Tootem lectures came on Wednesday."

"So they did. I went last year. Well, come in and see me."

"Thanks. Now that Lent is over, I'll have more time."

"Of course. I don't see how he preaches so well."

"Nor I. It was a lovely sermon. Good-bye."

"Wasn't it? Good-bye."

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Lovely sermon, wasn't it?"

"Splendid. But he always is good. How very well your daughters looked."

"And yours, too. It keeps one busy looking out for one's girls."

"Doesn't is? But it is a good thing. I believe in letting them enjoy their youth. I always welcome Lent. It gives me time to plan their costumes."

"True, it's a great blessing. I shall be glad—"

"When they're married? So shall I."

"The vestry are talking of sending him abroad. I think he needs it."

"So do I. So delicate!"

"He will go for the summer, I presume."

"Yes. It would be a great deprivation to lose him."

"Wouldn't it! Such a lovely sermon!"

"Wasn't it!"

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Wasn't it a lovely sermon, dear?"

"Possibly. It ought to have been."

"Why?"

"Didn't you say he got the biggest salary in town?"

"That's like a man,—so commercial. Just as if it was a matter of business."

"Isn't it?"

"Certainly not. He does a great deal of good."

"For a consideration. If I were a minister and got well paid for it, my own vanity would spur me to success in my particular field."

"But——"

"The music was good, the service orderly, everybody behaved himself, all the women wore clothes that their husbands couldn't afford, and the whole affair was delightfully æsthetic, as it should have been after so much practice. The same amount of money spent on the deserving poor would have accomplished an equal result—in a different direction."

"You are so horridly cynical."

"Not at all, my dear; I am only a miserable sinner. After all, I agree with you,—it was a lovely sermon."

DRILLS, MARCHES AND DANCES

Æsthetic Drill. 30c. In "Genevieve Stebbins's Drills." Contains "Flying Series," "Half-Serpentine Series," "Serpentine Arm Series," "Spiral Series." Same book contains three other drills.

Amazon Drill. 35c. 25 min. 12f or m. Javelins used. May be used as "Shepherdess Drill," for girls; or for boys as "Battle Axe," "Sword," "Spear," "Javelin," "Bayonet," "Musket," "Cane," "Oar," drill. WMjan99. 17 tableaux; 2 group photographs.

America Drill. 25c. In "Fete of the Nations." Any number m and 16f. Patriotic drill with music of "Yankee Doodle," "Star-Spangled Banner," etc.

American Flag Drill. 35c. 15 min. 24 persons with captain. S. Schell. Costumes with American colors. Tableaux: "The Arch," "Six Point Star," "Spirals," "American Flag." Closes with song "Battle Cry of Freedom." WMapl01.

American Flag March. 35c. 10 min. Any number. S. Schell. Patriotic drill and salute. Introduces singing of "Nobly Our Flag Flutters O'er Us To-day" and "Red, White and Blue." WMmay99.

Artistic Work. 75c. H. S. Anderson. Book contains "Barbell Drill," "Dumbbell and Wand Drill," "Fancy Marches," "Fancy Steps," "Hoop Drill," "Pole Drill," "Rataplan Drill," "Ring Drill," "Silver Wand Drill." 63 photographs, many diagrams and full directions.

Athenian Drill ("The Victory"). $1. In "Genevieve Stebbins's System of Physical Training." Classic attitudes meaning domination and power: "Amazon Holding Spear," "Diana of Versailles," "Fighting Gladiator," "Quoit Player," "Warrior in Attack," "Winged Victory." Same book contains seven other drills.

Barbell Drill. 75c. In "Artistic Work." 18 photographs. Same book contains eight other drills.

Bean Bag Drill. 35c. 12 min. 16f, or 8m and 8f. S. Schell. Bean bags. May be used as "Ball Drill," or "Rubber Ball Drill." WMjuly01.

Bow and Arrow Drill. 35c. In "Hiawatha Entertainments." Book also has "Indian Drill and Dance" and gives Hiawatha entertainment for whole evening.

Brownie Drill. 35c. 10 min. 12 or 16 boys or girls. Brownie costume (pattern sent for 50c.). May be given as "Hop Toad Drill" in Hop Toad costume or "Leap Frog Drill" in costume. WMnov00.

Castanet Drill. 35c. 15 min. 12f. Spanish or white costume. Castanets required. May be given as "Cymbal," or "Tambourine" drill by substituting cymbals or tambourines. 1 group photograph. WMjune99.

Children's Flag Drill. 25c. 10 min. Any number. Flags required. May be used as "Victory Drill." Music. WMjune91.

Christmas Bell Drill. 15c. 15 min. 12f. Costumes with bells. Small brass bells and wands. May be called "Bell Drill," "Sleigh-Bell Drill."

Class Day Drill for Young Ladies' School. 35c. 15 min. Any number. Particularly suited for lawn production. Garlands of flowers or ivy carried by girls moving in couples. WMmar01.

Columbia the Gem of the Ocean. 25c. Queen and maids meet to honor Columbus. All say something about army, navy or freedom, and take part in patriotic drill. May be used alone or with play "Columbia."

Cymbal Drill. 15c. 12, 16 or 20f. Cymbals needed. Greek, Roman, Turkish, Egyptian or white costumes.

Daisy Chain Drill. 25c. In "Festival of the Daisies." Any number of children.

Daisy Drill. 35c. 12 min. 16 girls, 6-10 years old. Daisy chains required. Mother Hubbard costume decorated with daisies. Delsarte movements. Book has many other drills, recitations, pantomimes, dialogues, etc., all for children. WR17.

Daughters of the Regiment Drill. 35c. 15 min. 16 girls. Flags with knots of ribbon. Marching and figures. In same book are dialogues, recitations, pantomimes and drills, all for children. WR17.

Delsarte Recitation Book. $1.25. Contains "Doll Drill," "Sword Drill and Pantomime," and 400 pages of recitational gems for all occasions.

Delsartian Physical Drill. 35c. 10 min. Five girls, 6-8 years old. Cheese cloth costumes. Drill consists of tableaux and exercises, closing with Oxford Minuet. In a book with many other drills, pantomimes, tableaux, dialogues, recitations, all for children. WR17.

Doll Drill. $1.25. In "Delsarte Recitation Book." 15 min. Girls. 8-12 years old of different heights. Dolls required. Nurse costume. Drill consists of movements by mother or nurse caring for child and closes with lullaby. Invisible chorus

joins. In same book are "Sword Drill and Pantomime" and many recitations and entertainments.

Dumb-Bell Drill. 35c. In "Thanksgiving Celebrations." 8m or f. Book contains much Thanksgiving material.

Dumb-Bell and Wand Drill. 75c. In "Artistic Work." Combination work for any number m or f. 5 photographs. Same book contains eight other drills.

Dumb-Bell Drill, Fancy. 35c. Any number. S. Schell. WMaug00.

Easter Tableaux. 35c. 10 min. 12f. S. Schell. Consists of marching and forming letters until Easter is spelled. WMmar99.

Eastern Temple Drill. 30c. In "Genevieve Stebbins's Drills." Exercises from worship in Persia, Turkey and other parts of Orient. Same book contains three other drills.

Energizing Dramatic Drill. 30c. In "Genevieve Stebbins's Drills." Exercises to portray Flight, Excitement, Shrinking, Horror, Anger, Despair, etc. Same book contains three other drills.

English Drill ("In May"). $1. In "Genevieve Stebbins's System of Physical Training." Old-fashioned English country festival. Dolly Varden costume. Same book contains seven other drills.

Fairy Drill. 35c. In "Fairy Revel and Rainbow Tableau." Any number.

Fairy Dance. 50c. In "Messages in Many Voices." Fairy costume drill for any number. Same book contains "Wedding March of the Flowers" and "Homage to the Flowers."

Fairy Revel and Rainbow Tableau. 35c. Contains "Fairy Drill."

Fan Brigade. 35c. 15 min. 8 little girls. Fans required. Court costumes. Presents whole gamut of fan flirtation and polite usage of fans. Book contains many fine recitations. WR7.

Fancy Marches. 75c. In "Artistic Work." Same book contains eight other drills.

Fancy Steps. 75c. In "Artistic Work." Same book contains eight other drills.

Feast of Roses Drill and March. 15c. 12f. Rose-colored gowns or as fairies; real or paper roses needed.

Festival of the Daisies. 25c. A musical play containing "Daisy Chain Drill."

Fete of the Nations. 25c. Contains "America Drill," and is an international patriotic entertainment.

Flag Salute. 35c. Any number. S. Schell. May be used in connection with "American Flag March," the salute closing the march. WMmay99.

Floating Drill. 35c. In "Little Grandmas in Grandma Land." Any number of girls. Same book contains "Minuet" and "Virginia Reel."

From Greenland's Icy Mountains. 25c. In "Scenes from Life of Frances E. Willard." Song and drill for any number m and f.

Genevieve Stebbins's Drills. 30c. Contains: "Eastern Temple Drill," "Energizing Dramatic Drill," "Minuet Fan Drill," "Æsthetic Drill." Drills especially adapted to commencement exercises.

Genevieve Stebbins's System of Physical Training. $1.00. Besides a system of psychological physical culture, book contains drills: "Athenian Drill" ("The Victory"); "Eastern Temple Drill"; "Energizing Dramatic Drill"; "English Drill" ("The May"); "Greek Drill" (The Nymphs"); "Minuet Fan Drill"; "Roman Drill" ("The Amazon"); "Spanish Drill" ("The Carmen"). Drills are described in alphabetical places in this catalogue.

Ghost Dance. 35c. Any number. Book has also "Witches' Dance," "Spook March" and "Goblin Parade," and contains 166 pages of Hallowe'en entertainment material. WR31.

Gipsy Fantasy. 35c. Drill and dance. 15 min. 6f. Gipsy costume. Tambourines needed. May be used as "Tambourine Drill." WMjan01. 6 photographs.

Goblin Parade. 35c. Any number. Book has also "Witches' Dance," "Ghost Dance," and "Spook March," and contains 166 pages of Hallowe'en entertainment material. WR31.

Good Night Drill and Songs. 25c. 30 min. 8f. S. Schell. Nightgown and nightcap costumes. Girls carry candles and dollies, march, sing action songs, etc.

Gossip Pantomime. 15c. Drill. 25 min. Any number f. Old lady make-up, long gowns and caps. "Hints on Facial Expression."

Graded Physical Exercises. $1. Contains "Marching and Tactics" for eight years' school work. A complete system of school physical culture, and contains action poems, minute plays, games, etc. 68 photos.

Greek Drill ("The Nymphs"). $1. In "Genevieve Stebbins's System of Physical Training." Movements intended to represent Greek wood, water, air and fire nymphs. Same book contains seven other drills.

Gun Drill. 25c. 20 min. Any number. Guns needed. Consists of military commands and tactics. Music. 13 illustrations.

Harvest Drill. 35c. 15 min. Even number of m or f. Sickles required. Farm costume. In same book are "Tennis Drill" and "Japanese Parasol and Fan Drill" and religious selections. WR6.

Hatchet Drill. 25c. 15 min. 16m. Washington costume. Hatchets needed. Boy recites the well-known hatchet story. WMjan96.

Hiawatha Entertainments. 35c. Has "Indian Drill and Dance" and "Bow and Arrow Drill," and gives Hiawatha entertainment for full evening.

Homage to the Flowers. 50c. In "Messages in Many Voices." Children's drill with flower scarfs for any number. Same book contains "Wedding March of the Flowers" and "Fairy Dance."

Hoop Drill. 75c. In "Artistic Work." 12 photographs. Same book contains eight other drills.

Indian Drill and Dance. 35c. In "Hiawatha Entertainments." 8 boys. Book gives Hiawatha entertainment for whole evening, also "Bow and Arrow Drill."

International Flag Drill. 25c. 35f. National costumes. Flags: Dutch, Puritan, Irish, Scotch, German, Swiss, French, Spanish, American. Music. 11 group photographs. WMjune92.

Japanese Fantastics. 75c. Pantomime and drill. Any even number f. Japanese costumes and fans. 68 movements and attitudes. Most artistic booklet, suitable for gift. 6 pages music. Two large photographs of Geisha girl musicians and dancers, also full-length photograph of Sada Yacco, the only Japanese actress. 10 attitude photographs.

Japanese Parasol and Fan Drill. 35c. 8 min. 12f. Japanese parasols, fans, costumes and head-dress. In same book are "Tennis Drill" and "Harvest Drill," and many recitations suitable for Sunday school and church. WR6.

Jolly Cupids. 35c. 12 min. Small boys. Close-fitting white suits, with wings. Bows and arrows required. Jolly cupids flit everywhere and fly to meet sweethearts. Old maids and bachelors can't always find them. WMjune00.

Little Grandmas in Grandma Land. 35c. Contains "Virginia Reel," "Floating Drill" and "Minuet."

Marching and Tactics. $1. In "Graded Physical Exercises." For eight years of school work. Book is a complete system of school physical culture, and contains action poems, minute plays, games, etc.

Martha Washington Tea Party. 35c. 12 min. 10f. Martha Washington costume. May be given as "Colonial Tea," "Old Maids' Tea," "Afternoon Tea." WMfeb98.

May-Pole Exercises. 25c. 15 min. Any number. May-pole and ribbons required.

Messages in Many Voices. 50c. Operetta for any number, contains "Wedding March of the Flowers," "Homage to the Flowers" and "Fairy Dance."

Mexic Drill and Pantomime. 25c. 20 min. 12f. Mexican costumes. Mexic drill and cotillon followed by pantomiming Whittier's "Angels of Buena Vista," telling of nurses watching battle and recognizing among dead and wounded their husbands and lovers.

Minuet. 35c. In "Little Grandmas in Grandma Land." Any number. Same book contains "Floating Drill" and "Virginia Reel."

Minuet Fan Drill. 30c. In "Genevieve Stebbins's Drills." Same book contains three other drills.

Mirth Drill and Tableaux. 35c. 15 min. 14f. Illustrating thoughts from Milton's "L'Allegro," by I. Goodhue. Greek costume. May be used as "Happy Maidens." WMdec99. 18 photographs.

Montezuma Cotillon. 15c. 15 min. Any number. Mexican dance and costumes. Music.

Mother Goose's Merry Band. 35c. 15 min. 18 children. S. Schell. Brings in Mother Hubbard, Little Red Riding Hood, Tommy Tucker, etc. May be used as "Mother Goose's Carnival," "Mother Goose's Reception." WMfeb01.

Nursery Rhymes Drill. 35c. 15 min. Any number. Mother Goose and family costumes. WR17.

Oar Drill. 25c. In "Sailors' Entertainment." Any number m. Same book contains "Sailors' Drill" and "Officers' Drill."

Officers' Drill. 25c. In "Sailors' Entertainment." A sailor drill for any number m. Same book contains "Oar Drill" and "Sailors' Drill."

Parasol Drill. 25c. 25 min. Any number. Japanese parasols. Japanese, Chinese, or society girl drill. Three parts: "Mushroom March," "Military Manœuvres," "Parasol Promenade." Music.

Play of Fancy. 35c. 15 min. 20 persons of different sizes. Japanese fans and costumes. Delsarte movements with fans. WR24.

Pole Drill. 75c. In "Artistic Work." Single and double work for any number m or f. 4 photographs. Same book contains eight other drills.

Postman's Drill and Song. 35c. 15 min. Any number boys or girls. Pictures in song and pantomime letter-carrier's life. Introduces "Umbrella March" and "Postman's Song."

Promenade of Broadway Belles. 15c. 15 min. 12f. Short skirts, sailor hats, red parasols, etc. May be called "Coquettes' Parade," "Parasol Drill," or "The Flirts." In last, both males and females may take part.

Rainbow Drill. 35c. 10 min. 1 large girl, 7 small girls of different sizes or any number in groups of 7. Cheese cloth sashes. Flower costume. Drill opened with recitation "Violets' Victory." WR17.

Rataplan Drill. 75c. In "Artistic Work." 8 photographs. Same book contains eight other drills.

Reuben and Rachel Drill and Tableaux. 35c. 30 min. Any number. S. Schell. Quaker costume drill, introducing "Reuben, I Have Long Been Thinking." Song may be sung by one Reuben and one Rachel and they may act out drill. Music.

Revel of the Naiads. 25c. 20 min. 9f. E. A. Middleton. May also be used as "Hoop Fantastics," "Red, White and Blue Fantastics," "Garland Drill," "Wreath Fantastics," "Rings of Roses," etc. 23 group photographs and a large-size photo of Venus of Milo.

Ribbon Tableaux and Drill. 35c. 15 min. 14f. S. Schell. May be given as "Rainbow Drill," or "Scarf Drill." Song "Good Night." WMnov99.

Ring Dances. 35c. Any number. Exercises for developing flexibility of body. (1) Esmeralda, (2) Berlin, (3) Schottische, (4) Military Schottische, (5) Glide Waltz. WMmar01.

Ring Drill. 75c. In "Artistic Work." 6 single and 6 double exercises. 12 photos. Same book contains eight other drills.

Roman Drill ("The Amazon"). $1. In "Genevieve Stebbins's System of Physical Training." Studies from Amazon statues in the Vatican. Same book contains seven other drills.

Sailors' Drill. 25c. In "Sailors' Entertainment." Any number m. Same book contains "Oar Drill" and "Officers' Drill."

Sailors' Entertainment. 25c. Contains "Officers' Drill," "Oar Drill," and "Sailors' Drill."

Sash Drill and Dance. 35c. 15 min. Artistic drill, song and dance for any number divisible by four. WMfeb02.

Scarf Drill. 25c. 20 min. Any number children. Scarfs required. May be given as "Ribbon Drill," "Smilax Drill," "Calisthenic Drill," or "Red, White and Blue Drill."

Scarf Fantastics. 25c. 20 min. 9f. Scarfs or garlands required. May be expanded to any length by songs, recitations and other specialties. May be used as "Empire Drill," "Greek Drill," "Red, White and Blue Drill," "Smilax Drill," "Garland Drill," "Flower Drill." 17 group photographs.

Silver Star Drill, or Spectacular March. 35c. 20 min. 16 persons. George D. Bishop. May be given as drill introducing tableaux with star-tipped wands, or may be given as a march. Fine spectacular march or drill for professional or amateur stage or for ball-room or dance.

Silver Wand Drill. 75c. In "Artistic Work." 4 photographs. Same book contains eight other drills.

Spanish Drill ("The Carmen"). $1. In "Genevieve Stebbins's System of Physical Training." Movements with the Spanish mantilla. Same book contains seven other drills.

Spectacular March, or Silver Star Drill. 35c. 20 min. 16f, or 8m and 8f. G. D. Bishop. Artistic march or drill with tableaux.

Spook March. 35c. In "Werner's Readings No. 31." Any number. Book has also "Witches' Dance," "Ghost Dance," and "Goblin Parade," and contains 166 pages of Hallowe'en entertainment material.

Stars and Stripes Drill. 15c. 15 min. 12m or 12f. May be used as "4th of July Drill," "Flag Day Drill," "Memorial Day Drill," etc. Suitable for schools, dancing academies, stage, G. A. R.'s.

Sweepers' Growl. 35c. 20 min. 8f. S. Schell. Sweepers' costumes. Brooms required. May be used as "Broom Drill." Music. Girls sweep, sing and recite. May also be given by boys as porters or by both boys and girls by adding recitation. WMjune01.

Sword Drill and Pantomime. $1.25. In "Delsarte Recitation Book." 20 min. 16f or m. Swords required. Military costume. Military movements leading up to pantomime (burlesque) of "Charge of the Light Brigade," and closing with march. Book contains also "Doll Drill," and many recitations, entertainments, etc. 1 group illustration.

Ten Little Nigger Boys. 25c. 15 min. 10 m. S. Schell. Drill and song. Ten nigger boys disappear one by one as each stanza is sung. Hints for negro make-up.

Tennis Drill. 35c. 15 min. 1 captain and 6m, 6f, or 1 captain, and 12 of either sex. Rackets with ribbon decorations. Fancy costumes. Book contains "Harvest Drill," "Japanese Parasol and Fan Drill;" also fine collection of recitations and entertainments suited to church use. WR6.

Thanksgiving Celebrations. 35c. Full Thanksgiving program containing Dumb-Bell Drill.

Trinity Drill. 35c. 15 min. 18f. Crosses of wood. May be used as "White Cross Drill," "Good Friday Drill." Good for Easter, Christmas or any other occasion. WMfeb01.

Violet Drill. 35c. 10 min. 12 or 16f. Baby-waist costumes. Each girl carries lavender satin ribbon with bunch of violets. WMaug02.

Virginia Reel, or "Sir Roger de Coverley." 35c. In "Little Grandmas in Grandma Land." Any number. Same book contains "Floating Drill" and "Minuet."

Wedding March of the Flowers. 50c. In "Messages in Many Voices." May be called "Flower Drill." Any number. Same book contains "Homage to the Flowers" and "Fairy Dance."

Witches' Dance. 35c. 8 witches. Book has also "Spook March," "Ghost Dance," and "Goblin Parade," and contains 166 pages of Hallowe'en entertainment material. WR31.

Werner's Readings No. 6. 35c. Contains "Harvest Drill," "Japanese Parasol and Fan Drill," "Tennis Drill," also a fine collection of religious recitations.

Werner's Readings No. 7. 35c. Contains "Fan Brigade," also fine collection of all-round recitations.

Werner's Readings No. 17. 35c. Contains "Daisy Drill," "Daughters of Regiment Drill," "Delsartian Physical Drill," "Nursery Rhymes Drill," "Rainbow Drill," also pantomimes, dialogues and recitations for boys and girls of primary grades.

Werner's Readings No. 24. 35c. Contains "Play of Fan-cy," a Japanese drill for any number of girls. Book contains 167 pages of all-round recitation and entertainment material.

Werner's Readings No. 31. 35c. Contains "Witches' Dance," "Spook March," "Ghost Dance," "Goblin Parade," and contains 166 pages of Hallowe'en entertainment material.

OTHER DRILLS

Best Drill Book. 25c. M. Irish. 20 drills.

Book of Drills. 30c. each part. Parts I, II, III by M. B. Horne, Part IV by M. Fezandie. Each part has 4 drills.

Bootblack Drill. 15c. B. M. Wilson.

Calisthentic Training and Musical Drill. 50c. B. Cruden.

Children's Frolic. 30c.

Clowns' Horn Drill. 15c. B. M. Wilson.

Dick's Dumb-Bell and Indian Club Exercises. 25c.

Drill of the (Hobby) Horse Brigade. 30c.

Drills and Marches. 25c. E. C. and L. J. Rook. 16 drills.

Dutch Flirtation. 15c. B. M. Wilson.

Fancy Drills, Marches, Motion Songs, Action Pieces. 25c. A. M. Kellogg. 21 drills.

Gymnastic Games. 70c. E. H. Arnold.

Gymnastic Stories and Plays for Primary Schools. 85c. R. Stone. road.

Handkerchief Drill. 15c. A. W. Hatch

Ideal Drills. 30c. M. W. Morton. 22 drills.

Indian Club Drill and Tambourine Drill. 40c.

Indian Huntresses. 15c. B. M. Wilson.

John Brown's Ten Little Injuns. 15c. B. M. Wilson.

March of the Chinese Lanterns. 15c. B. M. Wilson.

March Winds. 15c. A. W. Hatch.

Maud Muller Drill. 15c.

Mirror Drill. 30c.

Musical Drill for Little Children. 25c. A. Alexander.

150 Gymnastic Games. $1.10. C. A. Harper.

Owl and Pussy Cat Drill. 15c. A. W. Hatch.

Practical Dialogues, Drills and Marches. 25c. M. Irish.

Princess Gavotte. 30c.

Recess Drill. 25c.

Red Riding Hood Drill. 15c. B. M. Wilson.

Snowball Fantastics. 15c. A. W. Hatch.

Skipping Song and Drill. 30c.

Spanish Minuet and Tambourine Dance. 40c.

Spring Garlands. 15c. B. M. Wilson.

Standard Drill and Marching Book. 25c. E. Ellis. 115 pages.

Sunflower March. 15c. A. C. Fuller.

Surprise Drill Book. 25c. M. Irish. 24 drills.

"Turk"-ey Drill. 15c. B. M. Wilson.

Vestal Virgins. 15c. B. M. Wilson.

Witches' March. 15c. B. M. Wilson.

Young Folks' Entertainments. 25c. E. C. and L. J. Rook. 3 drills.

Zobo Patriotic Drill. 15c. A. W. Hatch.

MUSICAL RECITATIONS

American Flag. 75c. Poem, by J. R. Drake; music by S. Salter. Well-known poem beginning "When Freedom from Her Mountain Height," etc.

Aux Italiens. 60c. Poem by Owen Meredith, music by Verdi. Man at opera with his haughty, high-born betrothed, imagines he sees his dead first love, and is so overpowered that he decides to remain true to her.

Benediction. 70c. Poem by F. Coppee, music by E. S. Place. Vivid description of siege of Saragossa, where troops shoot down monks, finally shooting old priest at altar giving benediction.

Confession. 35c. Music by A. C. Mackenzie. Young man confesses that it is not lack of gold, nor coldness of sweetheart, but a "confounded cucumber," that oppresses him. WMjan01.

Country Sleighing. 50c. Poem by E. C. Stedman, music by J. J. Wootton. Description of old-time country sleigh-ride. Rollicking and jolly, with sleigh-bell effects.

Doorstep. 75c. Poem by E. C. Stedman, music by H. L. Brainard. Dainty romance of young man seeing girl home from meeting. Poem also called "The First Kiss."

Fable of the Rainbow. 35c. In "Fairy Revel and Rainbow Tableau."

Fairy Hill. $1. Cantata. Words by St. George Tucker (written 1781, now first published), music by H. W. Loomis. Fairies hold a jubilee over winning of freedom at close of Revolutionary War. Scene on Schuylkill river.

Fugitives. 40c. Poem by Shelley, music by Schumann. Newly-made wife leaves husband and flees with lover. Terrible storm keeps enraged father and baffled husband from pursuing. Lovers escape in spite of curses and storm.

How We Kept the Day. 75c. Poem by Will Carleton, music by W. E. G. Evans. Rollicking and popular 4th of July piece, introducing martial music effects and patriotic airs like "Dixie's Land," "Swanee River," "Marching through Georgia," "My Country 'Tis of Thee," "John Brown's Body," "Star Spangled Banner," "Johnny Get Your Gun," "Home, Sweet Home."

I Dream. 50c. Poem by D. Williams, music by J. J. Wootton. In fancy a person links the here with the hereafter, the living with the "glorified;" the beauty and happiness of the hereafter is foreshadowed, and the comfort is reached that "no child of God's dear love shall be forgot." Specially suitable for church and Sunday-school occasions.

Idyl of an Orchard. $1.50 (net $1). Poem by G. A. Brown, music by N. A. Brown. A lover, about to go to American Revolutionary war, takes leave of betrothed in apple orchard when trees are in bloom. The heart-sorrow of parting has for environment apple blossoms' perfume and birds. He dies in battle and she sinks into early grave. Bird-song introduced.

King Robert of Sicily. $1.50. Poem by Longfellow, music by J. J. Wootton. A king, boastful and arrogant, is taught humility by being transformed into a court fool, while an angel sits on his throne, to which king is restored after he becomes repentant and humble. The Magnificat may be chanted.

Last Hymn. 50c. Poem by M. Farningham, music by P. Giorza. Sabbath service is broken up by discovery of shipwreck. Man, clinging to spar without hope of rescue, is heard to sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," his voice ceasing only when he sinks out of sight.

Madonna at Palos. 60c. Poem by M. E. Hughes, music by S. Salter. Unknown painter, old and infirm, comes to temple and begs permission to paint a Madonna. His prayer that it may draw some wanderer back to the fold is met with wondrous radiance. A heart-broken mother prays to the Virgin, and, years afterward, her wayward son is brought to kneel there. Hymns introduced that may be sung by unseen singers. A beautiful religio-esthetic poem, suitable for religious and other occasions.

Magdalena, or the Spanish Duel. $1.50. Music by S. Salter. Englishman's love-making to a lady of Sevilla is rudely interrupted by sudden appearance of Spanish nobleman with interminably long name. They fight and Englishman escapes. Introduces Spanish song.

Monks' Magnificat. 35c. Monks bemoan inability to sing and beg a brother in another abbey to come and sing on Christmas eve. At night the abbot is reproved by an angel who tells him that singing is always acceptable to God if in true worship. WR6.

Music on the Rappahannock. 50c. Poem by C. C. Somerville, music by G. C. Bell. Non-sectional piece suitable for North and South. Northern and Southern armies are encamped on banks of river so near that each can hear other's band. When one army plays sectional war-tune other army responds with its war-tune, until finally one side plays "Home, Sweet Home," which so touches the other side that it joins in.

Queen Mab. 35c. Pictures how Mab comes and looks, and what she does. WR26.

Red Fan. 60c. Poem by G. A. Brown, music by N. A. Brown. Red fan required. A smoker, heedless of his tobacco smoke, blows out clouds of smoke to find it return into his own face by the pretended unconsciousness of a lady who wields dextrously a red fan. The comedy duel ends in a squelched man and a triumphant lady.

Sandalphon. $1. Poem by Longfellow, music by H. W. Loomis. Angel stands at gate of heaven listening to prayers of mortals, and changing prayers into flowers whose perfume is wafted through Immortal City. Suitable for any time but recommends itself specially to religious occasions, Protestant or Catholic. Title-page has figure of an angel, designed by W. C. Greenough. The composition may be performed as a piano solo, independently of the poem.

Sea. 50c. Poem by E. V. Ogden, music by N. A. Brown. Unknown artist is commissioned by rich lady to paint picture of the sea; and, although he paints true sea pictures, does not satisfy her until he paints a modern summer-resort with only a suggestion of the sea.

Shadow of a Song. 50c. Poem by C. Rae-Brown, music by E. S. Place. Girl, whose lover suspects her of communing with dead lover, when in reality she is singing to dead blind twin brother, is so wounded that she leaves him, saying she will sing again just before she dies. A year later, the lover, alone and desolate, hears song and knows she is dying. Piano and singer are invisible.

Sicilian Captive. 35c. Words by F. Hemans. Captive girl to Norsemen, compelled to sing of her distant land, sings and dies. WR6.

Soul of the Violin. $1. Prose by M. M. Merrill, music by A. J. Goodrich. Starving musician, in taking a final farewell of violin, which he refuses to sell for bread, reviews the past, living over again a romance, and both he and violin go to pieces. Opportunity for violin effects.

Story of Some Bells. 50c. Music by E. S. Place. Artisan, having cast tuneful chime carried off in war, becomes disconsolate and wanders in foreign climes in search of his bells, until, approaching Limerick, he hears them and dies, exclaiming "Madonna, thanks, I hear my bells once more."

Tragedy. 50c. Poem by T. B. Aldrich, music by P. Giorza, arranged from "La Traviata." Man in crowded theater has attention drawn from play on stage to face of dissolute woman whom he knew as innocent girl, she rather than the mimic actors, playing the real tragedy—the "Play of Life," the play of "Despair."

Uncle. 60c. Poem by H. C. Bell, music by Sir Julius Benedict, composed for Sir Henry Irving. Man, whose brother has won girl he himself loves, is drawn home irresistibly and murders brother by locking him in chest. Wife dies of shock. Murderer finally tells nephew of the crime, goes mad, blasphemes, dies. Story told by nephew.

Very Dark. 50c. Music by G. M. Rosenberg. Battle-field death scene. Amid bullets and roar of cannon, comrades gather round dying soldier, whose thoughts take him back home, and whose last words are "It's growing very dark, mother."

Vision of Handel. 35c. P. L. Blatchford. Pictures Handel kneeling alone with unfinished oratorio in his hand. Suddenly angel appears and shows figure of Christ. Instantly Handel is filled with rapture, hears the anthem "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," and finishes "The Messiah." WR6.

Winter's Tale, Statue Scene from. 50c. Poem by Shakespeare, music by Beethoven; arranged by E. S. Kelley. Queen Hermione, supposed dead, comes to life and descends from pedestal, during family's visit to her statue.

OTHER MUSICAL RECITATIONS.

At Close of Day. 50c. Words by W. A. Benjamin, music by W. O. Wilkinson.

Ballad of Hell. $1.25. Words by John Davidson, music by S. Hawley.

Bells. $1.25. Words by Edgar Allan Poe, music by S. Hawley.

Bergliot. $1. Words by B. Bjornson, music by Edward Grieg.

Birth of the Opal. $1. Words by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, music by S. Hawley.

Country Idyl. $1. Words by H. Cutler, music by S. Hawley.

Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night. $1. Words by Rose H. Thorpe, music by S. Hawley.

Death Potion. $1. Words by L. W. Reese, music by S. Hawley.

Death Ship. $1. Words by L. W. Reese, music by S. Hawley.

Dolly's Mamma. 50c. Words by G. W. Day, music by W. H. Nelson.

Doris. 90c. Words by Arthur Mundy, music by Ethelbert Nevin.

Enoch Arden. $2.50 (net $1.75). Poem by Tennyson, music by Richard Strauss.

Fair Hedwig. 50c. Words by Fr. Hebbel, music by Schumann. English and German text.

Fair Helen. $1. Music by S. Hawley.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

Operettas, Cantatas, Musical Plays and Scenes, Entertainments with Music, Action Songs, Entertainment Songs etc., etc.

Aladdin, or, The Wonderful Lamp. 35c. Chinese Romantic Juveaile Play, with specialties for any number. 1 hour or more. H. E. Hard and Stanley Schell. Contains the play "Aladdin" and specialties: Chinese Wedding in pantomime, Children in China-Land, action poem, Chinese proverbs, Chinese Boxer Drill, Little Ting-a-Lings March Drill and Song, also Chinese dialect recitations and illustrations of Chinese costumes.

American Songs and Their History. 35c. G. B. Faxon. Lecture recital. 50 min. Singing of "Tenting To-night" (40c), "Ben Bolt" (35c). Reciting of "Star Spangled Banner," "Batle Hymn of the Republic," "Maryland, My Maryland," "Blue and Gray," "Woodman, Spare that Tree," "Home, Sweet Home." All recitations given. julyo1.

Animals' Plea to the Fairies. 25c. ("Jackie's Dream.") Children operetta. 45 min. Singing of "Slumber Song;" dancing of fairies; musical recitation, "Pronouncing Cruel Jackie's Doom." Music of these given. Dog, cat, donkey, bird effects. Animals appeal to Fairy Queen against cruel Jackie. Queen suspends punishment one year on boy's promise to mend. Begins and closes with fairy dance. 3 photographs.

Arbor Day Entertainment. 35c. M. Hebard. 1 hour. Any number. Arbor Day exercises suggests songs "Worship of Nature," "Down in the Grass," "Beautiful Woods" (all three 50c). Tableaux represent "Birth, Death and Resurrection of the Flowers." Poems "Voice of Spring," "Song of the Grass," "Fall of the Oak." maroo.

Arbor Day Program. 35c. S. Schell. National and State musical entertainment. 2 hours. Any number. Consists of Bible selections, New York State Arbor Day law, "Origin and Use of Arbor Day" (oration), "We Want Forest Reserves" (speech), "The Maple Leaf's Work" (recitation), "Our State Tree" (address), "Come to the Oak Tree" (song or dance for 12 or more), "Tree Match" (an entertainment for 17 or more). Quotations; "Choosing our National Flower" (international entertainment and tableaux for any number), "Choosing the State Flower" (a flower festival for 15 f), "The use of Flowers" (recitation), Planting a Tree (participated in by whole school), etc. Music mentioned is in "Songs of Happy Life" (50c) and in "Franklin Square Song Collection No. 1" (75c). ap199.

Artist's Model. 25c. T. B. Aldrich. Musical romantic play. 1m, 1 f. 25 min. Singing of duet "They met by chance, the usual way." Music and business given. Artist working on picture of Anne Boleyn, lays work aside to love and kiss model. nov90.

At the Golden Gates. $1. Father Ryan. Religious song. 10 min. May be sung and acted by one person or whole class. Sheet music. Song and pantomime; 23 photographs.

Bird-Day Exercises. 35c. 1 hour. Exercises consist of quotations, recitations, monologue, song, dialogue. Any number of songs may be introduced. "Songs of Nature" (50c). febo2.

Blind Girl of Castle-Cuille. 25c. Poem by Longfellow, ar. by M. M. Morton. Reading with singing behind scenes and tableaux. 30 mon. Any number. Singing of "Road Should Blossom." Girl deserted because she has become blind, appears at wedding of untrue lover and falls dead before she stabs herself. Music and business given. 7 descriptive tableaux.

Bobby Shaftoe. 35c. Children's romantic action song. 10 min. 1m, 2f. Words, music and business given. 5 photographs.

Blue Beard's Bride. 25c. ("Last Leap Year in Fairyland.") A. K. Moody. Serio-comic fairy play. 1 hour. 15m, 12f or more. Singing of "Blue Beard, blue beard," "Old Friends, old loves, old sweethearts" (music of last song given). Blue Beard seeks another bride. Enraptured maidens meet at Mother Goose's at reception to Blue Beard, but maidens' lovers confront Blue Beard with his gruesome closet.

Boys' Literary Conference. 25c. Margaret Rumple. School play for 6 boys. 20 min. All may sing or recite in concert Kipling's "Mandalay" (words given; music 50c extra).

Ceres. 15c. M. N. Crumpton. Musical mythological play. 3 acts. 30 min. 2m, 12f and nymphs. Singing of "Praise, O Praise Diana," "Lost, Lost," "Fair Ceres;" dancing to tune of "La, la, la." Gods hold council for good of mortals who learn that agriculture is honorable. Fable tells origin of summer and winter. Music given.

Children's Day Program. 35c. S. Schell. Sunday School entertainment. 1 hour. Any number. Consists of children pieces; address, recitations, songs and suggested reading and choruses. mayoo. Music for the song "Dare to Do Right," 15c; music for "Rose is Queen Among the Flowers," 15c; music for "God Bless Little Children," 15c.

Children's Day Program. 35c. C. B. Faxon. Entertainment. 1 hour. Any number. All children recitations, songs "God Bless Little Children," "Praise June," "Oh, Scatter Kind Words," (music for all 3 songs, 50c extra), dialogues; acrostic "God is Love;" banner exercise teaching Cheerfulness, Hope, Faith, Courage, Obedience, Perseverance. ap101.

Children's Flag Drill. 25c. L. K. Rogers. Action song and drill. 10 min. Any number. Music of "Welcome, Welcome," given. june91.

Christmas Cantata. 35c. S. Schell. Tragic romantic musical play. 1 hour. 5m, 3f. Songs introduced: "Ah! Love," "I Try Not to Own," "Those Endearing Young Charms," "How Can I Leave Thee," "Of Love Like This, How Vainly," "Toreador, E'er Watchful Be," "Heart Bowed Down," "Lonely on Earth Abiding," "O Night of Rapture," Glad Christmas Bells." Music or airs given. Father imprisons daughter and poor lover to prevent eloping. Rich lover, favored by father, tries to get poison for rival and love potion for girl from witch, who poisons him, bestowing wealth on loving pair and reconciling father. dec99.

Christmas Exercises. 35c. G. B. Faxon. 30 min. Any number. Program of recitations, dialogues, acrostic "Merry Christmas," songs. WR26.

Christmas in Peril. 25c. A. E. Freeman. Musical comedy-pathos children's play. 1 hour. Any number. Children accused of not being good, are in danger of losing Christmas gifts. Some characters represent misused toys who appear against children. While Kris Kringle is upbraiding children, Santa Claus overhears their refusal to displace him, so they get their presents. nov92.

Cinderella. 15c. A. Henley. Musical verse children's play. 25 min. 3m, 6f. Dance music, dance of minuet, waltzing, march music, fancy dance. May close with singing and dancing. Fairy godmother takes little girl to a ball whither her sisters have gone, leaving her home to drudge. Hers is the only foot small enough to wear a slipper that is found. She dances with and marries prince.

Columbia. 25c. B. T. Speed. Dramatic verse patriotic play. 1 act. 45 min. 31f. Music for drill "Columbia," "Red, White and Blue" (35c). Queen and maids assemble to honor Columbus and a successful republic. Each says something about army, navy, or principles of freedom; then all drill and recite "Sail on, oh, ship of state."

Columbia's Floral Emblem. 25c. E. S. Cummins. Musical patriotic play. 30 min. 24 or more m and f. Singing of "Chorus of Flowers" and playing of "Bugle Call" on bugle. Floral festival and school entertainment for awakening interest in a national flower. Music and business given.

Columbus-Day Program. 35c. Historical exercises for Oct. 12, consisting of songs "America," "Star-Spangled Banner," "Red, White and Blue," "Hail Columbia," (4 songs for 75c); entertainment "Poet's History of America" in verse (12 persons); essay; reading, recitation and reading with ten tableaux. july01.

Coming of Summer. 35c. N. D. Cooper. Musical entertainment. 25 min. 2m, 5f and supes. Nature, Winter, Spring, Summer, March, April and May are personified—some have speaking, singing or dancing parts, while others have pantomime parts; the whole scheme being to picture changing of Winter into Summer. Singing of "Mother Nature" (music given), "On Yonder Rock Reclining" ("Fra Diavolo," 30c), "Approach of Spring" (25c). Tableau lights, $1.25 a lb., 65c half lb., 35c quarter lb. may99.

Crowning of Easter. 15c. L. H. Carpenter. Religious musical entertainment. 20 min. 5f. Singing "We will give Thanks," "Welcome, Welcome to our Merry Christmas Day," "On Calvary's Brow my Saviour Died," "Hallelujah to the Risen Lord." Days observed by Christian churches convene to honor Easter. Intended for girls, yet two boys may take part. Music given.

Different Ways of Saying Yes. 35c. Comedy romantic duologue. 1m, 1f, and several children. Introduces ways of saying "Yes." WR3.

Difficult Love Making. 35c. Farcical duologue. 2m, 1f. Voices. Street cries interrupt and make farcical gushing love scene. WR3.

Donation Pahty Fo' de Pastor. 35c. H. T. Upton and E. Gillmer. Negro farce. 1 hour. 11m, 9f. May be expanded by specialties (dancing, singing, speech making, recitations); those who have no speaking-parts may eat refreshments and contribute to the fun, as boisterous as taste of audience will permit. janoo.

Dream of Fair Women and Brave Men. 25c. M. L. Gaddess. Verse entertainment with tableaux vivants. 45 min. Any number m and f. Singing "Warrior Bold" (music given), "Jephtha's Daughter," "Meg Merrilies." Words may be spoken by each character or read by reader. Opportunity for staging and costumes contrasting various nations. Impersonations of Cleopatra, Helen of Troy, Hector and Andromache, Jephtha's Daughter, Naomi, Ruth and Orpha, Queen Katharine, Portia and Jessica, Hafed and Hinda, Blind Minstrel, King James and Lady of the Lake, Meg Merrilies, Amy Robsart and Earl of Leicester, King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid, Guinevere, Elaine, Hiawatha, and Minnehaha.

Fairy Hill. $1.00. Patriotic fairy cantata. 1 hour. Any number. Words by St. George Tucker, music by H. W. Loomis. Fairies hold freedom jubilee at close of Revolutionary war. Sheet music.

Fairy Revel and Rainbow Tableau. 35c. H. Lottner. Musical entertainment with drill, dance, tableaux and musical recitation. 15 min. Any number. All costume as fairies and carry roses concealed, which afterward are displayed as bunch of roses Music given. "Fairy Revel" song picture dancing of moonbeam, sleeping flowers and world—time for fairies to revel, the stars keeping watch lest mortals discover them; fairies, at appearance of Aurora, form rainbow tableau; Aurora, to musical accompaniment, relates "Fable of the Rainbow," picturing her longing for a change from rainbow form, and rainbow is transformed into a bunch of roses.

Farmyard. 35c. Action song. 10 min. Rooster crows and tells what occurs in farmyard. Business and music given. augoo.

Festival of the Daisies. 25c. S. Schell. Musical entertainment. 30 min. 12 or more children. Songs and music given are: "There is a Flower," "What Does Daisy See?" "Ten Little Daisies," "When Grandma Says It's Time for Bed," "Daisy Time" (air "Sweet Marie" 50c). Children show faces through daisies painted on curtain. Girls, watering daisies, long to hear them speak, whereupon daisies sing, recite, drill, etc. Girls do likewise.

Fete in Flowerland. 40c. A. E. Allen. Operetta. Any number small and large children. 1 hour. Music and business for following songs given: "Just Waking Up" (Snowdrop), "Sweet Violets," "Guess" (Forget-me-not), "Daisies' Secret," "Welcome to June," "Quarrel of the Buttercups," "Lullaby of the Poppies," "Farewell to Summer," "Greeting to Easter," "Consider the Lilies." Fairy of flowers invites audience to Flowerland to learn to keep heart young and soul from sleep. She calls on each flower to blossom. Flowers sing and act out thoughts expressed.

Fete of the Nations. 25c. ("Trooping of the Colors.") S. Schell. Musical patriotic international entertainment. 2 hours. Any number. Each nation sings, speaks, dances, poses, drills, or marches until America appears. All pose in tableau finale. Patriotic or national music, songs and recitations suggested. Business given.

Fire Dance. 15c. Weird verse recital. 8 min. May have dancing and singing of goblin song "Oh we are the shadows of evil deeds." Dancing may be done by black-garbed imps and gnomes and later by fairies. In "Where was Elsie."

Flag-Day Program. 35c. S. Schell. Musical entertainment. 1 hour. Recitations, essays, quotations, suggested songs, drill, flag salute. We supply material mentioned in program: "American Flag," musical recitation (75c); "Songs of the Nation" (75c); "Franklin Square Song Collection No. 1." (75c). may99.

From the Old World to the New. 35c. L. M. Hadley. 1 hour. 6 scenes. Any number. Patriotic historical Columbus play, introducing singing of "We Sail the Ocean Blue," "We are Little Sailor Boys," "Sleep, Mortals, Sleep." Pictures Columbus as boy at school and his trials and successes from boyhood to discovery of America. WR10.

Ginger and the Preacher. 35c. Negro verse comedy. 20 min. 1 act. 3m, 2f. Pictures Ginger and family and argument of Ginger with pastor on wickedness of fiddling. Pastor finally fiddles and all sing "Don' Be Shy," pastor finishing with prayer. WR14.

Good Night Drill and Songs. 25c. S. Schell. Musical entertainment. 20 min. Children, in nightgowns and caps carrying dollies and candles, march and sing "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," "My Dolly," "Eight Little Children," "Bye-lo-Land," "Golden Slumbers Kiss Your Eyes," "Good Night, Good Night." (Music and directions for singing given.) Children disappear one at a time until one only is left and she lazily goes to bed.

Gossips, The. 35c. E. E. Wilcox. Children fairy play. 20 min. 1m, 10f. Characters are fairy, flowers and bees. Waltzing introduced. Bee declares Rose loveliest flower. WR17.

Hallowe'en Program. 35c. S. Schell. Entertainment. Recitations, play "Macbeth's Fortune," ghostly pantomime, songs, suggestive refreshments and order of serving, fortune slips, games, etc. WR31.

Hamlet. Grave Diggers' Scene. 35c. Shakespeare. 15 min. 3m. Singing of grave diggers. Music given. WR27.

Hannele, Scene from. 35c. G. Hauptmann. Dramatic tragic scene. 15 min. 9m, 7f. Singing of "Jesus, O I trust in Thee," "Conscience from All Trouble Free," and angel chorus. Pictures death chamber scene visited by Saviour who restores dead girl. Business given. WR13.

Harvest Home. 35c. Harvest song service. 1 hour. Any number. Recitations and songs. Songs with music given of "Oh! Bounteous God," "Lo! The Winter is Past," "See the Golden Hues of Spring-Time," "Sing We Now the Happy Story," "Give Us Thy Grace," "Everywhere the Flowers are Growing," "Earth with Autumn's Fruit," "Grain is Ripe," "Oh, Grant, Eternal Lord," "While the Earth Remaineth," "Let Everything That Hath Breath," "Praise to the Holiest." Suitable for church, school, harvest festival, etc. Pictures passing of Winter, coming of Spring, sowing, growing, coming of autumn, ripening grain, harvesting, etc. 20 pages of music. thcel.

Hiawatha. 35c. Musical drama. Longfellow's poem dramatized by S. Schell. 5 acts. 2 hours. Any number. Singing of "Ewa-Yea! My Little Owlet," "Wah-wah-Taysee, Little Firefly." "Death of Minnehaha." Music of these given. Many other songs and dances are suggested. Book of Indian music supplied for $1.25.

Hiawatha Entertainments. 35c. Longfellow's poem arranged by S. Schell. Book contains "Hiawatha: a Pantomimed Reading;" "Hiawatha, a Drama in Five Acts;" "Hiawatha Battling with His Father;" "The Famine; a Pantomime," "Indian Costumes and Make-up." Full descriptions of each part. Illustrations of Hiawatha, Minnehaha, headdress, peace-pipe, moccasins, tomahawk, bow and arrows. Music given and suggested. Music supplied in one book for $1.25.

Hiawatha: Pantomimed Reading. 35c. Longfellow's poem pantomimed by S. Schell. 2 parts. 1 hour. Any number. Singing of "Look Up," "Love Song;" dancing of "Beggars' Dance." Music given.

Highland Lovers. 25c. M. L. Gaddess. Character duet song. 10 min. 1m, 1f. Bugle blowing; singing and acting of song. Music and business given. may92.

His Secret. 25c. H. Robertson. Romantic verse dialogue. 8 min. 1m, 1f. Dance music. Man, having taken girl to conservatory to hear his love secret, is laughed at and called dishonest by her because everybody knows he loves her. She will keep his secret as she "returns" it. Dance music played. apl96.

Hu-Man-O-Phone; or, The Human Music Sheet. 75c. Burlesque musical entertainment. 8 or more singers. 1 speaker, 1 assistant. 30 min. or longer (according to specialties introduced). Stanley Schell. Faces peep through note-holes in musical staff on curtain and do all sorts of stunts, which can be made long and varied according to needs of entertainment or taste of audience. A burlesque lecture is given, also the "Hu-man-o-phone Medley" (8 pages of music). Full directions.

Idyl of the Seasons. 35c. S. E. W. Jocelyn. Musical entertainment. 30 min. Any number. Words and music given of "Song of the Flowers," "Come, Dance Away, Ye Fairies Gay," "O Rest, Sweet Queen." Introduces flower and fairy characters. Scene 1: "Passing of Winter;" Scene 2: "Coming of Goldenrod;" Scene 3: "Autumn." feb02.

Independence Day Program. 35c. S. Schell. Patriotic entertainment. 1½ hours. Any number. Full program outlined, with "Independence Day" (address), suggestive "Historical American Tableaux," "The National Ensign" (oration), "Old Glory" (chorus), "My Country" (recitation); songs suggested: "Hail Columbia," "Star-Spangled Banner," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." (3 songs in one book 75c.) juneoo.

Irishman's Panorama. 30c. Comedy Irish dialect character sketch address. 2m. With panorama pictures. Entertainment with turning of crank and music of bagpipes. Irishman discusses Vinegar Hill, Limerick, Killarney, Cork, Niagara Falls and what he saw in these places. DQ19.

Ivy Queen. 15c. M. L. Gaddess. Operetta. 30 min. 4m, 4f or all f and chorus. Words and music given of "What Shall We Offer?" "Come, Come, Come," "Ivy Queen of the Year." Music of bugle call given. A queen is chosen and crowned with ivy, whose merits surpass jewels, flowers and other gifts. Singing, marching and groupings introduced. Particularly good for Masonic entertainments and Arbor Day.

Jean Noel. 35c. R. Gowe. Play. 5 scenes. 1½ hours. 3m, 5f. Story of Christmas in France. Peasants about to be turned out of home because they cannot pay rent, are aided by landlord's son and daughter; son impersonates "Jean Noel" (an angel), sings a Christmas hymn for and dines with them, and slips out leaving needed money. WR24

King Henry VIII., Scene from. 35c. Shakespeare. Dramatic. 20 min. Any number m and several f. Trial of Queen Katharine (1) In court, (2) in her apartment. Song with lute. WR14.

Lady in Comus. 35c. Milton. Classical dramatic play. 1 act. 15 min. 1m, 1f and spirits. Wild wood scene. Lady, strayed from brothers, is taken by satyr to enchanted castle but is rescued by brothers. Singing introduced. WR1.

Last Race. 15c. F. McMeehan. Pathos play. 1 act. 20 min. 1m, 2f. Singing "Sally in our alley." Jockey, hurt in a race, and told by sweetheart she is going to marry a rival, gives spirited description of last great race and dies.

Life's Day. 35c. M. L. Gaddess. Entertainment with tableau and singing. 10 min. 12f. Costumes according to different months. Pictures, in verse, year's changes day by day and introduces singing of "I Hear the Happy Christmas Bells" and "Peace on Earth." WR6.

Little Grandmas in Grandma Land. 35c. S. Schell. Musical entertainment. 1 hour. Any number children. Pantomime, floating drill, recitations, dances, song. Children tell of and float to Grandma Land, where little grandmas recite, drink tea, gossip, dance, etc. Directions and music for dancing "Minuet" and "Virginia Reel" ("Pop Goes the Weasel"); music of Schumann's "Slumber Song" given. Cover illustrates different styles of grandma costumes. 2 group photographs of minuet dance.

Little Martha Washington. 35c. R. A. Bristol. Comedy action poem character sketch verse recital. Old-fashioned curtsies introduced. julyo1.

Little Mothers. 35c. Comedy dialogue. 10 min. 3 little girls discuss training of dollies. Singing of "Rock-a-by" (50c), and "Go to Sleep" to dolls. WR17.

Little Vagrants. 25c. H. H. Gregg. 2 acts. 1 hour. 3m, 16f. Words and music of songs given: "Come Friends Let's All be Gay," "Ah, Me, My Story Sad," "'Tis Cockels here and Cockels there," "Home for the Woodlands," "Hark, the Bells are Ringing," "On the Highway," "All the Sorrow now is Over." Searching for children stolen by gipsies, a lady is arrested for spy, while children are taken for vagrants. Music given from "Olivette," "Carmen," "Il Trovatore," and "Chimes of Normandy." Business given.

Mayanni. 15c. A. Henley. Children's musical play. 20 min. 10m, and f, or 10f. May have many specialties as drill, dance, song, etc. King's daughter, driven by wicked stepmother into forest, gets magic potion from fairy and marries fairy prince, receiving presents from spirits of earth and air. Music is played when fairies enter, dance or sing. Playing of horn and flute.

Meg Merrilies. 35c. Scott. Dramatic scene. 8 min. 1m, 2f. Singing "O Rest Thee, My Babe" (music given). Charlotte Cushman's great piece. Meg reveals birth and heirship of man stolen when a child by gipsies. WR27.

Memorial Day Entertainment. 35c. M. Hebard. 1½ hours. Any number. Program outlined with recitations "Meaning of Decoration Day," "Gray Sleeve," "Union of North and South," "Columbia's Memorial Day," "Snapping Drill" (patriotic drill for boys and girls), quotations, songs suggested. aploo.

Memorial Day Program. 35c. Exercises consist of recitations, dialogue, suggestive songs (75c), etc. may99.

Menagerie in a Schoolroom. 25c. A. Hunt. Children's musical play. Any number. Music played between acts and for marching. Each of various animals in menagerie may make its own peculiar cry.

Messages in Many Voices. 50c. F. Jones and S. Schnell. Operetta. 1¼ hours. Any number. Words and music of songs given: "We are Waiting for the Flowers," "Hither We Come," "Be Like the Violets," "Buttercups," "She's a Little Daisy," "Heigh Ho," "She is Queen of the Garden," "Water Lilies," "We Thank Thee, Sweet Fern," "Come to the Old Oak Tree," Bird singing—Robin, bluebird, nuthatch, pewee, wood thrush, bobolink, "There's a Wedding in the Orchard," "Happy Birds," "The Wind," "Follow Me," "We are Fairies from the Woodland," "The Flowers are A-Nodding," "Away! Away!" Pictures children's longing for and welcome to messages they imagine are in fairies, flowers, birds, wind, cloud, spring and earth. Introduces solos, choruses, bird-notes, pantomime, and song of "Marriage of the Flowers," "Wedding March of the Flowers," "Homage to the Flowers"; a floral and scarf drill; "Fairy Dance and Song"; "Lohengrin Wedding March," etc. Diagrams, music and directions given. Costumes described.

Mexic Drill and Pantomime. 25c. M. Hardwicke. Musical entertainment. 20 min. Dance of Montezuma Cotillon, Mexican drill, pantomime "Angels of Buena Vista." Music for dance, 15c. Songs used are: "I See Thee Again" (50c), "Over the Waves" (75c), "La Golondrina" (50c). All Mexican music. Full directions. All music sent for $1.10.

Midsummer Night's Dream. 15c. Shakespeare. Comedy play with song. 3 acts. 2 hours. Any number. Expurgated, condensed and arranged for school and lawn production. Music of fairy queen given. Music of complete background and songs that may be introduced 50c.

Old Maids' Conference. 35c. S. Schell. Musical burlesque. 2 acts. 1¼ hours. Any number. At meeting of Sewing Society announcement is made that miners have advertised for wives, so women resolve to hold conference and buy men at auction. Minute directions are given for everything, also following music: "Association Chorus," "When I was a Girl of Eighteen," "A Bird in Hand," "'Twas Surely Fate," also the recitations, "Sale of Old Bachelors," "There is a Chappy Land," "A Bachelor's Growl," "Four Score and Ten of Us," "Why Don't the Girls Propose?" Song "My Grandma's Advise" (35c).

Othello. 35c. Shakespeare. Tragic play. 2 hours. Any number m, 1f. Gives the tragedy of Desdemona and Othello as played by Salvini. Singing of "Poor Soul Sat Sighing." Music given. WR27.

Peep Into the Children's World. 15c. A. R. Morgenroth. 1 hour. Musical tableaux. Music suggested: "Charlie over the Water," "Farmer in the Dell," "I don't want to play in your back yard" (50c), "Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree" (35c), "Mosquito Parade" (50c); Solo, "Angel's Serenade" (75c); "Chorus," "I'm nothing but a big wax doll," "Hush, hush, here comes the bogie-man" (40c), "A Little peach in an orchard grew," "Oh, I don't know" (40c), "Hush, Little girl, don't cry," "Good Night song."

Postman's Drill and Song. 35c. Action song and drill. 15 min. Any number of boys up to 24. As action song boys may sing song as they work. Pictures in song and action whole gamut of postman's life while delivering mail. Music given.

Princess. 25c. Tennyson. Verse classical play. 1 act. 1½ hours. 5m, 5f or all f. Singing "Where is Another Sweet as My Sweet" (50c), "Sweet and Low" (35c), "O Swallow, Swallow" (50c), "Home they Brought Her Warrior Dead" (35c), "Tears, Idle Tears" (40c). All five songs for $1.15. Exterior and interior scenes. A princess, engaged early in life to a prince, becomes a "new woman" and founds a university from which men are excluded on pain of death. The prince and friends disguised as women gain entrance; there are trouble and war, but the princess finally learns that she loves the prince. This play is unusually suitable for young ladies' schools.

Prometheus Bound. 35c. Æschylus, translated by E. B. Browning. Mythical tragic play. 1 hour. Several m and f and chorus. Expurgated, condensed and arranged for schools. Greek costumes. God Prometheus is bound to rock because he has helped mortals. Chorus of ocean nymphs throughout play. With play is given history of Greek theatre and criticism of Æschylus. aplo1.

Prophets, The. 15c. M. Morrow. Musical religious play. 20 min. Any number. Singing and dancing with timbrels. Pictures dividing of Red Sea and crossing of Israelites; prophesying of prophets, introducing Moses, Pharaoh, Joshua, Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Jonah, Micah, etc.; also Miriam, dancing-girls, etc.

Pumpkin Pie Makers. 35c. S. Schell. Entertainment. 10 min. Several m and f. Singing "Ten Little Maids from School," "We Will Have a Pumpkin Pie." Entertainment consists in each child taking part in making pumpkin pie. THCEL.

Real Thanksgiving. 35c. S. Schell. Comedy romantic play. 1 hour. Any number. Dancing, singing, tableaux. After five years' absence runaway lovers return and are forgiven by wife's parents, who are host and hostess of huskin' bee. oct99.

Reuben and Rachel. 35c. Comedy Quaker romantic dialogue character song. 10 min. 1m, 1f. Music and directions given.

Reuben and Rachel Drill and Pantomime. 35c. S. Schell. 30 min. Any number couples. Music and directions given.

Revels of Queen of May. 15c. M. L. Gaddess. Floral operetta. 30 min. 1m, 45f. Singing "Joyous Springtime," "Beautiful May," "Beautiful May is Queen of the Year," "Spring, Spring, Gentle Spring," "For-get-me-not." Homage is paid to Queen of May. Maypole dance introduced. Directions and music given.

River. 35c. Action song. 10 min. Pictures meeting of two streams to form a river; meeting of river to form a lake; flowing of lake into the sea, thus accomplishing stream's desire. Music given. febo2.

Rory O'More. 35c. S. Lover. Comedy romantic pantomime. 10 min. 1m, 1f and reader. Musical background and illustrated tableaux vivants. Music given. 6 photographs.

St. Valentine's Day Program. 35c. H. C. Waterhouse. Musical entertainment. 1 hour. Any number. Contains words and music of songs: "The Rose," "Maid of Athens," "Douglas, Tender and True," "Comin' Thro' the Rye" (gestures given). "Janet's Choice;" and declamation "Origin of St. Valentine's Day;" recitations: "Agnes, I Love Thee," "Love's Test," "Sending a Valentine;" dialogues: "Lovers' Quarrel," "Sam Weller's Valentine."

Sailors' Entertainment. 25c. S. Schell. Musical entertainment. 1 hour. Any number m and guests. Ship deck scene. Oars, ropes, barrels, horns required. Each of the 3 scenes may be given separately. Includes drills, marches, hornpipes, solos, recitations. Music of "Sailors' Hornpipe" given. Contains poem "Demon Ship," and list of pieces suitable for sailors' entertainments. Full business. Music necessary for songs (50c).

Santa Claus. 40c. W. C. Ellis. Children's operetta. 2 scenes. 1¼ hours. 1 adult, 7 children, fairies. In Scene 1 children learn of Santa Claus and write him their wants. Scene 2 opens with chorus followed by fairy dance, and appearance of Santa who tells whence he came, and fills stockings. Fairy hides all stockings except one, which children try to destroy, until second Fairy appears and gets them to promise to be good. Following songs are given: "Santa Claus," "What I should like to be," "Here we hang our stockings," "Night is come," "I come from the lands," "Now, isn't it strange and queer," "Morning is breaking," "Just jumped out of our warm little beds," "Santa Claus has stolen each stocking," "A little fairy am I," "So now we're happy as the birds." Business and music given.

Santa Claus's Reception. 35c. J. Halifax. Christmas play international entertainment. 1¼ hours. 19m, 14f. Pictures meeting of Santa Claus with delegates from all nations to discuss origin of Christmas tree, of custom of decorating churches with holly and ivy, of hanging up stockings, of Christmas cards, of Yule log, of Christmas pudding, and celebration of Christmas in different countries. Gives singing "God Rest Ye, Merrie, Gentlemen," and "Christmas Bells." WR17.

Seeing Nellie Home. 25c. Musical tableau mouvant. 10 min. 1m, 1f and singer. Singing "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party" (50c) during tableau. febo2.

Shades of Shakespeare's Women. 25c. A. L. West. Musical entertainment. 1 hour. 2m, 11f. Singing "They Bore Him Barefaced," "And Will He Not Come Again?" "For Bonny Sweet Robin," "Where

the Bee Sucks," "Come unto These Yellow Sands," "Hark, Hark the Watchdog Barks." Introduces Ariel, Portia, Juliet, Katharine the Shrew, Lady Macbeth, Miranda, Desdemona, Cordelia, Ophelia and witches. Music and business given.

Temple of Fame. 35c. Allegorical play with singing. 40 min. Any number. Singing "Under the Greenwood Tree," and Macbeth Witches' Chorus. Tenor and soprano solos introduced. Wood and temple scenes. Genius, Fancy, Fame, and attendant spirits, together with noted Shakespearean characters, meet to proclaim Shakespeare "Poet King." maro1.

Ten Little Nigger Boys. 25c. Comedy negro drill and action song. 10 min. Music and business given.

Thanksgiving Celebrations. 35c. Contains two musical entertainments: (1) "Thanksgiving Entertainment;" (2) "Harvest Home." For description see separate titles.

Thanksgiving Dream. 15c. M. Morrow. Musical comedy play. 1 act. 45 min. 17m, 9f. Singing "O, You Little Glutton," "Oh, Dear Oh, Dear," "Powders and pills," "Oh, pitty! oh, pitty!" "Oh. I say, it is outrageous!" "We'll away," "Oh, we twinkle, twinkle, twinkle," "Heigh ho! Heigh ho!" Grumbling boy falls asleep after Thanksgiving dinner, and is visited by fairies, flowers, and stars who change his ungrateful character.

Thanksgiving Entertainment. 35c. Historical and musical entertainment. 45 min. Any number. Exercises tell of birth of Thanksgiving and story of Pilgrims, in prose, verse and song. Everything, including music, is given. Various unique features introduced, including pretended making of pumpkin-pie. Songs given are: "God bless our native land," "Landing of the Pilgrims," "Heigh Ho! For Thanksgiving Day," "Pie Song," "Thanksgiving Turkey." Thcel.

Theseus. 15c. M. N. Crumpton. Musical mythology play. 5 acts. 1¼ hours. 16m, 17f, and minor characters. Greek costumes, interior and exterior scenes. King's son in search for father joins victims sent annually to Cretan king whose daughter Ariadne falls in love with young man and gives him thread that enables him to get out of labyrinth. Their eloping honeymoon is interrupted by Minerva, who forces him to fight Amazons, one of whom he brings back as wife. Songs given are: "With peace and beauty bright," "O, praise the great Apollo," "The ties of years are sundered," "Sing we a song of woe to-day," "Now praise the Hero," "Here are fresh blooming flowers," "Ariadne," "Maidens fairest," "O mighty Jove," "O Maiden fair," "We'll Stay with Thee," "We will follow leaders brave," "Great is thy fame." Music and business given.

Three Missions. 35c. Musical entertainment. 20 min. Three girls personate Morning Star, Evening Star, Moonlight. Fleecy gauze costumes. "Gloria in Excelsis" is spelt in large gilt letters. Each character tells of herself and work. Stars crown Moonlight Queen of Night and praise her, but she tells them not she but God is ruler and that His praises are to be sung. All sing "Gloria in Excelsis." Music and directions given. WR6.

Two Runaways. 35c. W. Edwards. Comedy pathos fairy play. 2 scenes. 30 min. 1m, 1 boy and any number girls as fairies. Two children, tired of study, having run to the woods, are soon tired, hungry and greatly terrified, and wish themselves home. Fairies appear. Fairy Queen sings and fairies dance. Children tell their story and promise never to run away again. Fairy Queen teaches them that "duty comes first and pleasure after," and takes them home. WR17.

Uncle Sam's New Scholars. 35c. R. A. Bristol. Patriotic comedy play. 1 act. 30 min. 1m, 1f, 8 boys and 1 girl and any number of children. Hawaiians, Cubans, Porto Ricans, and Filipinos given their first lesson in American citizenship, with Uncle Sam and Miss Columbia as teachers. Introduces song "Yankee Dewey" (to tune of "Yankee Doodle"), also soldier drill and tableau finale. june99.

Under the Greenwood Tree. 25c. C. E. Huse. Christmas operetta. 1 act. 30 min. 15 children. Wizard, who tries to do away with Christmas, is bewitched by elves and cannot rise until he consents to let Christmas alone. Jack Frost and Snowflake make weather for sledding and skating. Songs are: "Hail! Christmas Morning," "We dance in the sunlight's golden gleam," "Loot ta la i la," "Shivering Chorus," "Softly, softly falls the snow." Music and business given.

Ursula of Brittany. 25c. Ursulines of St. Teresa's. Legendary play. 3 acts. 1½ hours. 8m. 15f and supes or all f. Singing "Veni Sponsa," also various choruses. Ursula consents to marry Prince Conon if he will be converted and if she can take 11,000 virgins on a pilgrimage, but at Cologne they are massacred by Attila and the Huns.

Vagabond Prince. 25c. Ed. McDowell. Verse tragedy monologue. 15 min. 1m, any number m and f supes for dancing and singing. Tambourine and castanet playing, dancing and singing. 15th century gipsy costume. Gipsy camp scene. To be near gipsy girl Spanish nobleman turns gipsy and meets in combat man girl prefers. Just as he is to end his rival girl shoots an arrow which knocks sword out of his hand, and then pierces her lover's heart. She runs herself through with lover's sword. Spanish prince turns demented and wandering vagabond. Music "La Serenata" (60c). Manuscript directions for dancing Spanish Dance ($1).

Valley Forge. 15c. E. S. Lovejoy. Patriotic tragic Revolutionary War play. 1 act. 1 hour. Any number m, 1f or all m. Male quartet singing "Yankee Doodle," or some Revolutionary song, child singing, whistling, bugle call, drum roll, tramping of soldiers, etc. Wretched camp scene. Soldier uniforms. Recitation "With Washington on the Delaware," and "Address of Washington to His Men at Valley Forge." Pictures life of our army at Valley Forge; suffering of soldiers; punishing of spies; how food was got; camp entertainments. Washington is one of the characters.

Visit From Mother Goose and Her Family. 25c. A. Hunt. Comedy nursery rhyme musical entertainment, pantomime and tableaux. 1 hour. Any number. Opportunities for music, marching, dancing and other specialties. Can be acted by children or grown persons. Introduces well-known characters like Old Mother Hubbard, Old King Cole, Little Boy Blue, Simple Simon, Little Bo-Peep, Humpty-Dumpty, Little Jack Horner, etc. Pantomiming of famous nursery rhymes, Mother Goose introducing characters and reciting text, closing with march and tableau.

Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid? 35c. Comedy romantic verse dialogue song and pantomime. Music and directions given. 7 photographs.

Where was Elsie? 15c. ("Saratoga Fairies.") R. H. Walworth. Fairy play. 1 act. 1 hour. Any number. Singing fairy songs, reciting and dancing "Fire Dance." Fairy girl returns to fairyland on Christmas, marries fairy prince, comes back to earth long enough to relieve foster-parents' distress over mysterious absence and to assure them of aid in case of need.

Which—Song or Recitation? 35c Comedy dialogue. 10 min. 2 boys or girls or one of each. Singing "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," and reciting "Shades o Night." Dispute as to which shall have the stage, singer or reciter. septoo.

Won't You Tell Me Why, Robin? 35c. M. L. Gaddess. Character acting song with music. 8 min. 1m, 1f. Love answers girl's inquiry why he is changed by embracing her. Music given. mayoo.

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Broomstick Brigade. 25c. R. Hardman.

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Creep-Mouse. 50c. Therese & Macy.

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Dolly, Dolly. 30c. W. S. Roddie.

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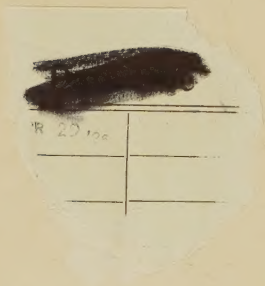

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